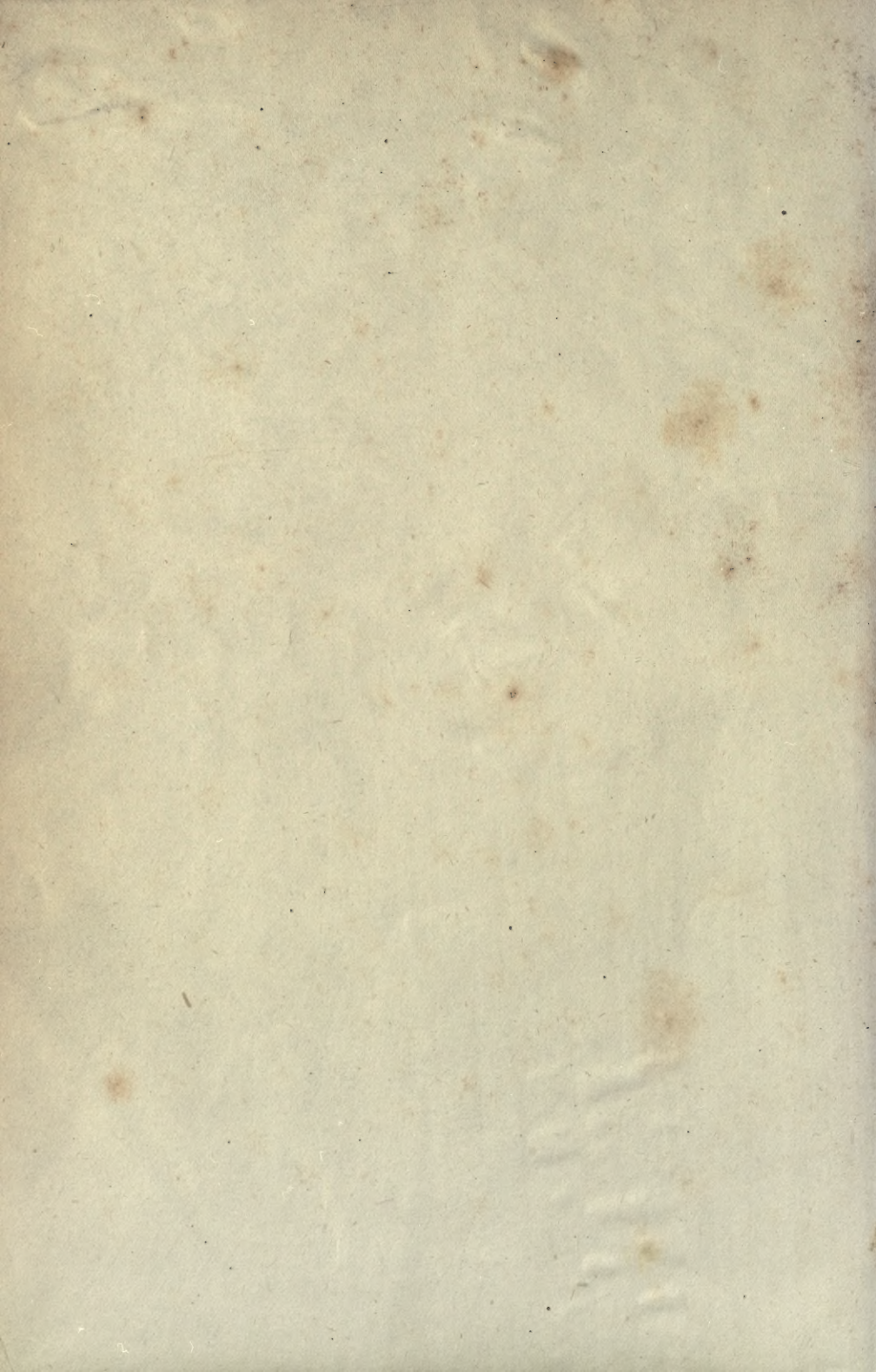


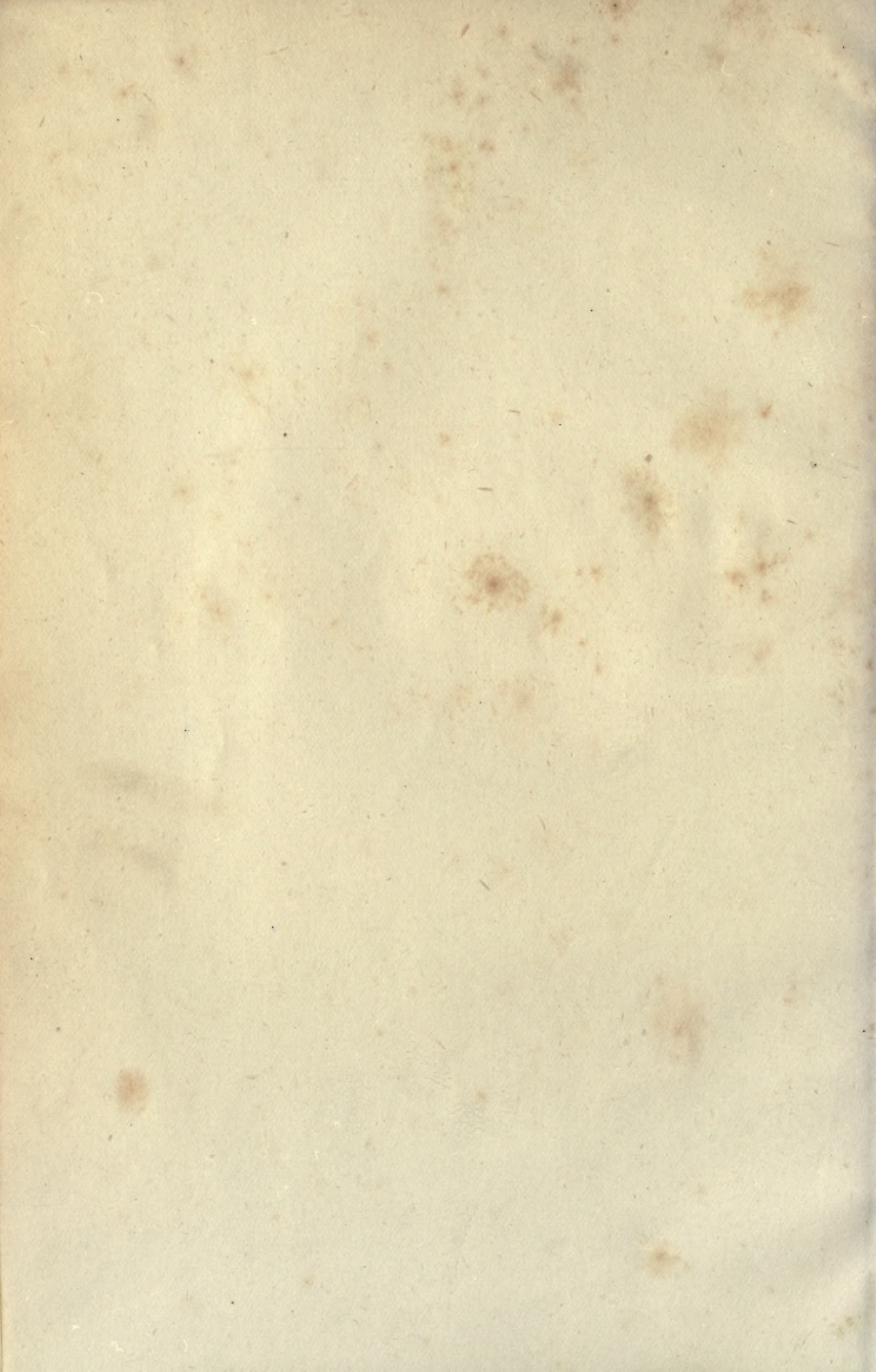


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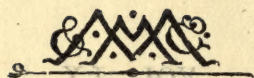
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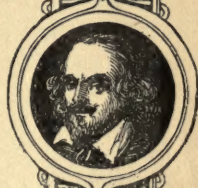




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MAY, 1889.

MAROONED.

CHAPTER XIX.

I TAKE COMMAND.

I WAS awakened by a sharp, persistent knocking on my cabin-door. "Who is there?" I called out, scarcely yet awake.

"The crew wants a word with ye, sir," exclaimed a deep-throated voice outside.

"Eh, what's that?" I cried, instantly startled into broad wakefulness.

"The crew 'ud be glad to have a talk with ye, sir," repeated the leather-lunged voice, the tones of which, though I might have had some memory of them had I heard them on deck, sounded most harshly unfamiliar, even malevolent, in the privacy and retirement of these after-cabins.

"All right," I exclaimed; "give me a minute or two to dress. Who are you?"

"Terence Mole, sir."

"Ha!" said I, "and where are the others?"

"All of 'em in the cabin, saving the chap at the wheel, and Charles, who's keeping a look-out."

There was broad daylight on the ocean, as a glance through the scuttle assured me; the flash of sunlight came to the glass of the screwed-up port in a fine-weather tremble off the waters, with a mingling of atmospheric blueness that made one know there was plenty of clear sky overhead. It

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was natural that I should wonder with all my might what the crew could want with me as I dressed myself, but not hastily; for let what might have happened, I was resolved to oppose an aspect at least of composure to whatever might befall, and the first condition of dignity was a leisurely observance of the wish of the crew to see me. I looked at my watch, punctually timed by every day's meridian, and found the hour ten minutes to five. I dressed myself fully, lingering to wash my face and hands and brush my hair; trifling things to talk about indeed, but useful to recall as an instance at all events of self-control, which to this day I am proud to remember; for let me tell you, knowing the posture of the men as I did, it was enough to throw a heartier mind than mine off its balance, to be suddenly aroused from a deep sleep by the wooden knuckles of a sailor, and to collect with a half-conscious ear from his harsh, gruff accents that the seamen of the brig wanted a word with me.

I stepped into the little passage with a glance at Miss Grant's door, which was closed, though I had no doubt she was wide awake within and had overheard the sailors' message to me. There were eight men in the cabin, four of them seated at the table; the tall seaman, Terence Mole, leaned against a stanchion with his arms, naked to the elbows, folded

upon his breast; the sixth—the cook—squatted at the foot of the companion-steps; two others marched to and fro with their hands buried in their breeches-pockets, but came to a halt when they saw me. The novelty of the sight of these rough fellows seated or lounging about an interior which I, with a sailor's experiences in me, knew that at ordinary times they would think of, in their own sea-parlour, as a sort of holy ground in which no foremast Jack was ever to be heard of, unless he came to catch a pig or to holystone the deck of it, was, I protest, as much a shock in its way as if one of the men had saluted my approach with a levelled pistol. The eastern sunshine streamed upon the skylight, and the place was full of the brilliance of the morning. I noticed a sort of haggard, worried look in two or three of the hairy, weather-lined faces. Used as I was to their attire of duck-breeches, loose shirts, Scotch and other caps, and half-boots—though some of them were unshod—yet the mere presence of them in the cabin rendered their garb as strange in my sight as if I had never beheld it before; and I seemed to find in the first presentment of them the most genuine imaginable aspect of outlawry, abominably in conformity with every fancy, recollection, or imagination of mutiny that could occur to an observer. The fellows who were seated at the table rose when I entered: Mole quitted his lounging attitude; and the cook, a stout, pale, sandy-haired man, writhed himself on to his feet off the ladder. I came to a stand a foot or two in advance of the doorway which conducted to the after-berths, that Miss Grant might hear what I said, and gather from my language the import of the speech of the others if their syllables should not be always audible to her.

"What is it, men?" I said.

Mole dropped his folded arms, and passed the back of one great hand in a sort of smearing gesture, awkward yet defiant, across his forehead,

over which his hair lay thick as a mat to his eyebrows.

"We've thought it proper to tell you, sir," he exclaimed, "that the capt'n's a-missing."

"Missing!" I cried; "since when, do you know?"

The cook came forward, and said in a wheezy voice, striking his chest as though he had taken a chill there: "I was on dooty, 'cording to Captain Broadwater's orders, till midnight; then I thumped him up with a handspike, his instructions being I wasn't to leave the deck on any account till he came. Well, he arrived, and I went forrards and tarned in. At four, Mole here came to say that the capt'n must have gone below, as nothen was to be seen of him. I says, 'That's odd, ain't it?' I says, 'an' he so pertikler!' Jim here had had the wheel since four bells, and I ask him if he'd seen aught of the capt'n, and he says that at six bells the skipper looked into the binnacle, and then went forrards again out of sight, for it had been as black all night as if a man had gone dark hisself, and arter that I saw no more of him."

"All that's right enough," said the sailor, to whom the cook referred.

"Have you looked for him?" said I quietly, for a sense of deep insincerity in all this business was creeping into me, spite of the cook talking like an honest man on his oath.

"Everywhere saving them there cabins," answered Mole, pointing with his muscular arm, blue with devices, to the after-berths.

"There are but two cabins vacant," said I; "come with me and look for yourself."

I threw open the door of the berth in which were our 'private stock of provisions, then the door confronting it, and motioning Mole to precede me, returned to where I had before been standing.

"Of course you have searched his own berth and those near it?" said I.

"First and foremost of all, naturally," responded Mole.

"What is your notion of the matter?" I asked.

Three of them answered together, "He's overboard." Mole added, "Ne'er a doubt of it. It's all hands' opinion. He wasn't a man to hide himself; why should he?" The half-caste Ladova laughed in his throat. "If he's aboard," continued Mole, "we should have found him. We've so overhauled the old hooker that had he been a rat we must have come across him. Ain't that right, lads?"

"Ay, ay," came the reply in a short growl from them all, and the cook in his wheezy voice added, "If he ben't gone to keep poor Billy company my eyes ain't mates."

The suspicion of the insincerity of all this had now grown into a strong conviction that some black deed had been done since I took my last view of Broadwater as he clambered up the companion-steps. But along with this conviction there came also clear perception that I must not by word or look betray the merest phantom of my thoughts, otherwise I should be held as an incriminating witness, and dealt with as one, I had no doubt. My secret agitation was already sufficiently great to render the assumption of an air of consternation easy. I looked from one to another and cried: "Though I never liked the captain, men; though I don't mind saying now that he was one of the most tyrannical and ill-mannered shipmasters I ever met or heard of in my life, yet his disappearance is a blow to the lady and myself. The brig is now without a commander, without a mate, without even a bo'sun. How, think you, did Captain Broadwater meet his end? Was it an accident, do you suppose? He could not have *walked* overboard." I shook my head. "My lads," I said solemnly, "I don't doubt but that he committed suicide. He was as a madman all day yesterday—charged me, men, *me*," I cried, striking my breast with a passionate gesture, "with a desire to work up a mutiny aboard! A madman, my lads! a

drunken lunatic! Not a shadow of doubt but he destroyed himself in his watch on deck, urged overboard, maybe, by the recollection of Gordon and the poor lad and your two shipmates—of all four of whom he has gone before his God as surely the murderer as if he had slit the throat of every man of them with his own hand."

"Mates," cried Mole, tossing his head to clear the hair out of his eyes, and sending a fiery glance from one to another of the seamen, "Mr. Musgrave's put it as there's ne'er a man of us could have said it. I've been a seafaring man eighteen year, man and boy, in all sorts of craft, from the likes of this snorter"—he spat upon the deck—"away up to the Atlantic clippers; but of all capt'ns—" he raised his arm, with a face that darkened to the sudden fierce restraint he put upon himself; "but he's gone," he added, letting his hand fall; "committed suicide, as you say, sir; a thing most sartin—past all doubting, in fact; and here we are, Mr. Musgrave, to find out what's to do."

I could see with half an eye that the impression I had sought to produce was made. I thrust my hands in a careless sort of way into my breeches-pockets, and fell to pacing the deck. "One thing," I exclaimed, "has followed so fast on top of another, that though there ought to be something staggering in Captain Broadwater's suicide, I find," I said, with a half-laugh, and a shrug of the shoulders, "that it scarcely so much as surprises me. But," I continued, addressing Mole, "you ask what's to be done? Have you and your mates a scheme?"

"Well," he answered, speaking with return to his first awkward, defiant manner, "when these men and me, after giving the brig a thorough overhaul, was agreed that the skipper was *gone*, we tarned to and asked one another what was to be done. It didn't need much debating. It's been understood all along forrards that you were a sailor yourself equal to navigating a ship, and so of course we at

once settled upon asking you to take charge."

I nodded, taking care to preserve a careless manner to guard against exposure of the worry in me that grew more and more consuming as I listened.

"You will take charge, sir?" said Mole interrogatively.

"Certainly, if you wish it," said I.

He looked round at the others with a faint inclination of his head, and continued, revolving his cap in his hand with his eyes upon it, "Next consideration was, where to go." He looked up at me without seeming to lift his eyelids.

"Where to go!" I cried, startled out of my feigned posture of indifference by the fellow's words. "We're bound to Rio. Shall we not proceed there?"

Every man of them wagged his head with a sort of groaning "No! no! no!" full of an unmistakable note of emphasis.

"We're all resolved not to sail the brig to Rio," said Mole, in an aggressive way that was like a surly hint to me not to argue the point; "we've been turning the matter over, and as we learnt from Mr. Gordon yesterday that our latitude was a few degrees to the norrards of twenty, we've settled to ask you to navigate the Iron Crown to the West Indies."

"The West Indies! You are naming a number of islands which cover a wide area of ocean," I answered coldly; for it had come to me like an inspiration that, if I valued my own and Miss Grant's safety, I must consent to do these men's bidding without so much as even a falter in the speech in which I assented; that practically the brig was *theirs*, and I and my companion absolutely in their power; and that my sole policy was to appear as though I was willing to be of them, though my approach must exhibit a little natural hesitation. "What part of—what island in the West Indies have you in your mind?"

"Neighbourhood of Cuba," answered one of the men.

"Bill, leave it to me if you please," exclaimed Mole, turning upon the speaker with a frown. "Our notion is, sir," he continued, addressing me with a touch of respect in his manner that was not a little welcome, "that you should navigate the brig towards the island of Cuba, and give us notice when we're within a day's sail of it. Mr. Musgrave," he continued, flinging down his cap, extending his left hand and resting the fist of the right one in it, "you've been a sailor yourself—you've seen what we've suffered—you understand the situation we're in—let it, sir, as between seafaring men, be all plain sailing between you and us. There's been murder done aboard this here craft as you know, sir; and," he proceeded deliberately, almost grinding out the words as he delivered them, "we don't intend the man as made away with Mr. Bothwell shall be took. We don't want no interference. We don't intend that the Iron Crown shall be boarded. We don't mean to be laid hold of, and charged with mutineering, and punished for it. D'ye see *that*, Mr. Musgrave? We've got no idea of coming to any sort of harm that we can provide against. What's done's *done*! Nothen's happened but what's been desarved, sir—by God, desarved, mates!" he almost roared out, striking his fist violently into the palm of his hand; then suddenly folding his arms upon his breast, he added, in a changed voice charged with menace, "That's the situation, sir, and we want to know if you'll help us."

"On certain conditions," said I.

"What'll they be?" he exclaimed, quickly and suspiciously.

I surveyed him a moment whilst I thought, then held up one finger and said: "The lady must have the same privileges of privacy which she has enjoyed down to the present moment."

He took a view of the others, and bringing his eyes slowly to mine said: "The lady'll have no call to be afraid of us, sir. She'll find us sailors and *men*." A grunt of assent from the others followed this.

"Thank you for saying so," said I; "if ever a woman deserved the kindness of a crew she does. Her heart has been with you from the beginning in your troubles."

"Yes, by the Virgin, that's true!" cried the half-caste Ladova, fetching the table a blow with his fist.

"As consarns the lady, sir," said Mole, "set your mind at ease. What's your other conditions?"

"I must, with her, have the exclusive use of this cabin."

One of them cried, "You're welcome enough to it. The fok'sle's good enough for poor sailor men."

"It's as Thomas there says," exclaimed Mole; "the fok'sle's good enough for us. We don't want no cabin. What's your other conditions?"

"I have named them all," I answered. "You'll provide, I suppose, for our comfort here—tell some one of you off to bring our meals along?"

"You'll see to that, cook," said Mole, turning upon him.

"Ay," exclaimed the other, "that'll be all right, sir. The food'll be cooked as afore, and sarved as afore, if it comes to my having to wait on ye myself."

"Men," said I, "I can expect no more, and I am satisfied. You have met me fairly and spoken to me honestly; and whilst you continue faithful to the understanding that now exists between us, you'll find me as staunch as if I had been one of you from the beginning, and the most ill-used of you, too. There are two men on deck—you answer for it that they will be satisfied with our arrangements?"

"Yes," answered Mole, "specially may Charles be answered for. A man whose soul has turned black inside him, as his has, by the shadder o' the gallows, ain't going to be very exacting in his arrangements to get rid of the cuss. Charles will agree, sir; so will t'other."

"Be it so," said I; "and now I'll step into the captain's cabin for a

sight of his charts and the log-book there, that I may shape a course to Cuba. That's it, I think?"

"Right, sir," exclaimed Mole. Then looking at the others he said: "Lads, there's nothing I've forgot to say, is there?"

There was some scratching of heads and shuffling of feet, and then one said, "No, everything's been said, Terry, I think;" and another, "Mr. Musgrave consents to take command, and steer the vessel for Cuba, giving us a day's notice of its heaving into view, and I don't know that there's anything more that we wanted to see him about;" but a third cried, "Ay, but Mr. Musgrave 'll want some one to stand watch and watch with him. Who's to do it?"

"You're capt'n now, sir," said Mole, rounding upon me, but speaking very civilly; "it's for you to choose one of us to act as your mate. The crew'll be satisfied with your choice, no matter who you fix upon."

"Then," said I, "Mr. Mole, I choose you."

The calling him "mister" set the whole of the fellows on the broad grin.

"Very well, sir," said Mole. "Lads, ye can get forrards now. I'll keep 'a look-out, capt'n, ontill ye come up." Secretly confounded and dismayed as I was by all this business, yet his calling me "captain" made me smile spite of myself, as the others had on my terming him "mister." A general laugh followed, but nothing more was said as the whole body of them went quietly up the ladder and disappeared through the companion-hatch.

I stood a moment or two grasping a stanchion, with a hand to my forehead, oppressed by such a sense of bewilderment that was as sickening in its way as a bad fit of giddiness. But I rallied swiftly, and observing Miss Grant's door to remain closed, stepped at once to the cabin that had been occupied by Broadwater. I entered it with no small feeling of awe. That he had been foully made away with I

did not for an instant doubt, and the shadow of the crime seemed to lie like a material gloom upon the atmosphere of the plain interior.

I was in the mood, indeed, just then to be shocked and startled by little things; and I am not ashamed to own that I recoiled as though the ghost of the skipper stood before me to the sight that first met my eye on opening the door, of a pea-jacket and a sou'-wester on the top of it hanging together by the same hook, and under the jacket a pair of breeches arched, empty as they were, to the exact posture Broadwater's shanks exhibited in life. I protest, the suit of clothes, with the thatch of the sou'-wester coming down abaft the coat, looked so astonishingly like the old skipper, that for the instant I thought that he had hanged himself with his face to the bulkhead. There was a bunk in the corner with the bed-clothes tumbled; over it a short hanging shelf holding a few nautical books; in a corner another table on which were a quadrant-case, a chronometer, a few mathematical instruments, and, very conspicuous, Broadwater's huge silver turnip watch. The soles of a pair of sea-boots, one foot lying upon another, glimmered out from the gloom under the bunk, as though the captain lay drunk and silent in the darkness there. I took notice, though now I wonder that I should have had eyes for such trifling details, of a likeness of Broadwater, and, as I supposed, of his wife facing each other; two heads cut out in black paper, with streaks of bronze to define the lineaments, mounted on a white ground. There was a canvas bag of charts leaning dropically against the head of the bunk, and in a roll alongside it was a chart of the North Atlantic, which on opening I found pricked down to noon on the preceding day. The mate's log-book was upon the table. The writing in it was Bothwell's down to the time of his murder; a very neat, clean, almost ladylike hand, that threw into grotesque contrast old Broadwater's sprawl-

ing, absurdly ill-spelt entries. Gordon, I suppose, poor fellow, had been without literature enough to qualify him to keep the book. Having made the necessary calculations to enable me to shape the course the men desired, I quitted the berth, grateful to escape an atmosphere in which I breathed with difficulty, and was passing through my cabin on my way to the deck, when I caught sight of Miss Grant looking out through her door. I immediately went to her. There was a resolved, quiet expression in her face, and her voice was without tremor as she said, "I overheard all that passed in the cabin. You do not doubt that the captain has been murdered?"

"I do not," I replied; "but the men must not imagine that we suspect them."

"How will they treat us?"

"Oh, they are well disposed, respectful in their manner to me, and they consented at once to my request that the after part of the vessel should be used only by us. This was more than I had dared hope. You will have heard their demand that I should navigate the vessel to Cuba?"

"Yes," she exclaimed, catching her breath quickly; "it will be a round-about way to Rio, if ever we get there." She smiled faintly and sighed.

"Never fear, we shall get there," said I, cheerfully. "Broadwater has to be thanked for this abominable muddle. I foresaw it all. I was certain that the men would never suffer this vessel to proceed to her destination, call it Rio or any other place, under a captain whose evidence would hang the man who had freed them from the mate's tyranny. But let us most anxiously bear in mind, Miss Grant, that our policy is not to know that Broadwater has been made away with."

"Oh, I see that clearly," she answered.

"He has committed suicide. Dwell upon this view, and the thought of it will become a habit, and we shall be

the safer to that extent. There is plenty of time before us in which to talk over our position and make plans. I will now go on deck and alter the vessel's course. The men must believe me honestly disposed—indeed I must prove myself so; for let them be called murderers — mutineers — the blood that has been shed is assuredly on the heads of Broadwater and Bothwell."

I raised her hand to my lips and went on deck. The morning was as brilliant as any that had ever shone over us. There was a light wind from the north-east, which I might have accepted as the first breathings of the regular trades, but for the absence of the familiar clouds which float like signals set in the blue heavens to mark the confines of these gracious and serviceable gales. The whole of the eastern sea stretched in a rippling dazzle as of wrinkled quicksilver, of so fiery an effulgence that the weeping eye went instantly from it to the west for the relief it got from the dark blue water there, and the soothing azure of the sky that sloped down to the soft liquid boundary. I ran a swift glance around the horizon, but there was nothing to be seen. The brig was under the shortened canvas of the preceding night; and Mole was pacing the deck with the conscious looks of a person in authority. Though it was yet early the cook had lighted the fire and most of the men were gathered about the little caboose, holding pots of hot coffee, some munching at biscuits, others smoking. There was a suggestion of orderliness amongst them that satisfied my eye. It was natural perhaps that, recollecting the ugly stain on the cabin-floor, I should have thrown a hurried glance over the quarter-deck planking for a like hint that this time should concern Broadwater; but all glistened sand-white to the sun, with no further dyes than the violet pendulous shadows of spar, sail, and rigging. I stepped aft to the binnacle, where Mole at once joined me.

"The course to Cuba," said I, "running a line to the midship bearings of the island, is west by south. Better get your yards braced in and make sail upon the vessel."

He instantly sung out, "Hands to the braces! Square the yards for Cuba, bullies!"

The men drained their pots and sprang to the ropes. Never from the hour of getting the anchor off Deal had they exhibited such hearty nimbleness. Their songs had the true ring, and their notes swept aloft to the hollows of the canvas, and away into the airy blue over the side with the joyous echo of a homeward-bound chorus. I motioned the man at the helm to put the wheel over, and the brig slowly floated round with her stern to the sun, and the wide, soft heave of the sea coming along under the light wind to the blue shadow of her starboard quarter on the water. "Steady!" said I; "now hold her at that, my man."

"Cuba 'll be under the bow then at this?" said he, with such a puckering of his face to the grin which overspread it, that it made one think of an old walnut-shell.

"Yes," said I, "in heading as you go we'll be running the island down in good time."

He leaned from the wheel to discharge a quantity of tobacco-juice over the stern. "Well," said he, "better a light pocket than a heavy heart. There'll be no paying off this woyage, I suppose. But, thank the Lard, there's been plenty o' *paying out*." He muttered Broadwater's name, calling curses upon it in accents by no means whispered, and out of the fulness of his soul fell a-talking to the brig with his eyes on the compass-card that swung sluggishly to the lubber's point.

I stood alone watching the men making sail upon the brig. Mole worked with the others, pulling hard, raising encouraging shouts, and springing here and there with the zeal of a man who considers it his duty to set

an example. Events had come in such a hustling throng that in sober truth I had scarcely yet had time to realize our position. Now as my eye went to the men aloft loosening the sails, and the fellows below bawling out at the sheets and halliards, I could find a moment for reflection. If Broadwater had been murdered, it was hard to imagine, by the hearty, careless behaviour and half-jocose airs of the crew, that they knew of it. Yet if murder had been done it would be sheer idleness to feign that the men could be ignorant of it. There was always the fellow at the wheel to stand looking on as a witness. If Broadwater had made away with himself, the splash of him as he went overboard must have been a distinct sound fit to catch any ear, even above all such surly, weltering noises as were rising out of the blackness last night, from the fore-castle head to the binnacle; unless indeed the old man, with the sleek, secret, wary cunning of the sailor who had gone to his account in the English Channel, had slipped in the darkness into the lee main-chains, and then softly dropped into the sea.

But this was to suppose that he had destroyed himself, an idea not to be entertained for the space of a breath in the face of the memory of a nature which proved him to have been so grossly of the earth, that one would as soon think of a hog terminating its existence. No! if he were out of the ship, then he was a murdered man; which being past all doubt, I entered into some swift speculations as to the manner of his death; and there being no hint upon the gleaming platform of the deck of the use of the knife, I concluded that he had been stunned and dropped overboard whilst still insensible. One man could have done this. Heavy as the square form of old Broadwater was, one pair of hands might have sufficed to drag the breathless body to the rail, and with vigorous upheaval swing it into a somersault over the bulwarks. Guilt, like terror, will often put a grip of steel into

nerveless fingers. But it was not to be supposed there were no witnesses to this crime. Broadwater was not the man to let the watch on deck skulk even in the blackest hour; therefore there would have been most of the sailors on the move as observers of all that could happen, from the fore-castle to where the quarter-deck began; whilst aft was the helmsman with eyes for the rest of the ship there. Broadwater had been murdered, and all hands knew it! My heart turned sick and cold in me at the bare recollection of what had occurred during our execrable voyage, from the hour of Cooper's suicide to this moment; and I turned with a sense of faintness to the rail, and lay over it a minute or two to recover myself, half-distraught by the conflict of emotions which surged up into my head.

I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I started vehemently at the touch from my bitter mood of apprehension, and confronted Miss Grant.

"There can be no objection to my coming on deck, Mr. Musgrave?" she exclaimed.

"None," I answered; "the men have promised not to trouble either of us. We must trust them—we cannot do otherwise."

She looked at me earnestly. I don't doubt I was worn and haggard enough to account for her concerned, inquiring gaze. She was very pale, but I instantly noticed an expression of decision in her face as of a mind that has formed a resolution from which nothing is to divert it. Her black eyes looked at me with a full, steadfast shining. It was manifest that the true spirit of this girl, which had been bowed a little as I had last night remarked, had recovered its old natural, erect, heroic posture.

"Let us walk," she said. "It cannot matter that the men should see us together conversing. They must know we do so below when out of sight of them."

"A moment," I exclaimed. "Mr. Mole!" I sung out, "get topmast and

topgallant studding-sails aloft. Crowd on all canvas. You want heels, as we do."

"Ay, ay, sir!" He re-echoed my orders promptly. Had he been mate throughout he could not have fitted the post more intelligently, nor exhibited shrewder perception of the dignity of the berth he filled in his manner of calling to the men, that was as good as saying to them, "I'm still your shipmate, lads; but don't forget that I'm *mister* also!"

Miss Grant and I fell to pacing the weather-deck, speaking low, and taking care to slow round for our forward pace whilst the fellow at the helm was still a little way off. We spoke of the disappearance of Broadwater. She did not doubt with me that he had been murdered, and that the whole of the crew were acquainted with the deed. I said to her: "But glance at them, Miss Grant; see how nimbly they run about; hear the cheeriness in their voices, and the occasional laugh! It is hard to believe they can be conscious that a second dreadful crime was committed in this ship in the dark hours of the morning."

"You will find it was the deed of one man," she answered; "the others feel themselves guiltless, and are happy because they are free. But who is the criminal? Is it Charles, do you think?"

"I dare not think," I exclaimed. "As it is, he must regard us as witnesses to his murder of the mate. His dread of Broadwater may be extended to us for the same reason. I am infinitely bothered — infinitely bothered," I exclaimed, with an involuntary clenching of my fist to a fit of exasperation that came to me with the thought of the horrible muddle we were in, and my helplessness and my inability to perceive the least gleam of light upon the heavy surrounding gloom.

She looked at me with a light smile, and said with a sort of peremptoriness, fascinating for its spirit and kindness:

"If *I* can be cool, you must be so. Mr. Musgrave, I really do not feel the least bit afraid; certainly I have no fear for our lives. The hearts in those men are not black; they are not pirates; at least they are not pirates yet! They are wretched human creatures, who have been driven to this by ill-treatment, and now that the captain is gone they will stay their hands. Indeed, I have no fear. The future, to be sure, is a gloomy problem, but have not we courage enough between us to wait until it is solved?" She continued to look at me, preserving her light smile.

"We should change places," said I, feeling a trifle of colour in my cheeks; "you have twenty-fold my heart. Yet I should feel less worried, I believe, if I were alone here. It is my duty to see you safely to Rio—I embarked for no other purpose."

"But supposing *I* were alone!" said she.

"Ha!" I exclaimed; "and yet I don't know. I believe your nature would top the whole difficulty as a sea-bird tops a surge big enough to founder a line-of-battle ship. Indeed the mere circumstance of your being alone might win you more consideration from the sailors than they would show you with a male companion to look after you."

"Well, Mr. Musgrave," said she, and her voice still maintained its character of peremptoriness that rendered it, to my ear at all events, not a little engaging by the quality of half-conscious coquetry that I found in it, "bemoaning our position will not help it. I am certain you will yet discharge the obligation you generously, most generously, undertook; and how Alexander will thank you when he hears of our adventures, and of your heavy anxieties, my heart tells me."

She laid her hand upon her breast as she spoke; the Spanish blood in her indeed was confessed in many of her gestures. And though her accent was entirely English, yet perhaps in

her choice of words you missed the ease and simplicity you would expect in a girl whose blood and lifelong surroundings were purely British. "A plague on Alexander!" thought I. It had come, somehow or other, to my never being able to hear her mention his name without a feeling in me that she was a bit maladroit in referring to it. "A plague on him!" I repeated to myself, spite of the glowing glance she shot at me through the fringes of her white lids, as if to an instant's curiosity as to what was passing in my mind.

"Under Heaven, Miss Grant," I answered, "I hope indeed to be able to discharge my obligation, though 'tis a word that I don't like—indeed, it is quite the other way. But," said I, with a touch of impatience, "this is no time for ceremonies of speech. We are talking of Rio and Alexander; and here, confound it! are we heading away on a crow's course for Cuba."

"Why do the men want to go to Cuba?" she asked.

"I may find out," I answered; "at present I have not the least idea. The West Indies, to be sure, suggest piracy; but *that* dream is gone. If the cross-bones and skull be not hauled down and stowed away, they are scarce now flying half-mast high. No! yonder livelies will not put this ship to any felonious use! I am to give them notice when we are within a day's sail of the island. That sounds queer—they don't name a port."

"It will all come right, Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed.

I viewed her with an admiration I could not disguise. It was not only the challenge of her pale, resolved beauty just then; it was the high courage, giving her faith in the future, that won my eyes to her with an expression in them that must have conveyed more than the message I intended; for her own gaze drooped to it on a sudden, and went away seawards with the merest flutter of a smile upon her lips.

CHAPTER XX.

WE ARE SPOKEN.

PRESENTLY the men had packed studding-sails to the royal yards upon the brig. But I took notice that the crew did not intend to wash the decks down; and that I might satisfy myself on a head or two concerning the ship's discipline, and what was expected of me, I called to Mole, having Miss Grant still at my side. There was little of the cut-throat in the appearance of the seaman as he approached and stood before us, civil, but with a determined manner running through his respectfulness. He was indeed as fine a specimen of an English sailor as one could wish to see; tall, muscular, well-shaped, and with the grace begotten by years of rolling decks in every posture and movement; eyes full of sensibility, a cheek burnt by many months of high suns, and handsome features which seemed the manlier for the shaggy cast his thick, plentiful hair gave them.

"Mr. Mole," said I, "I am captain by the wish and consent of the crew, but have no ambition to venture a step further than they require me to walk. I therefore propose to give no orders until I have ascertained their views. They will work the ship, of course, brace the yards about to the wind, and make and shorten sail, and the like. And what more?"

"Nothing more, sir," he answered, promptly. So I might have guessed! "There'll be no money to take up, Mr. Musgrave," he continued, "and he's a good dog that'll work for a bare bone."

"There'd be money enough to earn though," said I, "should you feel disposed to turn to and make a salvage job of this business. Here's a brig without a commander, with her hold full of mixed commodities—"

He raised his hand with a glance forward. "No, sir. All hands is agreed. If we could stick the bloom-

ing hooker up for Lunnon town in a twenty-four hours' ratch, we'd sooner see her chiveying her hell-born skipper and mate that way," pointing down with a wild romantic gesture, "than handle a brace for her salvation." He took a steadier grip of the deck with his feet, so to speak, and looked at me as much as to say, "Hold to your first kind of questions."

"Then," said I, "I am expected to do nothing but navigate the brig?"

"To Cuba! Yes, sir; *that*, if you please, along with looking after her in dirty weather, for we know from Mr. Gordon that you're sailor enough for most things that can happen at sea."

It would have been idle to dispute this high opinion; the result no doubt of poor Gordon's hope that I might take the mate's place, and of his wish to confirm, by his ardent representations of me as a seaman, such satisfaction as the men might feel had I consented to Broadwater's appointment of me. "The crew will find me as dutiful to their desires, Mr. Mole," said I, "as they are faithful to the promises they made me."

"Mr. Musgrave," he exclaimed, "I'll be plain with ye. There'll be no call for you to take any notice of what goes on. The ship's stores aren't over good, and there's no reason why the cook should not tarn to and sarve up a forecandle-mess from time to time out of the cabin's provisions. That there live stock," he continued, pointing to a hencoop, "belongs to you and the lady, I believe, sir?" I said "Yes." "Well, it won't be touched; but all the rest we shall take the liberty of claiming for ourselves."

"Of course," I said, "you will do as you please. But what about the liquor?"

"Ye needn't feel consarned about that," he exclaimed, understanding me; "every man's allowance'll be increased, and why not? But there'll be no drinking. If ever you should observe one of the men half so slewed as Broadwater used to be day arter day

and night arter night, the crew'll give ye full consent to have him seized up, and their own hands'll do the rest. No, no, there'll be no drinking. The look-out ain't cheerful enough for the likes o' *that* sort of jollification. There's one thing, perhaps," he continued, changing his tone from the high, almost angry, energy in which he had been addressing me, "that is proper I should tell 'ee sir. The crew don't want to have nothen to say to any ships that may chance to pass. They desire to keep themselves to themselves."

A thought coming into my head on his saying this, I looked from Miss Grant to him and said: "If a chance offered for this lady and me to transship ourselves, you would not object?"

He answered quickly and sternly, "Mr. Musgrave, there must be no meddling with other vessels. Please to understand *that*, sir."

I gave a little involuntary stamp of impatience, but said nothing. Miss Grant's hand stole to my arm with a gentle rebuking pressure of the fingers. The man added, softening his manner, "If you left us, who's to navigate the brig?"

"The ship that received us would lend you a mate."

"Oh, but you don't understand," he exclaimed, with a sour lowering of his face. "Well, sir, 'tis settled, of course—there is to be no conversing with anything that may heave in sight."

"I have told you I will do what you ask."

Just then the cook came up to us, to ask if we were ready for breakfast; and simple as the thing was, yet on the top of the shining morning and the quietude of the men, the touch of homeliness in the question put a sort of ease into my mind that was as useful to me just then as a small stroke of good fortune. It half rose to my lips to gratify Mole by inviting him to use the cabin for his meals, and had I been alone in the brig I should have done so; but the thought of him as society for Miss Grant checked my in-

tention, though I protest he would have furnished her with out and away better company than ever Broadwater was, whilst it was not to be questioned that he had much more to talk about, having served in many different kinds of ships and visited many lands; whereas I believe Broadwater had passed most of his early life in the coasting-trade, and never weathered either Cape in all the years he had used the sea.

The cook arrived with our breakfast in due course, and made some show of setting the dishes upon the table, as if he had taken more trouble than usual in the cooking of the meal, and was desirous we should value him for it. We were in the cabin waiting for him when he made his appearance, and after preparing the table he asked me if he should attend upon us. I thanked him for his civility, and added that we should be able to do without him, and told him very plainly that any attention he showed us now would not be forgotten by me hereafter. I shall always remember this man for the peculiar dingy pallor of his face, so much like the complexion of the "duff" he cooked for the sailors that no painter could have copied it more inimitably; also for his large, moist eyeballs, whose protrusion gave him a stupid, staring look, whilst at the same time the sky-blue pupils were so bleared with damp and the cloudiness of congestion as to make his wide-open gaze a sort of blind hunt in the direction of what he looked at. Though I had told him we could do without him, he still lingered, as though the novelty of being in the cabin pleased him. I thought I would ask him a question or two.

"Didn't it strike you as odd, cook, that Captain Broadwater should have chosen you to stand watch and watch with him?"

"Why, yes," said he, in his slow, wheezy voice. "I don't know what there was to make him partial to me in that way. He was no more beloved by me than he was by the others. He

had such a choice of foul words as never I heard in a man's mouth afore; 'sides a trick of hazing just proper to break the heart of a cart-horse. Perhaps his feelings made his way towards me through his stomach. He was much in love with that end of him, sir, and yet coarse as a Fin in his eatin' too. He was born in the latitood o' roast pork. Had he been given birth to higher north he'd ha' asked in his prayers for nothen better than slush."

"He must have destroyed himself very cunningly last night, or rather this morning," said I. "No doubt he sneaked overboard into the blackness of the lee-channels, and thence dropped." I glanced at him carelessly as I said this.

"Can't tell ye how it happened, I'm sure," he answered. "I was tarned in at the time, as you know. Hope that there bacon's broiled to your liking, miss?"

Miss Grant thanked him with a smile and a bow.

"Were you ever at Cuba, cook?" said I, in an offhand way.

"No, sir," he answered, making a step towards the companion-ladder, as though he considered it time to be gone, and then stopping to answer me.

"Havanna's the chief port," I continued. "There should be no difficulty, I suppose, in meeting with a ship bound straight on for Rio. We're both," said I, smiling and preserving my careless manner, "in a bit of a hurry, and I heartily wish that the crew had selected waters nearer the South American sea-board than the Caribbean Sea."

"We're bound to Cuba anyhow," said he with another stride towards the steps.

"Do you know what part of Cuba the men design to touch at?" I asked; but as I said this I felt Miss Grant's hand upon my knee. I looked at her, and marked a lightning-like lifting of her long eyelashes to the skylight, where, partly through the glass, and partly through the raised sash, I caught

a sight of the figure of Mole standing in an unmistakably listening posture, though you would have said his attention was fixed by something that was happening forward. "No further need to detain you, cook," I exclaimed, loudly and cheerfully; "if you can persuade the crew—for your influence, you know, as 'doctor' ought to be considerable—to let me navigate the brig to any point nearer to Rio than Cuba, you will be doing not me but this lady a prodigious service."

The figure at the skylight moved away. He probably guessed by the change of my voice that I knew he was listening. The cook exclaimed: "The destination of this here wessel is a matter as consarns all hands. It's not for any one man more'n another to interfere. Cuba's been settled upon, and I allow that the arrangement had best be left alone." With that he went on deck.

"I think you are a little indiscreet," said Miss Grant, softly.

"Perhaps so," I replied, "but the fellow with his pale face and projecting eyes had, I thought, an honest look, and I seemed to find a suggestion of garrulity lying behind his loitering here. But I am mistaken. I must be cautious, as you say; still it is distracting not to be able to make even a guess at the intentions of the fellows."

"You must expect to be watched," she continued. "We shall have to be exceedingly cautious in conversing, and, Mr. Musgrave, it will not do for you to question any of the men. You must be reserved as they are, attend to the navigation of the ship according to their requirements, satisfy them with your honesty as a navigator by such proofs as their ignorance will suffer them to understand, and leave the rest to time and to chance. It *must* be so!" she cried, still softly, yet with impetuosity in the drawing of her breath. "It is for time and chance to decide all things. Let one's condition be that of a princess, or as dark and as full of care as ours now, it is the same."

"You shall control me as you desire," said I gently; "you have more wit than I, more patience, more courage, and will preserve me from doing anything that I may repent for your sake. I feel myself to a certain extent responsible for the dreadful position in which we are placed." She motioned dissent with her hand.

"Well," I continued, "first of all, I ought to have known human nature too well to have been duped by a man like Broadwater."

"Oh, Mr. Musgrave, we do not know human nature even when we are white-haired," she cried, "and you are so young yet!"

"That is so," said I, stealing a look at her to see if there was any correspondence between her eyes and her words. "But I am not so young as not to have known better than to suffer ourselves to proceed on this voyage, when perhaps, by insisting upon it, I could have got Broadwater to set us ashore in the English Channel. One hope I have however," with a further lowering of my voice; "it may not have occurred to the men. We have ships of war in the West Indian waters, and it is impossible to conjecture what might come of some smart sloop heaving us into view, and desiring a closer acquaintance from symptoms which the astute naval eye can often discern in what to another is mere timber, canvas, and an ugly head or two peeping over the rail."

But the idea of a cruiser overhauling us was a vague hope at best. I might think to lighten Miss Grant's anxiety, as well as steal a little ease for myself out of the fancies that came into my head by talking of such things. But as the nations were then at peace, as piracy was pretty nearly extinct, and as there was nothing to suggest the slaver in the aspect of the Iron Crown, what excuse should a naval officer find in the mere cut of canvas, and trim of yards, and run of rail, whether ornamented or not with an ugly head or two, to send a boat aboard for a look at the brig's papers? The

island of Cuba bore above two thousand miles distant from us. How many days' sailing that might signify no man would have cared to conjecture. We might indeed look for the trades anon, and blow along briskly to the quartering gale, without need for days at a stretch perhaps to check a brace or stand by a halliard. But the sun eats out the heart of the steady blowing as the Antilles are approached, and the sweeping wind that has been whitening the curl of the dark blue chasing billows dies out into parched catpaws, brief bursts of fiery squall, and long intervals of glassy, rotting calm, with nothing to tarnish the surface of the blinding mirror but the jump of the skipjack, or the thin blue line that denotes the wake of the wet black fin of the shark.

But at sea what happens for the day must suffice for it, and the breeze had now settled into so fixed and pleasant a humming, that I was scarce surprised when returning on deck after breakfast, to find a hint in the blue shadowiness in the north-east, with here and there a head of cloud lifting out of it, of the presence or the approach of the regular trade-wind. All hands were on deck forward saving Mole, who was aft, and Charles at the wheel. They were lying sprawling, sitting about, smoking to a man, yarning, with often a loud laugh breaking from one or another of them. Indeed, it was more like a dog-watch scene on a fine summer's night than such a picture as one would look for in the work-up, hard-going hours of the forenoon watch. Over the side the seas ran short, and broke friskily. Again and again, from either bow, a score of flying fish would dart from the arch of wave there as though some young sea-god was showering barbs of mother-of-pearl up into the sunny air.

It was my watch on deck, and Mole on my arrival was going forward, when I stopped him.

"Is there a man aboard this vessel," said I, "who has any knowledge of navigation?"

"Not going to such lengths," he answered, "as taking the height of the sun and discovering our situation by celestial observations. But I don't doubt, if I was put to it, that I should be able to find my way about with the log-line, supposing my departure's correct."

"Then," said I, "I may judge, even from what you say, that you are able to follow my navigation, and to form an opinion of its correctness by looking at the course I mark down on the chart?"

"Yes, sir, I should be able to do that."

"I am glad to hear it. I desire that my goodwill should be appreciated. The men would not doubt my sincerity or my capacity with you at hand to tell them that you have checked my reckonings, and that I am heading true to their wishes."

"We're all quite satisfied, sir," he responded, with a falcon glance at me under the careless droop of his lids. "We have no fear of your deceiving of us;" and with a half-flourish of his hand to his head he went towards the fore-castle, leaving me under the impression that I had said too much, and that it would be as well for me in future to rehearse whatever I might wish to say to the men with Miss Grant before expressing myself.

As I walked the deck alone, I would catch now and again an odd, inquiring sort of look from Charles, who grasped the wheel. It was almost wistful in its way, and with the idea of giving him a chance to interpret it, I came presently to a stand at the quarter, sending a light glance astern, and then made a stride to the binnacle, from which I peered to the canvas aloft, as though to remark with what steadiness the craft swung through it under the dead weather drag of the great studding-sail. My aversion to the fellow was not without a weak element of pity for him. I seemed to remember now, oddly enough, as I held him within the sphere of my sight without regarding him, the kind of

light that had come into his face like a smile when, as he tugged at his oar in the boat that carried us aboard in the Downs, he had let his eyes rest on Miss Grant, before sending them on to old Broadwater who sat abaft her.

"Sir," he suddenly exclaimed. I turned with an air of surprise at being accosted by him. "It's known to you and the lady, sir, that I killed the mate. He drove me wild in the dark, as I stood here, with more outrageous language than the captain himself could use. He rose the devil in me, and I drew my knife—though the moment after I could have stabbed myself for doing of it." He dragged over a spoke with a mechanical twist; his olive-coloured complexion had perished into a sickly, sallow green, which his dark eyes, gleaming with the contending passions in him, so accentuated that the memory of his visage was for long one of the ugliest phantoms that troubled my slumbers. I drew a pace away when he spoke of killing the mate; he continued talking hurriedly, as though he feared I should leave him before he had had his say. "You and the lady, sir, thinks of me as a bloody murderer, and so I am—so I am! But it begun and ended in what you know and saw. So help me all the good angels I was taught to pray to when I was a child, and so help me the blessed Virgin herself"—he let go the wheel with one of his little hands to make the sign of the cross upon his breast—"whatsoever may have been the cause of the capt'n's disappearance, I am innocent of it. Do you believe me, sir?"

I looked at him a moment and said, "I do. But do you mean to suggest that he met his end by foul play?"

He made a passionate gesture and cried: "I know nothing about it, sir. I want you to believe *that*, and I want the lady to believe it more'n you. She had pity for me when I—when I—" He paused with a gasp and a swift pointing towards the foremast with a trembling hand.

She came on deck at that moment.

"I am glad to learn what you have told me," said I; and I added coldly, for aversion was strong in me again, and besides, his very words were as good as owning that the captain had been murdered, though not by him, "No doubt the unhappy man fell crazy with drink and temper, and through the loss of the boat, along with his conscience over the drowning of the cabin-boy, and quietly sneaked overboard;" and so saying I walked over to Miss Grant.

I called to some men to spread the little scrap of awning the brig carried, and three or four of them came instantly tumbling aft as willingly as one could wish. I then placed a chair for Miss Grant to windward, where I could sometimes halt in my walk to have a chat with her, for now that I had charge of the deck, her accompanying me in my paces would scarcely look ship-shape in the eyes of the seamen. But I made no reference to my conversation with the half-blood, beyond merely telling her in a whisper that the fellow had, in an odd way, protested himself as innocent of whatever the cause might have been of Broadwater's disappearance; whence I thought it was certainly to be gathered that the old man had been made away with. However, it was not a little comforting, I can tell you, to feel that this Charles, whom I held in secret dread, was equal to feeling grateful to Miss Grant for the concern and indignation his punishment at the foremast had excited in her. It was gratifying to me moreover to know that he had conscience enough left in him to shrink from suspicion of another dark deed. Indeed my talk with the fellow, followed on by the lively willingness of the men who responded to my order to lay aft and spread the awning, would have put, I believe, something of lightness into my tread of the quarter-deck, specially with the radiant scene of heaven and ocean to turn from to Miss Aurelia's dark eyes, which often followed me as I walked, but for the dull

oppressive wonder as to what project the crew had in mind in making me head for Cuba, a thing that gnawed in the secret recesses of my mind like some sulky throbbing ache of a nerve.

Before my watch was out, however, there happened an incident which gave me to know very plainly that the sailors' resolution was fixed in one direction, at all events. The breeze had freshened—it was a little before ten o'clock in the morning—clouds rounded and of silken texture, like growing puffs of powder smoke from great ordnance fired below the horizon, were sailing up into the blue hollow which the sunshine so filled that it was all azure dazzle over our mastheads; the brig was sliding along at some five knots, cradling her form from one dark blue brow to another, with the whipped water merrily sparkling into billows and melting into cream all along her as she ran. Suddenly a man, who was standing on the fore-castle-head, bawled out, "Sail ho!" to which cry I noticed that the others, who lounged or lay sprawling about the deck near the galley, immediately started to their feet and ran to the rail to look.

"Where away?" I sang out.

"Broad on the weather-bow," came back the answer.

I looked, and at once descried a sail leaning like a white shaft in the quarter the man had indicated, and, as I might judge by the heel of her, by which one saw that she must be hugging the wind, heading directly for us. I went to the companion for the glass, and, bringing the tubes to bear, made the stranger out to be a small brigantine. The hands forward over the rail watched her steadfastly. I waited and had another look at her, and found her growing rapidly. Indeed, that was to be expected, for our united pace would probably be closing us at the rate of some ten or twelve knots in the hour. I hailed the fore-castle, and desired that Mr. Mole should be roused up and sent aft to me. He sprang through the hatch within a minute after he had been called, blink-

ing with sleep and the darkness in his eyes against the splendour on deck, but laying aft nevertheless as briskly as if he had the scent of danger in his nostrils.

"What's the matter now, sir?" he cried out, as he approached.

"I simply want to be advised," said I; and pointing to the little brigantine that was coming along with her wash-streak down in the smother, and the weather-leeches of her topsail and top-gallant-sail and royal shivering like the fly of a flag in a breeze to the grip of the helmsman's luff, I said, "You see that fellow out there?"

He shaded his eyes and answered, "Plain enough, sir."

"Take that glass," I exclaimed, "and look at her, and tell me what you observe."

He worked away with the telescope, and then suddenly exclaimed, "'Taint English colours, is it? No, it's Norwegian—Jack down—flying half-masted."

"Exactly," said I; "it is a distress-signal, and she wants to speak us. Now, I don't mean to accept any responsibility in a business of this kind. There may be people yonder perishing from some want which it is in our power to supply——"

"Can't help it if there are, sir," he cried, vehemently. "We're bound to shove on: there's nothen that must stop us!" and a dark look came into his face, as though he supposed I was going to argue, and was angry by anticipation.

"Be it so," I exclaimed. "We'll keep straight on, as you say." He sent a look full of significance at the man who had relieved Charles at the wheel, and then went forward and leant upon the rail alongside the others, staring his hardest, as they were, at the approaching vessel.

What they had suspected in her appearance I don't know, but I gathered he had told them of the distress-signal and of the nationality of it—scarce yet visible to the naked eye—by the lapsing of most of them from

their intent, strained, eager posture into a half-lounging, careless attitude. I waited a little, and then viewing her again through the glass, I was not a little surprised to remark that she appeared to be full of people. I examined her carefully, and was sure I could not be mistaken. If the swarm of glimmering dots along the whole length of her rail were not human faces, it would puzzle a man to guess what else they could be. Presently the men noticed this too, for I saw some of them give their breeches an uneasy hitch as they brought their eyes away from her to our own canvas with sharp starings aft, as though they feared I might play them some ugly trick if I were not closely watched. The size of the brigantine scarcely exceeded a hundred and fifty tons, and I never remember seeing a prettier model. She had a true piratical sheer forwards, a run of bow into a knife-like cut-water, sheathing green with usage, that flickered with a sort of emerald sheen to the light of the snow that boiled about her forefoot as she rose to the fine-weather surge. The swells of her well-cut canvas leaned to us sunwards with milk-white softness in the shine of them; nothing afloat could look more saucy, taut, and sea-worthy, and one almost suspected some sinister device in the dumb appeal of the speck of crimson bunting with its blue cross, white margined, and inverted Jack, only that the crowd of heads, now distinctly visible, made such a puzzlement of the sight as effectually checked speculation. I watched her intently through the glass, and noticed much motioning of arms and brandishing of caps and other headgear amongst her people. It needed no specially clear eye for human distress to interpret those gesticulations into an earnest entreaty to us to bring the brig to the wind. I stood at the rail watching her, and Miss Grant came to my side.

"There are women aboard, and children too," I cried; "at least a hundred people, I should say. They

will think us demons for not attending to their signal."

"What do you imagine they need?" she inquired.

"They may have run short of provisions, or worse still, of water," I answered, steadfastly examining the length of her black sides for any bright spout from the scupper's that might tell me her pumps were going.

The men along the line of bulwarks watched her with faces as hard as figure-heads, whilst at intervals a fellow would drop from his akimbo arms upon the rail to light his pipe at the galley fire, returning promptly however, and resuming his place, where he would stand quietly with a wooden-headed look, but nevertheless with sooty pipe in mouth, blowing out clouds that told of some inward perturbation. On a sudden the brigantine put her helm up, slackened away her sheets fore and aft along with the lee-braces, and headed direct for us. Her manœuvre startled me, for I thought she meant to run us aboard. The clipper-hull of her, now that she was making a free wind of it, swept like the shadow of a cloud over the water. Mole sprang aft to the quarter-deck in a few bounds.

"What's she up to, Mr. Musgrave?" he shouted. "Does she mean to board us, think ye?"

"No, no; to speak us, man—to speak us," I answered, for already her intention was made manifest to me by a subtle shifting of her helm, that would enable her presently to range within speaking distance of us, heading as we were. In another ten minutes she was within a biscuit-toss, almost directly abreast to windward, but they had to let go their royal and topgallant-halliards and *scandalize* their mainsail, as it is termed, to keep their position; for though the brig was under every stitch of canvas that would draw, with studding-sails swelling cloud-like one on top of another far beyond her weather-side, the clipper to windward with all her canvas aboard would have forged ahead like a steamer, and been out of hail in five minutes. There

were twenty or thirty women amongst the crowd, some of them with babies in their arms, and forty or fifty men, and at least a score of children. The vessel, being small and somewhat deep in the water, showed her decks to us with every floating slide to leeward. The picture, for strangeness, wildness, and I may add for beauty, was in its way incomparable. The flash of the low black hull through the milk-white boiling along her bends, the ivory gleam of her canvas melting into soft shadowing beyond the central curves of the cloths, the crowd upon her decks so variously and oddly apparelled that nothing short of the paint-brush would put the scene before you—red and green handkerchiefs round the head, caps like inverted flower-pots falling with a tassel to the shoulders, coats of frieze with great metal buttons, yellow half-boots, red petticoats, the gleam of gold or silver earrings—such a huddle of bright colours defies the pen; one thought of an operatroupe, with its choruses and orchestra to boot, as having taken ship for a pleasure cruise, and fallen into some dreadful condition of incommunicable distress. The Norwegian flag, as I have said, flew Jack down half-masted from the main-topmast-head; but though she might have been a Norwegian ship, with a Norwegian crew in her, I cannot persuade myself that the women, the children, and most of the men were of that nation. Yet it was impossible to understand a word of what they said. Perhaps they would have been as unintelligible had they yelled in English, for every throat in the craft was strained at the same moment, and the wind brought the hubbub along to fall in a blind, dead way upon the ear like a fog upon the eye.

A man, presumably the skipper, an old patriarchal-looking fellow, with a long white goat-like beard, and a white fur cap, as it seemed, coming close down to his shaggy eye-brows, got into the main-rigging, with a speaking-trumpet in one hand, through which he roared

a sentence that was as Hebrew, afterwards pointing with his trumpet to his flag. I said to Mole, "Shall we hail them?"

He answered with a stamp of his foot, "No, by —, not if they was on fire! What do the dogs mean by sticking their craft alongside of us?"

Besides continuously shouting, the queer kaleidoscopic crowd convulsed themselves with every imaginable kind of gesture. Some pointed into their wide-open mouths; others clasped their hands upon their stomachs, with grimaces inimitably expressive of suffering; many motioned as if in the act of drinking; one man held a bottle aloft upside down, tapping it with his finger, and shaking his head most dolefully. There was indeed no need for them to tell in words what was the matter with them.

I cried, "Mr. Mole, you see how it is; those people want water—*water!*" I repeated, emphasizing the words, for if there's a human need that thrills to the heart of the sailor on the high seas, it is *that*. "It is in our power to relieve them to a small extent at least. Look at those children! No possible harm can come, man, from our allowing them to send a boat to us."

He turned upon me savagely. "Mr. Musgrave," he exclaimed, in a voice like a snarl, so hard did his passion make it for him to speak, "if ye have an atom of consarn in your safety—in the lady's safety—you'll hold your jaw."

"I took Miss Grant's hand, and walked with her right aft, and seated myself by her side on the grating.

"You must let them have their way," she exclaimed; "they are devils, not men."

I was too sick at heart, too enraged by the man's insolence, too shocked by the picture of the gaping crowd to windward, to be able to answer her.

Presently there fell a silence upon the little brigantine, and you heard nothing but the seething of the water past her as her sharp stem sheared

through it with a hissing as of red-hot iron. The hush was broken by the old white-bearded man bellowing again to us through his speaking-trumpet. Mole, with folded arms, stood looking on without a stir in the scowl of his face. Not a voice disturbed the stillness forward, where the men hanging over the rail were gazing with an air of mere idle curiosity. Twice the old man hailed us; he then got out of the rigging, and on reaching the deck flung his trumpet down with a furious gesture, sank upon his knees, and lifting up his hands to God, seemed to invoke a curse upon us, varying his dreadful tragic posture of denunciation by pointing at our brig with his eyes upturned. At the sight of this the rest of the people fell to menacing us with brandished fists, shouting and yelling at us till their voices blended into one long howl of execration. Yet had our crew been statues they could not have surveyed the dreadful scene more impassively. Presently the old man rose from his knees, and motioned to the fellow at the wheel to put it over; the topgallant and royal yards were hoisted afresh, the peak-halliards manned, and in a few moments the swift and beautiful little vessel was hauling away from us, buzzing round to the brilliant breeze with a wake following her white as the shining of the sun on the polished surface of a scythe.

I thought by her ranging to starboard that she meant to round into the wind, and so get her port tacks aboard for the ratch that she was upon when first sighted. Instead, when she had stood away far enough to come round to the wind under her starboard helm without chance of striking us, over went her wheel; she spun on her heel like some saucy, frisky woman in a waltz, and flattening in and bracing up fore and aft, sweep! she came for us again, passing close under our quarter, from no other motive that I could see than to furnish her people with another opportunity of uniting their voices in

a long, raging and shrieking curse upon us. Then like an arrow she was away astern crossing our wake; but whilst it was possible for the naked eye to hold her, one saw as it were the throbbing of the crowd along her as they shook their maledictions at us with flourished arms and fists.

When she had fairly settled away into toy-like dimensions, Mole, who had been watching her from his position near the main-rigging, came up to me, and said with the civil air of his former behaviour: "Sorry to have lost my temper, sir; but you know that all hands is resolved not to speak anything, from a scow to a line-of-battle ship. That's our resolution, and it 'ud make things easier if you was to be so good as to keep as clear an eye upon it as you're fixing upon the course to Cuba."

Miss Grant said quickly, as though, fearing an indiscretion of temper in me, she wished to interfere between myself and the man: "Hunger and thirst are dreadful things, Mr. Mole. Those people made their necessities very plain to us. It was the sight of the women and children that moved Mr. Musgrave."

"That's right enough, miss," he answered; "but who's to know what ailed them? Supposing it to have been thirst, what amount of fresh water calculated to be of any use to such a army of folks have we got to spare out of our stock? There's all the way to Cuba before us, with the sun pretty nigh overhead every day, and we've got a right to think of ourselves first, I allow. 'Sides," he continued, putting the sharp of his hand to his forehead to gaze at the now distant sail, and frowning to the brassy glare that came in folds from the running waters off each head of sea, "who's going to 'levitate people there's no onderstanding? Human they was, I dessay; but the likes of such a lump on a little vessel's deck, swearing, motioning, patting their guts, making pretend to drink, and then apparently falling down and cussing of us, ain't altogether the sort

of stroke you'd look for in natural things, 'specially when the whole biling is rigged up as if a body of organ-grinders had turned pirates—stole some blooming Dutchman's vessel, and then missed their road."

He talked as if he wished me to find something humorous in his fancies. Bitterly indignant and resentful as I secretly felt, I was not such a fool as to despise an attitude of conciliation in the one man in whom I had now had time to observe the others had confidence, who indeed headed, and no doubt influenced, the crew; so I returned him a few civil, commonplace words, after which he went forward, where he stood talking awhile.

CHAPTER XXI.

A FESTIVE DOG-WATCH.

AT sea so much which is strange happens, that no man who has knowledge of the life will trouble himself to hunt about for solutions. I remember a sailor once telling me that, his ship being blown to the westwards off the Chilian coast, deep in the heart of the Pacific waters they fell in with a Chinese junk, with three men and a couple of women on board. The wonder of this junk lay not in her sides gray with barnacles and green with weeds, nor in the queer, weather-be-fouled aspect of her faded Asiatic sails, nor in the ragged look of the blue-gowned, be-tailed, mustard-coloured creatures that were on deck; but in her being where she was. How came she in the South Pacific? It was like the fly in the amber. The Chinamen made passionate efforts to represent their condition, but to no purpose. Not a motion of a hand of theirs was interpretable, and the captain of the ship growing wearied, filled on his vessel and proceeded on his course.

There are confrontments, I say, in the sea-life, which, being unintelligible on the face of them, no man who has his reason will attempt to explain. It was as likely as not that the brigantine

was a Norwegian that had fallen in with an emigrant vessel in distress, had taken off all or most of the people, and then run short of provisions and water. But there was so much to keep me thoughtful in other ways, that, though tragically strange as it was, it was not an incident to constrain my attention to it as though all had been well with us, and the thing no more than a brief break in the monotony of a sunny voyage. The reflection that grew out of it was—what sort of treatment were Miss Grant and I to expect from men in whom selfish fear could so work as to render them insensible to the most piteous of all the demands which the stern usage of the sea can force from human distress? It was the same selfish fear that kept them quiet. One might guess there would be no mad broaching of rum-puncheons with them. They were too much alarmed with their situation to risk anything for the want of unclouded brains. Indeed, their sobriety was as good as a hint of their distrust of me. They very well knew that my one consuming desire must be to escape with Miss Grant from the brig; also that I was sailor enough to perceive there was no chance for me in that way outside the speaking of a ship that would be willing to take us off. They treated me with a sort of negative civility indeed; that is to say, they kept away from our end of the brig, and jumped to my orders; but then my knowledge of navigation rendered me so important to them that they could not do without me; though what haunted my mind as I stood with Miss Grant, watching the dim flicker of the brigantine's canvas on the edge of the wide blue sweep of sea, was, that a day must presently come when the high land of Cuba would be heaving into view, and what then would happen? There was something, too, inexpressibly malignant to my fancy in the request of the men that I should let them know when we were within a day's sail of the island; and the mere inability to gauge the meaning of this desire was

enough to keep every instinct in me writhing in a torment of uncertainty.

It was noon however, and I went below for Broadwater's quadrant. It was a primitive appliance, and likely as not to be inaccurate. However, I made eight bells with it, watched closely by the men as I screwed away at the sun, and then returned to the cabin to work out the sights. I used Broadwater's room, as the conveniences I required were in it, and whilst I sat at the little table Miss Grant arrived and stood behind me, looking over my shoulder as I jotted down the figures. She was anxious to know where we were. I unrolled the chart, and pointed to our position.

"It is still a long way to Cuba," she exclaimed, bending her stately figure over the chart. Her mouth was as firm, her face as composed, her gaze as steadfast, soft, and serene as though she were viewing some picture in a book.

"Yes," I groaned, "a weary long way."

She seated herself on a little locker at the foot of old Broadwater's bunk. Her beauty was like a light upon the atmosphere of the quaint, somewhat darksome interior. You would have needed to peep in at the door to appreciate the curiosity of contrast wrought by her warm and glowing presence, the unconscious graceful dignity of her attitude, and by the odd, rough furniture of the cabin; the suit of clothes with the tarpaulin hat on top, swinging like the figure of Broadwater himself at the bulkhead; the soles of the jack-boots sprawling in the shadow under the bunk, with *her* little feet a yard away from them; the rough, time-bronzed pilot-coat, hanging behind her as a canvas, so to speak, for the perfections of her clear skin and the flash of her dark eyes to show on.

She leaned towards me, folding her hands over her knee, and said, "Will it be possible to escape from this brig?"

I started and exclaimed: "I have been full of that fancy since the brigan-

tine hauled off. No; I do not think it is possible. We must take such luck as we may find here."

"I want you to understand, Mr. Musgrave," said she, "that if any scheme of escape should occur to you, you will find me equal to it. I shall not mind what I do, indeed. I will dress up as a man—I will row an oar—yes! I can row. I am not afraid of firing pistols. Alexander will tell you I am a good shot."

She looked down into her lap with a faint smile, then her eyes met mine again—a full gaze, brilliant with inquiry.

"Well," said I, "I had not been in your company ten minutes before I guessed that you would be the proper sort of girl for a pinch. I was right; and so you see, spite of my being so *young*, I am capable of taking a correct view sometimes of human nature."

She laughed softly, and with a foreign gesture of her hand said: "You are too impetuous, too emotional. One would hardly think you an Englishman, you abandon yourself so readily to impressions."

"It may be as you say," said I, feeling somehow almost as much confused by her manner and by her beauty as on the day when she had first stood before me in the parlour of the London lodging-house; "but this anxiety is new in you. What makes you talk of escaping from the brig?"

"Simply—as I have said, Mr. Musgrave—that if you have any scheme I am willing to bear as good a part in it as if I were a man." She drew herself erect, as though she would suggest physical as well as intellectual strength.

"I have no scheme," said I; "would to God I could see my way to one!"

"Might we not lower the boat that hangs at the vessel's side?"

I shook my head quickly. "No," said I, "there is always the fellow at the wheel. How should we be able to lower a boat, even on the blackest night, unperceived by him?"

"But could you not gag him?" said she. "I could help you to pinion him, and then stand over him pistol in hand," smiling, yet with a world of resolution in her gaze, "whilst you let the boat sink to the water."

I went to the door and peeped out to make sure that nobody was listening.

"Supposing," said I, approaching her close that she might hear my voice, which was scarce more than a whisper, "we should succeed in getting away in the boat, what would be our fate in a little open ark in the middle of the great Atlantic, exposed all day to the broiling sun, and all night to the heavy dews, to say nothing of squalls, thunderstorms, gales, putrefying calms, and the rest of the conditions of the glorious ocean-life! No, no! dismiss that from your mind—for your own sake, Miss Grant—my cousin would shoot me for subjecting you to such risks and privations. But," I continued, anxiously, for I thought I might find a hint in her woman's cleverness, "this thought is new in you. Why do you wish to escape from the brig? A bitter strong wish it must be when, to gratify it, you are willing to face the hazard of an open boat."

"Oh, Mr. Musgrave, I am shocked by the inhumanity of the crew. I had believed them plain sailors forced into evil by bad treatment, but whose better natures would appear again when the tyranny they suffered from had ceased. I think so no longer. I fear their intentions towards us may be—may be—I am frightened by the vagueness of their directions to you. They speak of Cuba, but they name no part of it."

"Hush!" I cried, hearing a footstep. Mole put his head in at the door, knocking with his great knuckles on the bulkhead as he did so.

"Beg pardon," said he; "I thought I'd just come along and see how the land lies with us to-day."

There was insolence in this intrusion, but then I had to consider it was

my own bringing about. He stood in the doorway, peering in, in a posture civil enough, cap in hand, filling the frame of the door with his great figure.

"Here," said I, putting my finger upon the chart, "is the brig's position to-day at noon."

He came to the table and peered close.

"The vessel's heading west by south," said he, after a pause; "this here map don't show the West Indies."

"No," said I, "it is the North Atlantic only: but there should be a track-chart in that bag to give you all the bearings you want."

There were nearly a dozen charts rolled up in the bag. I pulled out four, and on opening the fifth found it to be what I needed—a track-chart of the world. This I spread before Mole, and left him to find out for himself whither a west by south course would carry us from the point of latitude and longitude I pencilled upon the chart.

"Well I hope the course I am shaping satisfies you?" said I presently.

"It'll work out as true as a hair, it seems to me," he answered.

"To what part of Cuba are we sailing, Mr. Mole?" inquired Miss Grant, in her most natural manner, without any attempt at an artless voice or a face of innocent wonderment.

"We ain't decided yet," he answered promptly, picking up his cap and going to the door. "We mean to keep Charles clear of the gallows if we can. Cuba's a good bit off yet, and when Mr. Musgrave lets us know that it's within a day's sail, we may have to tarn to and discuss what's to be done, onless we've come to an agreement beforehand."

He gave a nod towards the state-cabin, and turning upon us again, said, "The cook's asked me to say your dinner's ready, sir." He then went on deck.

We found a very tolerable meal

prepared for us. The cook, having put the dishes upon the table, left us to ourselves; and as we sat close together we were able to talk freely without fear of our subdued voices penetrating to any attentive ear that might be lurking at the skylight. I told Miss Grant it would need very little consideration to assure us both that, if we valued our lives, we must make no effort to escape by the hazard of such a deed of violence as that of gagging and pinioning the man at the wheel. Failure, I said, must lead to my being murdered out of hand, and then she was to think of herself as alone with a lawless body of people, who, on the strength of our attempt, would hold themselves discharged from the obligation they now recognized to keep their distance and treat us civilly.

She shuddered at this. "It is the dread," she exclaimed, pressing her hand to her forehead, "of anything happening that might separate us, that might end in leaving me alone with these men—it is *this* dread, Mr. Musgrave, which makes me talk of attempting to escape whilst we are together, and whilst I feel my spirit equal to any call that you can make upon it. The prospect of an open boat is dreadful, I admit, but it would be paradise in comparison to my finding myself alone in this brig."

"It is because we must remain together, come what may," said I, speaking with a degree of emphasis and passion, as I can now recall, to which I have little doubt in another mood her eyes would have sank with such a little trembling play of smile on her lips as I had once before noticed, "that I dare not risk our being separated by so much as the movement of a finger, without feeling sure of the result. Besides," I continued, sinking my voice again, "even if we should agree to attempt to escape by the boat, it would be better to wait until we had closed the Cuba coast than commit ourselves to the heart of the great solitude we are now in. You have been shocked by the cruelty of

the men in refusing help to the people of the brigantine. Their behaviour has excited a new dread of them in you. You have suffered a little shadow to darken your glorious courage. But again and again you have told me to believe that all will be well. All *will* be well!" I exclaimed, taking her hand in both mine; "you have too much of the heroine in you to render the issue of this horrible voyage uncertain. Your courage will shine out afresh. A little patience and the gloom will have passed. I need every bit of encouragement you can give me, and shall be the pluckier and the stronger for your own strength and bravery."

She kept her face averted, and a tear fell from her cheek. I believe I never acted more wisely in my life than by leaving her without another word and withdrawing to my cabin, and remaining there until I felt calm enough to be able to talk to her with clear perception of the meaning of my presence on board, and of the object of our journey.

When the dog-watch between six and eight came round, the evening was so gentle and lovely that I cannot remember the like of it. I had charge of the brig, and often stopped in my walk to exchange a few sentences with Miss Grant, who was seated near the skylight. The ugly half-caste Ladova was at the wheel, a few seamen were sitting on the forecandle-head smoking, but presently I noticed the cook come out of his little caboose with a small kid or tub in his hand, the steam of which seemed grateful to him, for as he walked on to the forecandle he kept his head overhanging it as though inhaling it. He set the kid down very carefully near the scuttle. The loungers in the head gathered round, and seemed to sniff up the incense with great satisfaction, as might be gathered from their several postures and the expressions on their faces, though I was at too great a distance to hear what they said. The cook returned to the ca-

boose, and shortly afterwards emerged with an armful of pannikins, which he placed close alongside the steaming kid. I eyed these proceedings uneasily. It was not hard to guess that the steam yonder rose from something stronger than water. One of the fellows put his head into the scuttle and called out, and in a few moments the rest of the crew came on deck. Amongst them was Mole, who sprang through the hatch with a fiddle in his hand. His first act was to step up to the kid, dip a pannikin into it, and take a sip. The brew was evidently to his taste, for he gave the cook a nod, drained the pannikin, and screwing the fiddle to his shoulder, fell to tuning it.

"They mean to be merry," said I to Miss Grant.

"Will there not be enough drink in that wooden tub," she said, "to make them intoxicated?"

"Depends on the strength of the mixture," said I. "Mole gave me his word that there should be no drunkenness aboard us. I fancy the fellows are too distrustful of me to swallow more than will hearten them to a couple of hours of jollity. Strange there should have been a fiddle aboard all this time, and it should never have been played until now. 'Tis to be Jack's *requiem* over Broadwater. God help us! what a muddle that creature has brought us into."

Just then Mole held up his hand to attract my attention.

"Jest a bit of sailors' pleasuring, Mr. Musgrave," he sang out; "no more'n 'll help us to tune up our pipes, and put a bit of spring into our flat feet."

I responded quickly, with an answering flourish of my hand: "You're quite right, my lads. Never was there a crew more fairly entitled to a spell of merry-making."

"Boys!" shouted Mole, who seemed somewhat excited, "to the lady, bullies! Dip to her and to his honour atop, my livelies. Time from me, my noble fellows!"

"Hold!" I cried, entering into the spirit of the thing, "let Ladova be of you."

I went to the wheel. "Jump," said I, "and drink our healths!"

He ran forward. Mole then dipped for a second draught, and stood with his pannikin poised, waiting for the others to fill. It was a sea-picture just then to haunt a man to his grave, so charged was the colour, the beauty, the freshness of it, with the horrible significance of the condition of things aboard. The manly, handsome figure of Mole, in white duck trousers, blue shirt leaving his breast bare, round hat perched on the back of his head, arms of a giant naked to above the elbow, holding his pannikin high in marine festive posture—the group behind, with their pannikins upheld in imitation of him, here and there a bright eye gleaming out of a shaggy face past some brawny shoulder, the olive features of the half-blood contrasting with the dingy white of the cook—the crimson background of the west, against whose effulgent reaches, rising from scarlet at the sea-line to a sweep of delicate golden haze over the mastheads, each figure stood out clear cut, the loveliness of the great circle curving from the glory over one cat-head into the dark blue of the east, and back again to the effulgent sky and sea over the bow;—it was indeed a scene not to be lightly forgotten, full as it was with the spirit of the beauty of the evening, and with the memory of murder and of bitter wrongdoing, and with our present fears.

"Time from me, my livelies!" cried Mole, with a look over either shoulder; then holding his pannikin high and gazing aft, "One—Two—Three!" At the last word, and in utter silence, flash went every man's pannikin to his mouth, and in token that our healths had been effectually drunk, every fellow held his pannikin inverted. The thing was done with a military precision that must have won a laugh from me at any other time; but before merriment was practicable, one wanted to know

how much liquor the kid held, and how much spirit had gone to the manufacture of the contents of the little tub.

Miss Grant rose and courtesied towards the forecastle with inimitable grace, whilst I raised my hat to the dumb salute of the inverted pannikins. Then Ladova returned, and I fell to pacing the deck again, saying to Miss Grant, as I lingered abreast of her a moment with a careless glance aloft, that this was a sign of goodwill on the part of the men that ought to help the courage of us both.

Mole seized his fiddle afresh, and vaulting on to the forecastle-capstan, played a brisk polka. Next to jigging, Jack loves polking; the hornpipe heads the list, but the polka stands next. The sailors formed themselves into couples, and in a few moments were twisting and sliding round the musician. There was fun to be got out of even the mere sight of the capers their legs cut, and the enjoyment on their faces grinning over one another's shoulders as they revolved. The cook, wanting a partner, danced alone, a detail of this little passage of jollity that rendered the whole scene inexpressibly childish. I said to Miss Grant, "Is there in all human nature a simpler-hearted creature than the sailor? What landsman could find diversion in dancing as those fellows are? In fact," said I, "Jack has all the simplicity of the savage, with a touch of the savage's unpleasant qualities. There is nothing in memory to hinder him. Observe how heartily Mole saws, as if all had been and still was as well with this ship as at the day she lay in the Pool. Only a few hours ago one, or maybe more, yonder struck Broadwater down and tossed him overboard. Yet the punch is not the less sweet to their palates. They shake as lively a foot as any sinless soul could."

"See the half-blood! He dances all over. Every bit of him to his very eyes is on the move. He hops about with pure Spanish enjoyment. That rude deck there might be a ballroom for him, and the rough company of the

sailors a polished *fandango*," said Miss Grant.

"Ay," said I, "and I dare say he would not quiver about the less briskly for the thought that the shadow of the gallows which awaits him lies dark to the light of the setting sun, somewhere behind the slope of that sea-line."

When the polka came to an end, Mole dismounted and handed the fiddle to the half-blood, who, grinning with an almost negro-like countenance of enjoyment, took the other's place, and struck up the well-known hornpipe air, "Jack Robinson." Mole took the deck alone; the others, every man holding a pannikin newly dipped, drew off hot and merry to look on, some sitting, some lounging. Carefully screwing his hat on his head, Mole took the preliminary walk round, and then broke into the ocean-dance, with the perched figure of the half-blood behind him fiddling most ably. I never in all my life saw the hornpipe better danced. There was so much expertness indeed as almost to make one forget one's dislike of the fellow. The admiration of the spectators sobered their grins, and they gazed with sedate appreciation. Sometimes one or another rapped out "Hurrah, bully! You're the lad for the girls!" "Swing to it, my lively!" "Bully for you, Terry, bully for you!" and the like, accompanied by a frequent lifting of the pannikins. With his hat "on nine hairs," as sailors say, his arms sometimes folded upon his breast, sometimes one hand upon his hip, the other lifted, his loose white trousers fluttering against the scarlet background, his rough hair tossing upon his brow, with the spirit of the thing shining in his eyes, Mole slapped the deck with his feet till it rattled like castanets in the hands of a Spanish dancer, jigging it so inimitably well indeed that Miss Grant could not remove her eyes from him, whilst I gazed positively fascinated by the sight. Indeed, it stirred old memories in me as nothing else had done since we first weighed anchor. It took me back to the forecastle of the

grand old Indiaman when the sultry dog-watch was growing cool to the dewy eastern shadow. I clapped my hands loudly when Mole, half-breathless with exertion and purple with heat, brought his dance to an end with a smart blow of his foot and a bow to us aft, as finely managed as any courtier could have contrived it. Then after an interval he took the fiddle again, and the others fell a-dancing, and when they were tired they sang songs.

By this time the evening had drawn over us. There were long rusty streaks of expiring scarlet in the west, but the stars were shining brilliantly, and the gloom of the night was already darkening out the fore-castle upon the eye into an airy dusk, amid which the shapes of the seamen were scarcely visible. I had already noticed with satisfaction that the tub, which had been tilted that the last drop might be dipped out of it, was left un-replenished. One fellow sang with a fine voice—who it was I knew not; it was a clear rich baritone, and went floating up amongst the sails, whose wan hollows gave the notes back in dim echoes. I leaned with Miss Grant over the rail listening. An occasional delicate sob of water rose from the clear profound, which, mingling with the fellow's voice, gave a quality of softness and even of pathos to it. Nearly all the songs sung were of a sentimental cast, and were accompanied by either Mole or Charles with the fiddle; and though broad daylight would no doubt have found the sounds for the most part commonplace enough, yet the airs, even when delivered by some hoarser pipe than usual, took a note of romance and a quality of unreality from the overshadowing presence of the liquid night, the melancholy spaciousness of the dark sea extending on all sides, the dimness of the extended wings of canvas on high, the stillness upon the deep that was scarce disturbed by the breathing of the warm, dew-laden night-wind into the sails, and the almost oppressive hush

you found when, amid the intervals of the songs, you sent your gaze into the dark blue dome brilliant with stars which jewelled every point of spar, every shadowy end of boom, every phantasmal length of yard of the faint, pale fabric, looming large above the delicate glimmer of the decks.

All was hushed and in darkness forward; one figure alone could be made out crossing the stars in a regular pendulum tread on the fore-castle, when Mole came aft to relieve me. The excitement of the drink and the dance had gone out of him. He said: "Ye see the men are well in hand, Mr. Musgrave; there's nothen to be feared from their liquorizing, as I told you."

"I was glad to notice that," I answered; "your jollifications, indeed your doings of any kind, are no concern of mine outside the lady's safety and my own. I heartily wish that you understood navigation, and that you could take charge of the brig, for in that case you would have no objection to putting Miss Grant and me aboard the first craft that would be willing to take us. The deuce of it is, Mr. Mole," continued I—for I hoped he might have come to me with a disposition rendered a trifle generous by the dog-watch festivity, and would be willing therefore to talk a little more freely than at another time—"the lady is bound to Rio under my charge, to be married to a cousin of mine who lives at that place, and the road there by way of Cuba threatens so long a delay, that besides the secret grieving of the lady over her prolonged separation from her sweetheart—and you, Mr. Mole, as an English sailor, will understand her feelings—there is the worry of my cousin to be considered. He will think the ship lost; he may fancy me false to my trust, perhaps."

He waited a little before answering, and then said very civilly: "I can quite understand yours and the lady's feelings. We're all sorry for ye both, I assure you; but we don't mean to let Charles swing; we don't intend to put ourselves in the way of the

law, and so, as you've been already given plain to understand, Mr. Musgrave, there mustn't be, and there won't be, no speaking of ships. 'Sides,' he continued, with a sudden rounding upon me, so to speak, in his manner, "supposing the hands consented to [your trans-shipping yourselves, ain't it a million to one that the vessel wouldn't be bound to Rio, or anywhere's near it? In that case," he added with a laugh, which he instantly checked, "you're as well off here; for Cuba's nearer to Rio than the Cape o' Good Hope or the Indies 'ud be, and for all you know, the ship you enter might be bound to them parts, or further off still—to Chiney or New Zealand."

Spite of his civil manner, I judged there was little more to come from a chat with him than ill-temper on his side and increased mortification and anxiety on mine, so telling him that the course to be steered throughout the night was the course we had been heading all day, I went below to join Miss Grant. I told her what Mole had said, and we sat talking till about nine o'clock; and then observing her to look very weary, for she had slept but little during the previous night, I begged her to withdraw, saying that I myself needed rest, as I should have to turn out again at twelve o'clock. Nevertheless, though professing myself tired, I was in no humour to go to bed. It was impossible to sit alone in that cabin without thinking of old Broadwater, a fancy that sent the eye instinctively to the smudge that still lurked darkly in the stain of the wood at the foot of the cabin-steps. A stouter heart than mine might have owned to a sense of timidity without a feeling of shame. The voyage indeed had been more like a nightmare than the grim reality it was, with its teeming life of brutality and ugly deeds. It seemed but yesterday that the brig had floated past the bald terrace of the South Foreland, and yet in the brief interval of the few weeks seven men of our slender company had

vanished one after another, and every man to such an accompaniment of tragic and scaring conditions as to cause the memory of his death to lay upon the mind with the significance of yonder stain upon the planks. Then again I was haunted by the recollection of the gaping and supplicating figures which had that morning piteously motioned to us for help, and of the white-bearded old man whose uplifted eyes and trembling, pointing hand had made his curse upon us as articulate as though the ear had received every syllable of the malediction.

But this sitting alone, with nothing to break in upon one's thoughts but the thin, weak groans of the swaying ship, was but melancholy work. I went to my cabin, and was about to undress myself, when it occurred to me that, since the brig was now in possession of the crew, whose condition might not be quite so sober as that of Mole, it would be as well for me to look to my pistols. I charged and primed them both, and then remembering that Miss Grant had talked as though she could handle a fire-arm with thorough knowledge of its use, I resolved to give her one of the brace to lodge under her pillow, or to place ready to hand. I did not doubt that a spirit such as hers would find something tonical and supporting in the mere notion of a loaded weapon lying close to her grasp. In sober truth, I feared more for her than for myself. My life was too serviceable to the men just now to render me uneasy on my own account; but it was otherwise with Miss Grant. Who could tell but that amongst that lawless band there were some—even one—with instincts to be easily rendered devilish with liquor? I see myself now, standing in that little cabin, grasping a pistol in either hand, my imagination forward in the fore-castle, picturing the dim light of the slush-lamp there, flinging its faint, wavering illumination over the seamen sitting in their bunks, or with hairy faces overhanging the

edges of their hammocks, dangerously gay-hearted with the drink they had drained, and with the dance and songs which, coming into their hard lives, were a sort of intoxication in themselves, talking of their jinks ashore, of their carousals, of their Polls and Susans, till one of them perhaps would speak of Miss Grant——

I opened my door, crossed the narrow passage, and gently knocked upon the bulkhead of my companion's cabin. She instantly asked who it was that knocked. I answered. In a few moments she opened the door. The light from my own cabin-lamp was upon her, for the berths were exactly abreast. Her hair hung upon her shoulders, one hand grasped the neck of her dressing-gown against her white throat, giving her an aspect of sudden alarm, which the peculiar brilliance of her steadfast eyes could not have defeated but for the composure of her lips.

"What is it, Mr. Musgrave?" she asked.

I now regretted my action. Here was I grasping a brace of pistols, and it seemed a stupid and nervous bit of behaviour in me to disturb this girl, and thus confront her.

"You have told me you are not afraid of fire-arms," I exclaimed. "It has occurred to me that one of these——"

She looked at the weapon I extended with a smile, then without a word entered her cabin and returned.

"There," she exclaimed, "you will see that I am as fully prepared as you.

Indeed I think I am better off, for yours, I fancy, are a little old-fashioned, whilst mine I am sure would prove the deadlier weapon."

She stepped aside that the light might shine upon the pistol she held. It was a very handsome piece, with a long glittering barrel, mounted in silver. "See!" she exclaimed, raising it. Her nostrils trembled, she drew herself erect with a slight backward leaning of her head, and levelled the pistol past me with a smile that was made almost scornful by the proud, sparkling determination of the gaze she fixed upon me. Oh! for a painter's brush to give you the queenly figure and pose of her as she thus stood! Her arms sank to her side, and she said quietly, "Have no fear for me, Mr. Musgrave. Should I be called upon to defend myself, I shall know how to do it."

I again wished her good-night, and returned to my cabin, feeling somehow, as Jonathan says, a bit mean, though for what reason I do not know, unless it was that such a combination of beauty, coolness, and courage made one fancy that the best sort of manhood in comparison with it could not but be somewhat insignificant. Indeed it did me good to think of the tear she had let fall that day, and to remember that now and again a natural timidity and fear had broken out. After all, thought I, as I looked round for a convenient hiding-place for my pistols, it is always the woman that forms the most admirable part of the heroine.

(To be continued.)

CITY AND BOROUGH.

A LITTLE time back an increase of dignity was granted by royal proclamation to two famous towns in Great Britain, one in England, the other in Scotland. Birmingham and Dundee, hitherto merely boroughs, were raised to the rank of cities. Several other English towns have, within some years past, been made cities in the same fashion. But there is something special about these two cases which distinguishes them from the others. In the other English towns that have been made cities the increase of rank has in every case followed on the town becoming the see of a bishop. With Birmingham this is not so; with Dundee, as a Scottish town, it hardly could be so. Two questions are at once suggested. First, What is the distinction between *city* and *borough*, which makes it promotion for a borough to become a city? Secondly, Is there any ground for the belief, certainly a very common one, that the rank of *city* is in some way, in England at least, connected with the presence of a bishop's see in the town so called? And a third and very delicate question has arisen at Dundee which does not seem to have been started at Birmingham. Nobody seems to have thought that, because Birmingham has become a city, therefore the chief magistrate of Birmingham has become a Lord Mayor. It does seem to have been very seriously thought at Dundee that the chief magistrate of the new city has acquired a right to be called Lord Provost.

It will be well to keep the English and the Scottish cases distinct, because it does not at all follow that arguments and precedents which may be good in England will therefore be good in Scotland. The law of the two kingdoms is so different that it is wise to

keep on the safe side in every case: it is specially needful in this case, because of the supposed relation between *city* and *bishopric*. This may exist in England, where episcopacy is recognized by law; it cannot exist in Scotland, where the present law knows nothing about bishops' sees at all.

Let us begin then with England and the English borough which has lately been raised to the rank of a city. It is plain that, if the rank of city merely implies the size and importance of the town on which it is bestowed, no English town can have a better right to that rank than Birmingham. But I am quite sure that, a few years back, most people thought that every bishop's see was, as such, necessarily a city, and that no town that was not a bishop's see could be a city. And this belief seemed to be borne out by the fact that the title of city was universally given to every English town that was a bishop's see, and to two only that were not. The two exceptions were Coventry and Westminster, and they were exceptions which proved the rule. For Coventry and Westminster had been bishops' sees, and they might seem to keep their rank somewhat after the manner of dowager queens and peeresses. If this be a sound rule, the advancement of Birmingham to the rank of a city is certainly a breach of it. Birmingham, like Edinburgh or Glasgow in Scotland, is the seat of a bishopric, but not of a bishopric acknowledged by law. Yet the notion of the connexion between city and bishopric used to be so fixed in most minds that I remember how, when a Roman Catholic bishopric was first founded at Birmingham, some inhabitants of Birmingham asked, merrily perhaps, whether their borough had

thereby become a city. We have now the fact that Birmingham is not the seat of any bishopric known to the law, and yet that Birmingham has been made a city by royal proclamation. This at once raises our two questions, What (as far as England is concerned) is meant by a city? and, Have city and bishopric (as far as England is concerned) anything to do with one another?

Now I must freely confess that I do not know what difference, except difference in rank, there is in England between a city and a borough. In tables of precedence we see, very near the end, "Citizens", and after them "Burgesses". I conceive therefore that there is an acknowledged difference of rank; that the Mayor of Birmingham will now undoubtedly take precedence of the Mayor of Warwick, that a citizen of Birmingham who is so unhappy as to be without any claim to rank as esquire, doctor, gentleman by coat-armour, or gentleman by profession, will also take precedence of a burgess of Warwick no less badly off. Further than this it is hard to see what Birmingham or any other borough gains by becoming a city. A city does not seem to have any rights or powers as a city which are not equally shared by every other corporate town. The only corporate towns which have any special powers above others are those which are counties of themselves; and all cities are not counties of themselves, while some towns which are not cities are. The city in England is not so easily defined as the city in the United States. There every corporate town is a city. This makes a great many cities, and it leads to an use of the word "city" in common talk which seems a little strange in British ears. In England, even in speaking of a real city, the word "city" is seldom used, except in language a little formal or rhetorical; in America it is used whenever a city is mentioned. But the American rule has the advantage of being perfectly clear and avoiding all doubt. And it agrees very well with

the origin of the word: a corporate town is a *civitas*, a commonwealth; any lesser collection of men hardly is a commonwealth, or is such only in a much less perfect degree.

This brings us to the historical use of the word. It is clear at starting that the word is not English. It has no Old-English equivalent; *burh*, *burgh*, *borough*, in its various spellings and various shades of meaning, is our native word for *urbes* of every kind from Rome downward. It is curious that this word should in ordinary speech have been so largely displaced by the vaguer word *tūn*, *town*, which means an enclosure of any kind, and in some English dialects is still applied to a single house and its surroundings. In no other Teutonic language has this particular usage come in; though the way in which the still vaguer *Stadt* is used in High-German is analogous to it. In common talk we use the word *borough* hardly oftener than the word *city*; when the word is used, it has commonly some direct reference to the parliamentary or municipal character of the town. Many people, I suspect, would define a borough as a town which sends members to Parliament, and such a definition, though still not accurate, has, by late changes, been brought nearer to accuracy than it used to be. *City* and *borough* then are both rather formal words; *town* is the word which comes most naturally to the lips when there is no special reason for using one of the others. Of the two formal words, *borough* is English, *city* is Latin; it comes to us from Gaul and Italy by some road or other. It is in Domesday that we find, by no means its first use in England, but its first clearly formal use, its first use of it to distinguish a certain class of towns, to mark those towns which are *civitates* as well as *burgi* from those which are *burgi* only. Now in Gaul the *civitas* in formal Roman language was the tribe and its territory, the whole land of the Arverni, Parisii, or any other tribe. In a secondary sense it meant the head town of the tribe, which in

Northern Gaul now commonly bears the name of the tribe, having lost its own local name. Thus *Lutetia Parisiorum*, *Civitas Parisiorum*, is known as *Paris*; if the *Civitas Arvernorum* is not known by some form of the name *Auvergne*, it is because local accidents caused it early to take the name of *Clermont*. When Christianity was established, the *civitas* in the wider sense marked the extent of the bishop's diocese; the *civitas* in the narrower sense became the immediate seat of his bishopstool. Thus we cannot say that in Gaul a town became a city because it was a bishop's see; but we may say that a certain class of towns became bishops' sees because they were already cities. But in modern French use no distinction is made between these ancient capitals which became bishoprics and other towns of less temporal and spiritual honour. The seat of the bishopric, the head of the ancient province, the head of the modern department, the smaller town which has never risen to any of those dignities, are all alike *ville*. Lyons, Rheims, Paris, are in no way distinguished from meaner places. The word *cité* is common enough, but it has a purely local meaning. It often distinguishes the old part of a town, the ancient *civitas*, from later additions. In Italy, on the other hand, *città* is both the familiar and the formal name for towns great and small. It is used just like *ville* in French; no distinction is made any more than in French between towns which are temporal or spiritual heads of districts and towns which are not.

I am writing away from books, and I must trust my memory for everything; so I cannot give the exact reference to a passage in Gregory of Tours which throws some light on the use of the word *civitas*. He gives a description and panegyric of Dijon, and adds his wonder that a place which had so many merits was not called a *civitas*. We might have used exactly the same form of words of Birmingham the other day, of Liverpool a few years earlier, of

Manchester a few years earlier again. Now Dijon never was a bishopric till quite modern times. Gregory's language therefore shows that in Gaul in the sixth century, though most *civitates* were bishops' sees and most bishops' sees were *civitates*, yet to be a bishop's see in no way entered into the definition of a *civitas*. Comparing his way of speaking with modern French practice, one is pretty safe in saying that at no time has it been the custom in Gaul to draw the distinction which has certainly for some centuries been popular in England.

Let us now look at the first document in English history in which *cities* (*civitates*) are in a marked and designed way distinguished from other towns which were not cities. We must remember that English usage in the matter of bishoprics was altogether different from that of Gaul. Towns of any kind did not hold the same place in England, or anywhere in Britain, which they held in Gaul. In England, as in Gaul, the bishop was bishop of the tribe, and the territory of the tribe marked the extent of his diocese. But the bishopstool was not necessarily placed in the chief town of the tribe or in any town at all; indeed the tribe had not necessarily any chief town to place it in. One of the changes which began just before the Norman Conquest and which went on after it was the removal of bishops' sees from villages and small towns to the great cities. In the documents about the translation of the see of Devonshire from Crediton to Exeter, the Pope, Leo the Ninth, expresses his wonder that in England the bishopstool was not always placed in a city. Here, it will be seen, the "city" is taken for granted: the argument is not that the place where the bishopstool is shall be called a city; the city already exists, and the bishopstool ought to be in it. Exeter does not become a city because it is made a bishopric; it is chosen to be a bishopric because it is already a city. With this language of Pope Leo the language of

Domesday exactly agrees. Places are there spoken of as cities which were not bishoprics, though some of them became bishoprics in after times. Such are Oxford and Gloucester, both Domesday cities, from which the title passed away and afterwards came back again. The name is applied also in Domesday to some towns which have never become bishoprics. I am not sure that without book I can make an exact list, but I am pretty sure that Shrewsbury and Colchester are among them. Exeter, Lincoln, Chester, places to which bishoprics had lately been moved, naturally rank as cities. The whole evidence of Domesday goes against the notion of there being any connexion between bishopric and city, except that a city was a proper place to plant a bishopric in. The places to which the name of city is given are clearly the great and important towns, some of them Roman *chesters*, some of them English settlements which had greatly outstripped their fellows, towns which were local centres and something more, towns which had more or less of an independent municipal constitution, which had magistrates, laws, and customs of their own, sometimes even a certain measure of authority over the surrounding country. To such towns the name of *civitates*, borrowed from Gaulish usage, was very naturally given, whether they were bishoprics or not. Sometimes they had bishops, sometimes not; but the age of the Norman Conquest tended to connect the notions of city and bishopric by the systematic translation of bishoprics from smaller places to cities.

Exactly opposite to the Domesday notion of a city is that which has certainly been prevalent for several centuries. This is the doctrine that a city is a town which is or has been a bishopric, and that, when a bishopric is placed in a town, that town, if it does not become a city without more ado, has at any rate a right to be formally created a city. This doctrine is certainly as old as the time of Henry the Eighth; I think I can see signs of

it as early as the time of Richard the First. Let us first look to the later time. All the towns in which Henry the Eighth founded bishoprics have ever since been called cities, even though one of them, Westminster, lost its bishopric almost as soon as it was founded. Now Henry's charter of foundation of the bishopric of Gloucester contains a clause providing that henceforth the town (*villa*) of Gloucester shall be called the city (*civitas*) of Gloucester. I presume that there is something to the same effect in the other charters: if there is not, so much the better; in that case, the other new cities must have acquired the rank by usage. That is to say, it must have been taken for granted that the seat of a bishopric became a city *ipso facto*, a belief which would prove yet more than a formal creation. Now it is to be noticed that in this case of Gloucester the charter did but restore the town to the rank which it held in Domesday, and the like is the case with Oxford. The fact that Gloucester ranks as a city in the Great Survey must have been forgotten when Henry the Eighth thought it necessary to raise it to the rank of a city. It is plain that by that time the notions of bishopric and city had become so closely tied together that, as Gloucester was not a bishopric, its ancient dignity had altogether passed out of mind.

If I were writing in the midst of books, I dare say I could find some passages or documents which might illustrate the steps by which the doctrine of Domesday changed into the opposite doctrine which is implied in Henry the Eighth's Gloucester charter. Writing from memory, I can only mention on one side that, what one would hardly have expected, Wareham appears as a city in the *Gesta Stephani*, and also call attention to a most remarkable passage in Richard of the Devizes, which looks the other way. The Jew who describes the several English towns to the French boy—one of the cleverest bits of

satire anywhere—says that Rochester and Chichester were mere villages or small towns (*viculi*) which had no right to be called cities, except that they were the seats of bishops—*flamines* is the pagan word which is put into the Hebrew mouth. This is a rather irreverent way of speaking of two immemorial *chesters*; but it clearly implies that, about the beginning of legal memory, it was believed that the presence of a bishop gave the rank of a city to a town which otherwise would have no claim to it. This is much the same as the doctrine of the Gloucester charter, much the same as the doctrine which was generally held till quite lately. By virtue of it the title of city was given by usage—whether always by law I cannot say—to any place, great and small, which could boast of a bishopstool, while it was refused to the greatest town which had none. The cities of England and Wales ranged from London to Llandaff, while Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham were not cities. Some cities, as Peterborough and Westminster, had no municipal corporation; some, as Ely, had neither municipal corporation nor representation in Parliament. These last answered exactly to the description given by the Jew to the French boy. So it was, certainly from Henry the Eighth, perhaps from Richard the First, down to our own time. Whence did such a doctrine come? I can only say that it must have come from Gaul in some shape or other. There is nothing in Old-English practice or Old-English language to suggest it. Till King William came into England, or at least till King Edward began to take to French ways, men could do nothing but call York a *burh* and Northampton a *burh*, though York had a bishop and Northampton had none. And, curiously enough, neither King Edward nor King William, though they taught people to distinguish certain places as *civitates*, ever taught them that *civitas* and bishopric were the same thing.

Yet we may be none the less sure that the notion of the connexion of city and bishopric was practically a French importation. Practically the bishoprics of Gaul answered to the *civitates*; so, under French influences, though not according to French formal practice, the doctrine came to be established in England that no town but a bishop's see could be a city, and that every town in which a bishop's see was placed either at once became a city or had a right to be made one.

After Henry the Eighth the question did not come up again till our own time. In the times between no new bishoprics were created; consequently, according to the rule which was by this time established, no towns were promoted to the rank of cities. In our day we have seen a good many. The first new bishopric since Henry the Eighth's time was Ripon in the reign of William the Fourth. Ripon calls itself a city. Can anybody tell me how it became one? Was it made a city by royal proclamation, or did it take the name of "city" without asking, as soon as it had a bishop? I do not exactly remember. Or is it just possible that the rank of Ripon as a city has something to do with that wonderful legend of a charter from West-Saxon Alfred in which people at Ripon gravely believed two or three years back? The next was Manchester, and from Manchester onwards there is no doubt. Manchester was undoubtedly made a city by royal proclamation. But, unless my memory quite fails me, it was not made a city till some time after it became a bishopric, not till the question had been raised whether it did not become a city at once by virtue of being a bishopric. I have some indistinct remembrance of a story about a document being brought before a judge in which mention was made of the "city of Manchester." The judge rejected the paper on the ground that there was no such city, and then Manchester was made a city by proclamation. Some Manchester friend

will doubtless be able to say whether my memory is accurate as to this story; but there is no doubt that Manchester became a city by proclamation, and that the proclamation did not immediately follow on the foundation of the bishopric. More lately Liverpool, Newcastle, Saint Albans, Truro, Wakefield—I am not sure of the chronological order—have all received the same promotion. In all these cases the foundation of the bishopric has been speedily followed by a royal proclamation raising the borough to the rank of a city. This is exactly according to the doctrine implied in Henry the Eighth's Gloucester charter. The foundation of the bishopric does not make the borough a city, but it gives it a right to be made one. And, just as among the older sees, the new list takes in towns of very different classes, from Liverpool down to disfranchised Saint Albans. Still the line must be drawn somewhere; there is one bishop's see on which it would have been too grotesque to bestow the rank of a city. Leofric of Exeter and Remigius of Lincoln would have thought it passing strange that, when a bishopric was to be founded in Nottinghamshire, it should be founded at Southwell and not at Nottingham. But our time seems to have gone back from Leofric and Remigius to Saint David and Saint Cuthberht, and we now have in the episcopal village of Southwell an inland fellow of Menevia and Lindisfarn. I looked carefully for some time to see whether a proclamation would come making Southwell into a city; but I have not seen it yet.

And now comes a royal proclamation of quite another character, one not according to recent precedents, but which would have pleased Gregory of Tours and the compilers of Domesday. Gregory wondered why Dijon was not a city; many may have wondered why Birmingham was not one. But now that great borough has become a city, purely on the strength of

its civil greatness, without any reference to ecclesiastical arrangements. We have now in England one bishop's see which is not a city, one city which is not a bishop's see. To me at least this seems to be a happy return to the reasonable language of Domesday. The creation of cities, once begun, will perhaps not stop. Modern greatness may plead for Leeds and Bradford; ancient memories may say something for Shrewsbury and Nottingham.

And now for a word or two about Dundee. As I am not a Scotch lawyer nor a Scotchman at all—though I was once asked on board a steamer bound for America whether I was not a Scotchman, because I looked so intelligent—I will not make so bold as to risk any opinion as to what makes a city in Scotland. In Wilkinson's Atlas, from which I first learned geography, it was said that Scotland had four cities which were also universities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Saint Andrews. Was this meant to imply that in Scotland the rank of city depended on having an university? Anyhow this rule would cut off all connexion between city and bishopric. For there were several Scottish bishoprics which had no universities, while at Edinburgh the rather modern university was at least older than the still more modern bishopric. But is the list right? Is not Perth a city? And I saw some years back a long argument, by which it was said that Mr. Gladstone had been convinced, to prove that Dunfermline was a city. Into these deep matters I will not pry. I wish only to say a little about the consequence which is supposed to follow on the elevation of Dundee to the rank of a city. It appears that the Provost of Dundee, and many (not all) people in Dundee, believe that, now the burgh has become a city, its Provost has *ipso facto* become a Lord Provost. I have read the new charter, and it contains not a word about the matter; but I do not at all deny that the Provost of Dundee may very

rightly be called a Lord Provost, if mankind in general choose to call him so. The question sets one thinking as to the application of the word "Lord", as a mere complimentary title, to anybody. Is there any law but that of usage which makes a man Lord Provost, Lord Mayor, Lord Bishop, Lord anything, save only the lord of the manor, whose lordship is not an honorary title, but a legal fact? I once wrote an article on "Titles" in another periodical, in which I tried to divide "titles" into three classes. There are those which simply express a fact, the fact that a certain man holds a certain rank or office, as Duke, Bishop, General, Mayor, Provost, any other. There are complimentary periphrases, attributing to the holder of the rank or office some virtue which is supposed to be appropriate to it, Holiness, Majesty, Grace, any other. And there are complimentary adjectives, which do the same thing in another shape, calling him Noble, Honourable, Reverend, anything else. And I tried to show that these two last classes had arisen simply through usage. Men once called a man, specially a powerful man, whom they wished to please anything that they thought would please him; then the thing gradually stiffened by usage; each rank or office got its own complimentary periphrasis and its own complimentary adjective. There was no longer any field for ingenuity in devising something which would please the Prince or the Duke. The Prince must be Highness and the Duke must be Grace; it would be bad manners either not to use those periphrases or to use any others. Still the whole thing is matter of usage, even if usage is sometimes confirmed by law. The Queen often grants to a certain person a certain precedence; the person to whom it is granted is at once called Lord, Lady, Honourable, whatever title custom has attached to that particular degree; but the Queen's grant of precedence says nothing about the conventional title. On the other

hand, without venturing into more august regions, it is certain that a royal proclamation not only gave County Court Judges a certain precedence, but prescribed for them a very ungrammatical description, that of "His Honour Judge A." So it is surely with the title of "Lord", as applied to Provosts, Mayors, holders of office of any kind. It at least began in usage, even if in some cases usage may have been sanctioned by formal authority. The older way of speaking, not "Lord", but "my Lord" this or that, "my Lord Mayor" and so forth, shows how the phrase came into use. It exactly answers to the language of the Old Testament, where the stranger is addressed as "my lord", and the speaker calls himself "thy servant". When most people were the "men" of some "lord", to call a great man "my lord" was for the speaker to profess himself, if only in courtesy, the "man" of that "lord". The same thing is done whenever anybody begins a letter with "Sir", that is "Senior", the equivalent of "Dominus", and ends it with "your obedient servant". I feel sure that this is the true origin of all these uses of the lordly title. We must further remember that the title of "lord" has nothing to do with peerage; all peers are lords, that is, they are persons to whom it is becoming for others to profess a homage of courtesy; but many are lords who are not peers, that is, there are many besides peers to whom it is becoming to profess it. We now in common talk speak of any peer under a duke as "Lord A.", and in the lowest rank of peerage, "Lord" has, in all but the most formal language, displaced the proper title of "Baron". But "Lord" is not the formal title of any degree of peerage, and the old way of speaking, "my lord Duke", "my lord of A.", showed how it came in as a customary title. In some official cases that old way of speaking is still kept on. Every one knows how the Lords of the Council are spoken of by devoted subordinates as

"my Lords". It would seem then that, in strictness, "Lord" is a title which other people should give to a man, but which he should not take to himself. And in many formulæ this rule is still followed. The Lord Chancellor—"Lord High Chancellor", because there are many smaller chancellors—and the Lord Chief Justice write themselves "C." and "C.J." So does the Lord Mayor of London. "A. Mayor" stands as the heading of his formal acts. This surely marks the way in which the lordly title came to be habitually given to the chief magistrates of two cities in England, four perhaps in Scotland, and I believe one only in Ireland. The dignity of the Mayors of London and York was so great that their citizens habitually called them "my Lord"; that is, they habitually professed to be their "men". In other places custom treated the Mayor with somewhat less honour, and instead of "Lord" gave him no higher title of address than "Master". "Mr. Mayor" we know everywhere: "My Lord Mayor" is confined to two cities only.

I am far from saying that a formal grant of the lordly title to a Mayor—or to anybody else—is impossible. I cannot here in Sicily prove a negative. I remember John Richard Green once saying something about a grant of the kind from Richard the Second to the Mayor of York. A mere grant of precedence would exactly fall in with what I have been saying. A direct grant of the title of "Lord Mayor" would be rather odd, as it would amount to a command to the citizens of York to speak of their Mayor as "my Lord". The homage would thus be no longer a voluntary offering. Still such a grant is possible; though I feel certain that, if it ever was made, it was a mere confirmation of an usage which had already grown up.

Now specially as to Dundee. It is for Scotchmen, and specially for Scotch lawyers, to tell us how it comes about that the title of "Lord" is so much

more common among Scotch than among English officials. In our present immediate line four Provosts seem to be called "Lord" to two Mayors. One thing in the matter is certain, that, whatever there may have been in a charter of Richard the Second about the lordship of the Mayor of York, there is nothing in the charter of Queen Victoria about any lordship in the Provost of Dundee. His lordship is inferred from the grant of the rank of city to the burgh. Scotch lawyers or Scotch antiquaries must say whether there is anything in this or not. To me at least it seems strange if it should be so; but there are many things in Scotch law which do seem strange to Englishmen. I can better judge of another point on which something has been said at Dundee. It appears that it was formerly the custom of Dundee to call the Provost "Lord Provost", but that the title has gone out of use for a century or two. In the absence of an authoritative statement of Scotch law to the contrary, I should say that this fact settled the whole case. The burghesses of Dundee were in ancient times very respectful to their Provost; they called him "my Lord". Latterly, perhaps to their discredit, they have dealt with him less respectfully. It is now hoped that, being raised to the rank of citizens, they will become as respectful as their remoter forefathers were, and will talk of their Provost as "my Lord Provost". Perhaps it is right that they should; but—in the absence of any such statement of law as I before hinted at—it would seem that the matter rests wholly with themselves; it is certain that the Queen in no way orders them to do so. Perhaps indeed it is better that there should be no ordering in the case: the homage will be more precious if it comes as a free gift. In my view of the case, if mankind in general and the citizens of Dundee in particular can agree for a century or two to call the Provost of Dundee "My Lord Provost", he will have as good a right to the lordly title as the Mayor

of London and the Provost of Edinburgh. If no such agreement can be had, one may fear that he must remain the fellow of the Mayor of Birmingham. It might be hardly civil to quote the answer of the Spartan—was it not a Spartan?—to the Macedonian king's demand for divine worship: "If Alexander will be a god, let him". A possible Lord Provost is a graver personage than a heathen deity. We cannot venture to say, "If the Provost of Dundee will be a Lord Provost, let him". For, if my theory is right, a Lord Provost, a Lord anything, is not made but grows. He must wait for the lordly title to come to him from some quarter; he must not take honour upon himself. He must wait for other people to say, "You are our lord: we are your men"; he must not himself say, "I am your lord: you are my men". For it is only by courtesy that they are his men; and courtesy is essentially a free will offering.

I have been driven to write somewhat superficially on a matter which

is really a curious one, because I have just now no means of making myself certain on any point on which I may feel doubtful. It is hard to prove negatives in any case; it is harder still when you have no books to turn to. I have therefore tried to be as little positive as I could on any point, so that, if I am not right, I may at least not be wrong. Some points that I have started well deserve being worked out more fully than I could work them out in any case; for they would call for special, and often for local, knowledge. My only fear is lest a proclamation should really have been issued granting the rank of a city to Southwell. Then I should be in evil case. But I looked out very carefully for it for a good while after the foundation of the bishopric, and I do not think it is likely to have been put forth since I left the great island of the Ocean for the great island of the Mediterranean.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CATANIA, *March*.

A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

AT Lord Falkland's court of intellect at Great Tew,—that delightful manor thrown open like a perpetual *salon* to worthy visitors, where Oxford scholars would arrive, order their bedroom, give notice of their intention to be present at dinner, and betake themselves to the library to read or talk,—there was at one time a constant and an honoured guest.

This was a certain Fellow of Merton, by name John Earles, some ten years older than his host, and so devoted to his lordship that, as he himself tells us, he gave all the time that he could make his own to cultivating his society. And at first this was a good deal, for he was not a busy man; besides his Fellowship at Merton, he was only chaplain to Lord Pembroke, and vicar of a distant Wiltshire parish to which he paid but few visits. Between him and Lord Falkland there was a kind of intellectual bargain; they read Greek together, and John said that he learnt more than he taught, and that he was amply repaid for his exertion by the fresh, lively light that that sympathetic mind cast upon the great variety of subjects which passed under review in that high argumentative atmosphere.

John was known to his friends as a singularly sweet-tempered, amiable man, one who could count no enemies—with the faults of a scholar, it is true, his hair tangled, his canonical coat dusty, slovenly and negligent in his habits; a bad man of business, and a forgetful, absent-minded fellow. But they condoned these faults as being so unconscious, the externals of a character which could afford to dispense with social advantages; the result of a dreamy yet active mind, so bent upon reverie and so strenuous in thought that it could not bear to

waste time and trouble upon things that were so undeniably unimportant. Genuine absent-mindedness has a great charm for thoughtful men; when it is the index of deliberate abstraction, they are apt to look upon it almost enviously, as the sign of a high aloofness from ordinary sublunary anxieties, an aloofness which they are themselves unable to command.

John was in the habit of thinking a great deal about his fellow-men; he was not philosophising nor calculating nor recording in those ruminating periods. He had keen eyes, that untidy, peering scholar, and when others talked he listened. He examined their features curiously; he dwelt with inward delight upon their instinctive gestures—the tones of their voices, the twinkling of their brows, the twitching of their hands; he did not moon and generalise; his taste was for the special, the particular, the individual, the characteristic. And every now and then, when pen and paper lay in his way, he would scribble off a rough sketch, as an artist jots down heads and limbs, towers and copses on his blotting-paper, a mental caricature of one of the strange fellows that he was for ever encountering in the world. Written on loose sheets, sometimes lying in his desk, sometimes left on the table, sometimes dropped over a friend's shoulder, he set no store on these fragments; he did not hand them round with affected carelessness, and come down with his bed-candle to search for them when all the world was up stairs. He had no idea of rushing into print, no ambition connected with the publisher. The figure with all its oddities had risen in his mind, and he had the whim to describe it. Done for the moment, he had but a momentary

interest in it; and like the Sibyl, he saw the wind whirl the leaves about without regard to the precious characters they bore.

Once or twice the humour took him to sketch himself, to outline such lineaments of his own as he had seen reflected in the looks and welcomes of his friends; to recall for his own amusement a humorous situation or two over which he had often made secret merriment. In words too intimate not to be autobiographical he had written of the downright scholar whose "perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat." With a twinkling eye, thinking of the stable-gate at Tew and the big horse-block, he says how such an one "ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both goe jogging in grief together;" he tells how he "cannot speak to a Dogge in his own dialect, and understands Greeke better than the language of a Falconer."

But like the squire who puts up with trespassing and yet draws the line at poaching, he had suddenly to show his hand. To have his witty distinctions quoted, to see them go to form another's stock-in-trade—that he could put up with; it was merely another grotesque turn among the oddities of humanity that he was never tired of observing. But when without his leave, those fly-sheets, those scrawls and sketches on which he had set so little store, suddenly appeared in print garnered by some careful hand, then he flung himself into the world with a kind of challenge. Like Virgil he dared them to finish what they had professed to begin, and for himself he proceeded to finish what some one else had begun for him.

He did not set his name to the book, but allowed the world to know who was the author. He affixed a preface with the fictitious name of Edward Blount, in which he professes

to bring forth to the light, as it were, infants which the father would have smothered; but the preface is so void of partiality, it makes so little attempt to compliment the book or to insist, as even the most judicious friend would have done, on the merits of the work, that it is evidently by the hand of the author,—and the author is evidently a modest man.

Authors have only been able to wake and find themselves famous since the days of improved communication; but John Earles found himself famous as soon as the little ripple of delight could permeate to the outskirts of society. The book was so new and bright, the humour was so penetrating and yet so kind, and it was above all so innocent in its wisdom, that the reading world seized upon it with delight.

This fame resulting from so slender and nugatory a performance was a strange surprise to Earles, and had he not been a man who was apt all through his life to be surprised at his own successes, it might have turned his brain; but he broke off and wrote no more, at least in that manner. In five years the book ran through eight editions; and with the exception of adding a score of pieces to one of the editions—pieces which at his friends' earnest solicitation he gathered out of accumulated papers—he wrote nothing else in that kind. Nay, he was so austere, that he had suppressed many sheets in the first edition because there was a dash of coarseness which had somehow invaded their fibre.

He rose quickly in the world after this, and no one envied him or would have detracted from him; he bore his greatness so quietly and salted it so well with gratitude that it never was anything but pure and fragrant.

The Earl of Pembroke was Lord Chamberlain and took his chaplain to Court, where he conciliated so many, and showed himself of such even and gracious temper, and possessed of so genial an authority, that when Dr. Duppá was made Bishop of Sarum,

John Earles stepped quickly into the post of tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards that most gracious monarch, Charles II.

When kings were kings, Arsenius was something of a potentate. A prince's tutor might without absurdity reflect that he held a high and solemn charge. The education of any human being is that; and the education of one born to rank and greatness will always be a serious undertaking, just because he is capable of being such a power in the world and of influencing so large a number of people; but the education of a king had something national about it, and a tutor who could really affect such a pupil's character might hope to react upon a large section of the community.

Charles II. was undeniably a clever man, and made the most of a very difficult position. He was not a high-minded man in any sense of the word, and he was hopelessly, irretrievably frivolous. If he had been ambitious or serious, terrible complications might have ensued; he would either have fretted himself into madness or the country into civil war. Fortunately he did neither, but stood in a spectatorial attitude, watching the world through wicked, humorous eyes, living a low kind of life among lazy friends, and sauntering through difficulties which would have wrecked an earnest man. A character like this is sure to have appreciated such a tutor, but he was probably far too cold and careless for Earles ever to have influenced him. Charles II. must have been a hopeless case from the beginning. A clever man in a very great position, without a touch of generosity or affection in his nature, is for the educational experimentalist a hopeless case; and though we cannot trace any good strain in Charles to the effect of Earles' influence, yet it was something to have conciliated such a prince's liking and to retain his esteem.

John had just been made Chancellor of Sarum Church, and had just taken

possession of one of those sweet gabled and mullioned houses of gray stone, where gardens run down to the placid, clear chalk-stream wandering through its water-meadows,—when the troubles began. A man such as John had never a doubt as to his policy: he had no sort of sympathy with the Puritans; their total lack of humour and delicacy disgusted him as much as anything human could disgust him; and he was not a man who clung with any hankering to houses and lands. He threw up all his appointments and went across the sea to his master; and at one time or another gave him in instalments all the scanty fortune he had put aside.

He lived to be rewarded; no one was so eminently in his master's eye. At the Restoration he was made Dean of Westminster, then Bishop of Worcester, and then on Duppa's death went back to Sarum as its Bishop; and he remained through it all the most simple-minded ecclesiastic that ever sat upon a throne. An easy task enough nowadays, when priests move among statesmen as a lamb moves among wolves,—so far as worldly prospects are concerned. If a Body expects to be disestablished and disendowed within a decade, that will preserve humility under worldly trappings, like the skull-beaker at Norwegian feasts; but in those days, when a bishop was in reality a petty prince, when he and his brethren made up nearly a third of the House of Peers, when their title to Church revenues was held (as it was in the first flush of the Restoration) as safer than many a country gentleman's, and as rather more sacred than the king's,—a courtier and a scholar, clad in pomp, dignified by secular observance and sanctified by heavenly authority, may be excused if he is a little corrupted by the flush of dignity; and to be gentle and natural and simple-minded under such an accession of respect signifies an unfailing plenitude of humility's saving spring.

Perhaps ill-health may have contributed a little to this balance and

sanity of mind ; it is a wonderful tonic in the midst of riotous prosperity. At any rate the Bishop died of a very painful disease which had long troubled him, in the sixty-fifth year of his age ; he died at his own dear Oxford, and was buried in the chapel of his college, where he had first practised the piety that made his life so wholesome all along. A quaint and pompous epitaph there describes him as "Angel of the Church of Worcester, afterwards Angel of the Church of Sarum, and now Angel of the Church Triumphant. (*Ecclesiæ Angelus Vigornensis, postmodo Salisburyensis, jam triumphantis.*)"

At Salisbury, in the Palace, there is no portrait of him, but there is one at Westminster ; and in a Wiltshire farm-house, not far from Sarum, there are portraits, rude and ill-drawn, of himself and his wife. This lady is buried in a little churchyard, Stratford-sub-Castle, that lies below the huge embanked mound of Old Sarum, overshadowed by a pleasant avenue of limes. It was still rather an unpopular thing for a bishop to marry. Hardly more than half-a-century before, Abbot, a predecessor of Earles at Sarum, had been so scolded and threatened by his actual as well as spiritual brother, the Primate, for marrying when in Episcopal Orders, that he died of a broken heart. Earles was not so severely handled : we hear little of the marriage, except that he was happy in it. His wife lived and died unnoticed : in those days bishops' wives were made even less of than they are now. He himself took no prominent place ; it is probable that he was unconsciously drawn into the tide of practical affairs. At any rate for some reason he left next to nothing behind him besides the little book aforesaid ; he wrote a few epitaphs and dedications, translated the "Icon Basiliké" into Latin, and had nearly finished translating Hooker's "Polity" into the same language, when he died. The latter was lost through the carelessness of servants, who threw it into a waste-paper bin, and used it to wrap

up butter and cheese. And perhaps one may be excused for saying that it was not a very inappropriate ending for it ; why a man of brisk and original mind should ever have engaged in this dismal hack-work is the real problem. His contemporaries echo the loss with a howl of dismay that could hardly have been greater had Hooker's original manuscript itself been lost. Perhaps the Bishop wished to correct the impression he had created by his earlier book,—as Maurice used to buy up copies of "Eustace Conway,"—and so engaged in a graver and more appropriate work ; he could hardly have selected one which could have been at once so decorous and so dull. Anyhow, the destruction of this document will be received by the modern student with, to say the least, equanimity.

We may now turn to a closer study of the book by which he still deserves to be well known, "The Microcosmography," or, to give a free rendering, "Jottings from the Note-book of a Minute Philosopher."

This kind of writing was a favourite with the age ; men were beginning to turn from the solemn impersonalities of chivalry and from the restricted limitations of the drama, to a more minute analysis of character, to a spectatorial interest in the more unpleasing types of which humanity affords such numerous instances. It was the foreshadowing of the modern novel ; but it is of course a somewhat elementary form of delineation of character. Its elementariness consists in the fact that the characters are labelled and classified : there can be no mistake about the effects intended to be produced, and the success of such work would depend upon the humour, the verisimilitude, the liveliness of the portraiture. There is consequently a great want of that complexity which is at once the delight and the despair of the draughtsman of human character, and such sketches are therefore as inferior to fine creations of character, as studies of expression like Le Brun's, where the whole skill of the

artist is directed to the production of a single effect, are inferior to a noble portrait.

The aim of the Microcosmographist is to add touch after touch, every one of which shall indicate in different phases, from different points of view, the same actual characteristic; just as the physiognomist in imaginary portraits endeavours to make eyes, ears, mouth and brow all bear the same stamp and illustrate the same expression. It is a concentration of effects as opposed to a combination of causes. Theophrastus, of course, and Aristotle are the fathers of the art; besides Earles, Hall and Overbury are the best of the English School.

What will at once strike the reader is the exceedingly miscellaneous and at the same time humorous nature of the contents. Under the general designation of character we have "A Childe, a meere dull Physitian, an Alderman, a younger Brother, a Tavern, an old Collège Butler, a Pot-poet, a Baker, The Common Singing Men, a Bowle-alley, a She-precise Hypocrite, a Trumpeter, a meere Complemental man, Paul's Walk, a Stayed Man," &c.; still the character-sketches formed by far the most considerable parts of these.

As instances of Earles' humour take the following extract.

THE ANTIQUARY. Hee will go you forty miles to see a Saint's well, or ruined Abbey; and if there be but a Crosse or a stone foot-stool in the way hee'll be considering it so long till he forget his journey. . . . His very attire is that which is the eldest out of fashion, and you may pick a criticism out of his Breeches. He never looks upon himself till he is grey-haired, and then he is pleased at his own antiquity. His grave does not fright him, because he has been us'd to sepulchers, and he likes Death the better, because it gathers him to his fathers.

Or the following, from "A Plaine Country-Fellow."

He seems to have the judgment of Nebuchadnezar; for his conversation is among beasts, and his talions none of the

shortest, only he eats not grasse, because he loves not Sallets [salads]. He expostulates with his Oxen very understandingly, and speaks Gee and Ree better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good Fat Cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonisht, and though his haste be never so greate, will fix here half an houre's contemplation.

Or this, from "A Universitie Dunne."

He is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts those that care not for his company, and he knows it well enough; yet he will not away. The sole place to supply him is the Buttery, where he takes grievous use upon your name, and he is one much wrought upon with good Beere and Rhetorick.

This may illustrate his penetration and sagacity of observation.

A SUSPICIOUS MAN. It shall goe hard but you must abuse him whether you will or no. Not a word can be spoke but nips him somewhere. . . . You shall have him go fretting out of company with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and gall'd, and no man knows less the occasion than they that have given it.

Or this, from "The Blunt Man."

He is exceeding in love with his Humour, which makes him always profess and proclaim it; and you must take what he says patiently, because he is a plaine man; his nature is his excuse still and other men's Tyrant, for he must speake his mind, and that is his worst, though he love to teach others he is teaching himself.

"The Scepticke in Religion," a habit of mind with which Earles had little sympathy, is well drawn.

The Fathers jostle him from one side to the other; now Sosinas and Vorstius afresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse than himself. He puts his foot into Heresies tenderly, as a cat in the water, and pulls it out again, and still something unanswered delays him; yet he bears away some parcell of each, and you may sooner pick all Religions out of him than one. He cannot think so many wise men can be in error, nor so many honest men out of the way, and his wonder is doubled when he sees these oppose one another. In summe his whole life is a question and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolved.

But there is, beside these sharp stinging sentences, a lovely view of gentle tenderness in his writing. "A Childe," which opens the series, is one of the most exquisite and feeling delineations in literature.

His father has writ him as his own little story wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember; and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. The elder he grows he is a stair lower from God, and like his first parent much worse in his breeches. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchanged one heaven for another.

But it would be easy to quote and quote and give no real idea of the fertility, the wit, the pathos of the man. All humanity is before him, and must be handled tenderly because he is a part of it himself, and because faults, like ugly features, are sent us

to be modified, perhaps; to be eradicated, no!

The one strain in character which throughout afflicts him most, and for which he reserves his most distilled contempt, is the strain of unreality—the affectation whose sin is always to please, and which fails so singularly of its object. Hypocrisy, pretension, falseness—against everything which has that lack of simplicity so fatal to true life he sets his face. For the rest he can hardly read the enigma he only states it reverently. Like the old Persian poet, he seems to say:

Oh Thou, who Man of baser earth didst
make,
And e'en with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the face of
Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and
take!

A PASSION PLAY ON THE ITALIAN LAKES.

VISITORS who go to Italy to study Italian art make a great mistake in devoting themselves solely, or even mainly, to picture-galleries. Two of the principal facts about the great Italian painters, and those just the facts which make their work most interesting, cannot so be learned. Italian art, alike in its motives and in its models, was a reflection of Italian life. "It is a constant law," says Mr. Ruskin, "that the greatest men, whether poets or painters, live entirely in their own age,"—and, he might have added, in their own land. The old Italian masters painted their ever-recurring cycle of religious subjects, because those were the subjects in which the people around them were vitally interested. And we in a later age can only enter into the spirit of the old pictures by placing ourselves at the old point of view. Similarly with the types of beauty which the Italian masters selected for the setting of their sacred legends. They painted the fair faces and the beautiful scenery that they saw round them. They represented the Madonna not as a Jewish maiden but as an Italian *contadina*; and the hills beneath which their Holy Families took their repose were not the mountains that stand round about Jerusalem, but those that encircle Florence or rise from the horizon of Venice. But all these things can be seen better in the reality than in the painted imitation, and it is only after inhaling, as it were, the Italian atmosphere, that one can properly appreciate and enjoy Italian art. In the matter of landscape most travellers would readily admit this fact. Every one sees, for instance, that the proper preparation for enjoying Titian's canvases is a drive through Titian's country in the Dolomites. The everlasting

hills are the same now as then, and one may stand to-day at the very point of view—at Caverzano, near Belluno—from which Titian took the mountain forms and effect of evening light in that picture of the "Repose" which now hangs in our National Gallery.

The religious sentiment and the facial type of the Italian peasantry are not so easily discernible, but they may still occasionally be found in native purity, and they are then seen to be not less constant to the old configuration than are the hills and valleys of their home. We had a pretty instance of this fact the other day, when we chanced to be witnesses of a Passion Play in the lake district of Italy. It was a very humble audience and a very primitive play. The time was not the tourist's season, and there was no cause or desire on any side to play to the stranger's gallery. It was a purely native function; and at every turn we, who were chance spectators of it, were reminded of old pictures at Florence or Venice, to the inner meaning of which we had often sought in vain to find the clue. Here, in the graceful figures and soft faces of the peasant players, we recognised the models of the Italian masters; and here, in the sentiment of the play and its reception by the audience, we saw a living instance of the religious feeling which was the motive of early Italian art. In the pictures the motive is often hard to find and still harder to entirely understand. It is so naïve sometimes that it seems less than religious, and yet so sincere, that it seems more than childish. Who that recalls the "Adams and Eves," the "Creations," the "Last Judgments," which he has seen in collections of early Italian pictures, will not admit that they have more often offended than interested him, more

often amused than impressed? But one comes to such pictures with a better understanding and a fuller sympathy after seeing them transferred, as it were, from canvas to the real life of the peasantry themselves. And, perhaps, here and there another visitor will find some help towards the enjoyment of old Italian art in this simple record of a Passion Play among the Italian lakes.

We had landed one day in the early spring at the principal inn (and, indeed, there are not many to boast of) in the little town of Orta, on the lake of that name.

That speck of white just on its marge
Is Pella; see, in the evening-glow,
How sharp the silver spear-heads charge,
When Alp meets heaven in snow!

But for all Mr. Browning's pretty poem, Orta is still little known to the general body of tourists. Even the railway that was opened last year has not spoiled the solitude of the spot. The long range of Monte Motterone, which separates the lake of Orta from the Lago Maggiore, still wards off the travelling locusts on the north; the hill, surmounted by the ancient tower of Buccione, dividing the lake from "the waveless plain of Lombardy," still forms a barrier on the south. The town of Orta itself, standing on the most inaccessible of promontories, has a curious old-world look about it compared with Baveno and Pallanza. Here are none of the barracks of Bellaggio or palaces of Cadenabbia. The old inn stands on the little market-place or *piazza* (it must be a poor town indeed that has not self-respect enough to christen its open space *piazza*), and sees all the life of the village, or, indeed, of the *commune*, transacted underneath its windows. Oleanders and southern plants stand between the pillars of its portico. Some of the gardens of Orta are indeed a wonder. We have passed great hedge-rows of banksia rose, and of glorious yellow tea-roses on our way; and now that we have come upon the Albergo S.

Giulio, it is a patch of sunshine after the narrow overhanging street. The landlord welcomes us with old-fashioned courtesy, and we enter the weather-worn old stone courtyard, built round a square open to the sky, where, as you look up, hanging pots of creepers and twining plants seem to frame the blue. Here, we thought, if anywhere still in Italy, we should see some traces of the old Italian life; and we had not long to wait. Outside, in the sunny *piazza*, a gipsy encampment had just alighted from three gaily-painted green and yellow vans, hung with lace curtains and containing perfect nests of families, like the conjurors' magic boxes. The tiny olive-skinned children tumbled about in the dust with a litter of puppies, which also formed part of the cavalcade. As our windows looked directly on to the *piazza*, and as the gipsies took up their abode here for several days, we had ample opportunities for becoming acquainted with them.

All the domestic arrangements of the company were conducted in public, and they were a most merry, sunny-tempered crew, ever exchanging a laugh or a joke with the passers-by. But it was two or three days before we learnt that the gipsies were strolling players, and that a grand dramatic representation was preparing. The excitement of market day had come and gone, and that great weekly festival had almost cast the gipsies into shade; but now we observed the men very busily erecting a marquee at one side of the *piazza*, under the linden trees close to the lake. They stopped often, like all Italian workmen, for a chat, or a doze, or a laugh; but still the tent progressed, and by nightfall it was all overhung with rough oil-paintings of wonderful description, and of bold, not to say brilliant, colouring. On one of these was depicted a woman with a tiger about to spring on her; on another a man being pierced with four spears at once (the drawing reminding us somewhat of Margaritone); but the masterpiece was Judas writhing in the

flames of hell. Underneath this latter work of art a notice in a round elementary hand was soon posted up informing us that nothing less than the Passion Play was to be attempted. Coming back from a row on the lake in the afternoon, we noticed two pairs of dusty little bare legs sticking out of the tent. These we found belonged to the two most troublesome of the babies, a ubiquitous little boy and girl, who had the knack of being everywhere at once and mostly in the way; they were now poking their heads under the tent in a wild attempt to see what was going on. The business did not seem even yet to be very engrossing; the handsome, lazy gipsies hung about outside, talking and laughing in most picturesque groups. It was Wilhelm Meister and his company, we thought, come to Italy. Here was Laertes, a dark-eyed youth, and there, Friedrich, the fair-haired boy. Yonder was Philina, cracking nuts and laughing with Wilhelm (a superior sort of person who seemed to be stage-manager). Half-past eight had been the time fixed upon for the representation. It grew dark and still the families sat on, leisurely enjoying their coffee and *polenta* on the steps of their caravans. As we passed near, the old woman called to us and graciously offered us some coffee, tendering her own cup to drink out of: "Of what country were we? Ah, Inglese! Was it very far off? further than Venice, perhaps?" At last the men retired to wash and get ready. Sitting by the lake, we overheard two handsome youths discussing their respective parts. They both wished to take the part of Jesus, and waxed warm over the question. At last, the younger one—a beautiful, curly-haired stripling—gave up, on condition that St. John should be allotted to him. Then, this being decided, the man who was to be Jesus began leisurely to wash his hands in the lake—and much they needed the operation.

At half-past eight we presented ourselves at the marquee and paid our

money to the old grandmother, who was in fact the Mrs. Grudden of the company. The tickets were of two prices: twenty-five *centimes* for reserved seats, and fifteen *centimes* for standing room. The chairs, like Mr. Crummles' family-boxes, carried double, so that many rosy white-capped girls, and boys in blouses, were accommodated on their fathers' and mothers' laps, where they remained motionless, their wide-open eyes staring at the stage in mute astonishment. In the doorway, the grandfather of the company sat playing a barrel-organ (boasting of but one tune of eight bars) and continued it throughout the evening with greater zeal than consideration. The actors all ran about, seeing every one to their places, in their glittering tinsel dresses, which one would have thought rather tended to detract from the subsequent effect. We had modestly taken seats near the door in order to slip out more easily should the entertainment prove too long. But we were overruled; they insisted on our changing and taking the places they thought best. One of the girls came and sat beside us, and we talked for a few minutes before the play began. She told us that her name was Angela. She was twenty-one, and had been married three years; she had had three children, but two were dead, and now there was only the tiny elf-like baby, thirty days old to-day, she said, and it had been a long, long journey from Venice. We felt a strange pity for her that she evidently did not feel for herself. But now a stalwart Roman captain approached us, and, in a sort of polyglot of French, Italian, and German, informed us that he had the honour of being the scene-painter: "Indeed," he added, modestly, "I can do a little of all—I have been in all countries." His company had just left Venice and Milan, where they had done a great business; "but," he said, "I have not had time to study art as much as I should have liked." Then he hastened away as the stage-bell rang, and the

curtain drew up, not without a few hitches and a very visible stage-car-penter tugging away hard in the corner. The scene opened with Mary remonstrating with her Son, and complaining of Him to His disciples. She wore the traditional blue robes, figured with gold arabesques ; a rather strident voice detracted from her charms, but though her action was weak and monotonous, she was by far the best player among the female section of the company. On her entrance, a little girl next to us cried out awe-stricken, *Ecco la Madonna !* It was the only remark she made through the performance, words evidently failing her after this. The youth who took the much-coveted part of Jesus was certainly the star of the troop, and his acting was always reverent and quiet. He was excellently made-up, too, and alike in type of face and colour of drapery he might have stepped straight from some old painter's canvas.

The wives, who came on as Roman soldiers and centurions, we were amused to find, had little or nothing to do but chime in with the chorus. Some of the dresses looked as though they had seen much wear ; poor Angela, we noticed, wore the dustiest tunic of all, and hose that had been plentifully darned ! We pictured her sitting up at night to mend them in the dim light of the caravan, by her sickly baby, while her big, handsome husband dozed beside her. The play grew rather tedious towards the end ; true, the scenes were short, but then they were monotonous and innumerable. After the garden of Gethsemane came the seven stations of the cross, each requiring a separate raising of the curtain. But though we were somewhat bored by this succession of similar scenes,—just as in a picture-gallery, or in the chapels of a church, the painted scenes are apt to pall,—there was no trace of listlessness or indifference on the part of the audience at large. Even the regulation *finale*, without which no scene was complete, seemed to come to them each time as

a fresh delight. At a given signal all the actors got into position in a circle, and went slowly round to music (the eternal eight bars of the barrel-organ), on a sliding-board. This simple manœuvre was continually repeated, and thus no portion of the actor's robes was lost to any spectator, whatever his position in the house. At about the third station appeared Simon the Cyrenian robed in black ; he turned out to be a comic character, and elicited peals of laughter from the audience, who up to this time had remained perfectly grave, reverent, and impressed—even in face of the sliding-board ! There must have been a dearth of principal actors, for we recognized the same man in Simon the Cyrenian, Judas, and the High Priest ; but then, as one knows, the old masters often used the same model for the most diverse characters. Of the High Priest there was certainly too much ; but if that was in order to show off his wonderful robes, it was a licence which the greatest painters freely allowed themselves. Then there appeared St. Veronica with her handkerchief, who grated somewhat on us, being a stagey woman with a harsh voice, decidedly the least pleasing of the sisterhood. Indeed, the men were altogether better players than the women. Judas was especially well done, in the true melodramatic style ; and when in the end the devil (represented as a sort of pantomime bogey) came to carry him off, the excitement was tremendous. Directly after this, when we thought the play was over, the stage-manager leapt upon the boards to announce that there would now be a further collection of ten *centimes* per head, and also that those who paid this sum would be allowed to see “the Resurrection, with Bengal lights.” One could not imagine a better illustration of that mixture of business and sentiment which characterized alike the mediæval Church and the artists who ministered to it.

Next day we were wakened at day-break by the same old tune on the

organ, accompanied by a flourish of trumpets, and looking out, we saw the actors and their wives (a selection of the latter) perambulating the streets in their last night's dresses, while every now and then the stage-manager stopped to announce (which he did just like the town-crier) that there would be a second theatrical performance to-night,—the Creation of the World, with Adam and Eve, which was also to include the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, and Susanna and the Elders, —to close with a grand “pantomimic effect.” No difficulties were apparently too great for these actors, just as no subject appalled the painters of old.

Although much exhausted by the heat of the tent on the previous evening, we felt that we really must go and see this Creation. Presently we noticed some men of the party singled out and sent on an expedition with a donkey-cart, which St. John harnessed, looking most beautiful and dirty, with his auburn curly mop of hair falling over his big black eyes. They returned laden with horse-chestnut branches, of which we were anon to discover the use. The women nursed their children and gossiped while doing odds and ends of mending. Angela and Virginia compared their children. Virginia (also a Roman centurion) looked about twenty, a well-grown happy-looking girl with a picturesque yellow handkerchief round her head. Her baby, Olympia, ten months old, had *un poco di febbre*, and indeed it wailed plaintively and its black eyes gazed mournfully at us. Poor baby! Theatres apparently did not agree with it; but Virginia did not seem to worry much about it. Virginia was Mrs. Grudden's own daughter, so she was probably well cared for in the matter of food and lodging: the others, she told us, were not relations of hers, only friends. “The play will be even more beautiful than last night,” Angela told us that evening, as she found us the best seats: and indeed it was, if possible, more surprising. We recognized the chestnut branches in the tree of

good and evil. The Almighty (the same actor as he who did the High Priest and Judas) appeared in long pontifical robes and a white beard. He created Adam and Eve by the simple process of pulling them up from behind a board which had been placed for that purpose on one side of the stage. Angela was not acting to-night; shorn of her former glory, and in a very old frock, she was busy attending to Eve's two troublesome children and rocking a third, the youngest, to sleep beside us. Eve herself, meanwhile, looking very young and pretty in pink tights, gazed as though she cared for nothing earthly,—least of all for her three dirty little children among the audience. Her eldest boy, with his face still unwashed (he had been naughty and crying all day) and his ragged, muddy little trousers appearing under his wings and robes, presently enacted the archangel sent to bid Adam depart from Eden; “it was a very small angel, almost a doll-angel,” as Mr. Ruskin says of the heavenly visitant to St. Ursula in Carpaccio's picture. With a tiny piping voice and no stops did he deliver himself of his long address, to the great delight of the audience and especially of the children, who cheered him to the echo. Then followed the interlude of Cain and Abel, and of Eve (who had been the Madonna in the last piece) reproaching Cain; she looked as young as ever, and wore the identical tights in which she had been created. St. Sebastian's martyrdom came next, and here again the chestnut branches did duty. This scene was rather long drawn out, the chief point in it being the fact that the arrows the girl-soldiers shot at St. Sebastian refused to go off or to hit him, having all been made that afternoon of flimsy little twigs. But he fell beautifully, notwithstanding, surrounded by soldiers. The scene between Susanna and the Elders proved a fine piece of comedy, which quite brought down the house. There was a good deal of joking from the Elders (who were dressed exactly like harlequins in a pantomime)

mostly in *patois* Italian which we found it hard to follow ; but in the midst of all the laughter the heat finally overcame us, and we returned home to bed, leaving the company to the Bengal lights and the "wonderful pantomime effects" promised in the programme. The lake shone in the moonlight as we neared the inn, the moon making a pathway of light across to ghostly Pella ; the sky was studded with "patines of bright gold" ; and in the distance came faintly the barrel-organ's everlasting eight bars revolving slowly.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players.

We were quite sorry to part from Adam and Eve ; from Virginia and Angela, even from little Olympia and the dusty brown babies. As we left Orta next morning the women were standing about in the sun : Eve was rather virulently scolding the little dirty-faced archangel ; Angela was crooning to her brat ; while Adam and St. John led up the horses to harness them to the

vans. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* The grandmother was putting up the cooking-stove ; the tent was down, and the gipsies were moving on. And as we followed them in imagination, we seemed to enter, as we had never entered before, into the child-like faith and naïve sentiment that may be seen, painted large, in every old picture in Italy. Mrs. Browning warns critics against the technical bias which makes them,

Because of some stiff draperies and loose
joints,
Gaze scorn down from the heights of
Raffaellood.

But there is another bias which also warps the appreciation of old pictures—the bias which our scepticism, or our learning, necessarily gives us against the ideas of a simpler and a less exacting age. The way to avoid that bias is to put ourselves at the old child-like point of view, as we saw it on the boards and in the audience of the Passion Play among the Italian lakes.

E. C. C.

BY ——— ?

"For it comes to pass oft", cries Sir Toby Belch, in a burst of vinous confidence, "that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever truth itself would have earned him". This is a doctrine which has never lacked supporters. Professors of Strong Language, if they have been more plentiful in one age than another, have not as yet been seriously threatened with extinction. No symptoms have hitherto been developed from which we could fairly foretell the approaching end of the long reign of imprecation. From time to time, it is true, there appears to be a lull in the disease; its virulence, at all events, becomes less patent on the surface, and its exacerbations seem to occur at longer intervals and with a somewhat milder intensity. But none the less is it there. Swearing, like tailoring, is a matter of fashion, and never goes out of fashion altogether. The form is apt to change; particular phrases become unpopular, then rare, then obsolete; yet the matter and fundamental idea remain the same, and the satisfaction of what Hotspur calls "a good mouth-filling oath" seems to descend, with volume unabated, from generation to generation. Non-jurors, of course, have always existed among us in greater or less plenty, even as teetotallers and vegetarians; but imprecations are no more extinct than alcohol or butcher's meat. So ancient and popular a custom is surely worthy of some little attention. Why do we swear, and what? Whence arises the apparently inordinate feeling of contentment which follows the delivery of a specially pungent execration? Why do the oaths of one age sound ridiculous, and lose all their point and aroma, in the mouth of

another? These and kindred reflections seem to suggest themselves at the outset.

Etymology does not help us much here, indeed is rather embarrassing than otherwise. We are referred to the Aryan root *swar*, signifying "to hum" or "buzz". To swear meant originally, we are told, nothing more opprobrious than "to declare" or "affirm". Hence the word *answer*, of which the strict etymological equivalent is "to swear in opposition to." Alas! there be those to this day whose answers are thus only too radically correct. "Oath", a monosyllable which may be traced in the German *Eid*, and in sundry other Teutonic dialects, affords no clue to the origin of the sentiment which it embodies. "Blasphemy", again, or "speaking injuriously", is a mere descriptive term, easy enough to derive, but conveying, when resolved into its factors, no intimation of the special sense which the word has for centuries carried with it. Finally, to "curse" is connected, according to some of our most modern root-grubbers, with the Swedish *korsa*, and may thus possibly signify the act of making the sign of the cross—an explanation too flimsy and far-fetched to be ranked above the level of conjecture. Beyond these poor shreds of philological guesswork we are in no wise helped on our way by the laborious tribe of lexicographers.

Roughly speaking, we may divide the practice of Swearing into three main varieties. It is either asseverative, denunciatory, or interjectional. These varieties, again, admit, especially the last, of certain subdivisions. It is to the first class that those judicial affirmations belong, under stress of which we bind ourselves to set forth "the truth, the whole truth, and no

thing but the truth"; *sacramenta*, or oaths of allegiance, fall under the same head. The "so help me God" of our own law-courts finds a worthy forerunner in the "God do so to me and more also", or the frequent "as thy soul liveth", of Biblical authority; and with these may be compared the common *νὴ Δία* and *μὰ Δία* of the Greek classics. Strong asseverations, however, of this nature are more usually conveyed, for colloquial purposes, through the medium of hypothesis. The speaker invites the most fearful catastrophe conceivable by religious minds, if what he asserts be not the fact. Briefly, he pits his veracity against perdition.

Of denunciation, there is no better specimen extant than the Commination Service appointed by the Church of England for use on Ash-Wednesday. Ernulphus' "Digest of Curses", whose bitterness so offended Uncle Toby, can scarcely be considered more exhaustive, or the ban under whose influence the Jackdaw of Rheims so miserably moulted. But in private life we are accustomed to employ a delicately graduated scale of commination. Starting from some such generality as "*occupet extremum scabies*, the devil take the hindmost", we may rise to the highest flights of withering blasphemy, and fulminate a varied assortment of the choicest anathemas against those who may have provoked our indignation. But it is in the third variety, that which we may call the interjectional or complementary, that our fancy permits us the greatest play. We may indulge in it under the form of either ejaculation or epithet, and there is a copious glossary of both kinds to choose from. It is, and for many generations has been, the most popular of all varieties of the Oath, and, humanly speaking, the most harmless. Often, indeed, it appears as a mere exclamation, inoffensive, meaningless, and boasting neither rhyme nor reason.

Our older writers abound in imprecations of all shades of intensity. They sometimes afford, to those who

have that taste, agreeable etymological *noces*, being, for the most part, curious examples of crasis or contraction. Quite a long list might be made of such ejaculations as "Odds pittikins", "By my halidom", "I'fegs", "Slight", "By God's liggens", and the like. What strikes us most forcibly here is the extreme familiarity with which most sacred names and attributes are freely handled. And with this familiarity is joined an evident disinclination to call things and persons by their accustomed names; hence the frequent corruptions. It is as though the swearers of that day argued that under the cloak of a more or less grotesque travesty their profanity would be condoned. "By God's sonties", for instance; which is variously explained by the commentators as a vulgarism for "saints" or "sanctities". So, too, "lakin" for "lady", "Zounds" and "Gog's wounds", for "God's Wounds", "Gis" for "Jesus". Shyness in ordinary social intercourse is sometimes said to disguise itself in excessive *brusquerie*, and the Elizabethan imprecatory code seems to have been based on somewhat the same principle. How otherwise are we to account for the ridiculous diminutives and parodies which we so frequently find doing duty as expletives? Another curious reflection is this—that in our own day the complementary profanities of the Shakespearean and subsequent eras are apt to be regarded in the light of nothing more than a very mediocre pleasantry. A man may ejaculate "Zounds!" "Egad!" "Ods zooks!" "Ods bodikins!" or "Ecod!" if so minded, in almost any company, without exciting any particular resentment or disgust; possibly his hearers will be tickled and set him down for a wag. At any rate it is extremely doubtful whether at an ordinary clerical gathering, or indeed at anything short of a Lambeth Conference, he would be promptly called to order. Clever people have tried to explain to us that the God of one age becomes the Devil of another.

Without going into this rather intricate question we may at least admit that the profane language of one period of English history becomes uncommonly like a joke in the next. Exceptions, of course, there are. Some few of Shakespeare's oaths, though like their fellows they have long ceased to be popular, could not be uttered even now without awakening a certain sense of solemnity, let alone the question of appropriateness and taste. Modern blasphemy is a product of our own; but our profanity proper, or improper, has this redeeming feature about it, that it is much more restricted than its predecessors. It is altogether devoid of impressiveness, and, as a rule, rings the changes on a few ugly words, in their context absolutely without meaning, which in some circles pass current enough, but in any mixed company can hardly fail to provoke an aversion, none the less profound or sincere in that it is so seldom openly expressed.

Anathemas of the comminatory order were not wholly wanting in our forefathers' speech, but they do not seem at any time to have been very plentiful. The much-abused but favourite monosyllable of this complexion, which is said to repose at the bottom of even the best man's vocabulary, where it may lie dormant a whole lifetime, or rise, perhaps, some once or twice under intolerable provocation to the surface, occurs not more than six or eight times in the entire range of Shakespeare's Plays. In his day it was evidently not the fashionable idiom for consigning one's friends to perdition. Dromio of Syracuse, however, makes use of it, and Gratiano may possibly be pardoned for applying it to the inexorable Shylock; we find it, too, in the mouth of Macbeth. Alternative *formulae* of denunciation, among ourselves unhappily too familiar, are conspicuous by their absence. And, generally, if we would be honest, we must admit that the swearing of the nineteenth century, if not so universally preva-

lent, is nevertheless, where it does flourish, at once fouler, uglier, and more hopelessly devoid of sense than any of the earlier codes. We seem to have reached the nadir of a silly profanity which can show not one poor vestige of poetry or the picturesque. If we are to continue the practice, at least let us hasten to remodel the glossary. It is bad enough to swear elegantly; to be clumsily, vulgarly, ungrammatically, profane is surely itself *Anathema Maranatha*.

The commonest (and ugliest) of all vulgar expletives, suggestive of blood if not of thunder, has crept into our vocabulary, no man knows precisely whence, almost within the memory of the present generation. Middle-aged pilgrims on the imperfectly macadamized pathway of life can easily call to mind a time when it did not exist, at any rate in the rank luxuriance of these latter days. Those who would fain regard it as a corruption of the mediæval and comparatively innocuous "By 'r Lady" have no sure ground to stand on. The Elizabethan adjuration can scarcely have degenerated into a mere epithet. A word or phrase may change its meaning, it is true, but very rarely becomes another part of speech altogether. And it is as an epithet, or even as nothing more than a particle indicative of special emphasis, that the term in question is mainly employed. It may be objected also that "By 'r Lady" has a distinctly Romanist flavour; whereas its disagreeable substitute, descendant, or corruption, be it which it may, is used impartially by all denominations of Christian men whose mother-tongue is Anglo-Saxon. We must be content to leave its origin in obscurity, and regret only that the vagueness of its source in no way affects its popularity. It is essentially the expletive of low life. Here it plays an important, not to say indispensable, part in colloquial Queen's English. Sometimes it is combined with another ominous word, a substantive this, and monosyllabically expressive of those

regions which Virgil and Dante have described in such graphic detail ; and then, perhaps, it may be dignified with the title of imprecation. But for the most part, in the society which specially affects this remarkable idiom, it is manifestly intended to convey nothing worse than the speaker's anxiety to infuse a little extra strength into his language. Even this modest characteristic is losing ground, and any one who has ears to hear may, by diverging into the nearest alley, abundantly satisfy himself that as often as not it not only means nothing at all, but is *meant* to mean nothing. It becomes a mere prefix, to be inserted at will before all nouns and many adverbs. The Frenchman who in his English-French Dictionary rendered it baldly by *très* may well be excused ; when it means anything it does mean *très*, or something like it.

There are a good many expressions which may be called unconscious oaths, and are considered to be the mildest form of imprecation that the lips of man or woman are competent to utter. They would appear to have been adopted in order to meet the views of those who would fain realize the comfort, whatever it may be, of swearing, and yet be held guiltless of outrages on religious decorum. We may liken them to the temperance beverages which contain just enough of alcohol to gratify the sense of tipping. There is even a legend of a certain "Whaup", who only after ignominious suspension over a bridge at the hands of his elder brother could be induced to "swear a waur swear" than "dash it". Such hyper-squeamishness occurs but rarely among the Whaup's compatriots, or, indeed, in any manly society on either side the Border. Other similar subterfuges are "what the mischief", "what the deuce", "drat it", and the like. Carlyle is said to have been tickled by the retort of the Irish corporal engaged in flogging his countryman : "Oh the devil burn it ! there's no plasins' of ye, strike where one will." His biographer suggests that he may

have felt how well the cap fitted, for he did not himself invariably deal in soft answers or the spirit of contentment.

When we come to examine these milk-and-water expletives a little more curiously, we find that, although they may be, and in all probability usually are, uttered without the slightest hankering after profanity, yet in truth they mean, if anything, precisely the same as the bolder and more "mouth-filling" varieties. The dilution is a mere blind. For what, after all, is "deuce" but *Deus*, or "mischief" but *Diabolus* ? We may "damn with faint praise" in any company, but in no other way, if we wish to be polite. Be our spirit never so sorely moved, we must still restrict ourselves to the use of such inferior phrases as "hang", "dash", or "blow" ! Even these comparatively mild imperatives, however, must have some subject, expressed or understood. Who stops to consider what that subject is ?

Schoolboys are especially fond of invoking the name of Jupiter, and usually under his more familiar title of Jove. The same adjuration crops up, but only once or twice, in Shakespeare, who also makes some of his classical characters in "Troilus and Cressida" swear "by Venus' hand", and "Venus' glove". Nobody now invokes Venus, or indeed (at least in this country) any other pagan divinity than the son of Saturn, who, however, still remains a great favourite. *Per Bacco*, on the other hand, is common enough in Italy, where one never hears *Per Giove*. What reasons can have induced us thus to appropriate the chief of the Roman theogony ? Jove, at any rate, is become an essentially British deity, and many of us would find it very difficult to do without him. A schoolboy, ten years of age, is, thanks to the Ruler of Olympus, able to relieve his feelings in a decided and at the same time perfectly legitimate manner. Give him Mercury, Vulcan, even Phœbus Apollo himself, and he will derive no satisfaction whatever ;

but the strongest emotions of his little heart discover themselves in, and are assuaged by, the appeal to the majesty of Jove. Anxiety, astonishment, admiration, wrath, envy, and a host of other emotions, are one and all expressed and appeased by the prompt use of this invaluable monosyllable. It clings to us through life. Long after we have said farewell to the micro-cosmic school-world, we still, from time to time, deliver ourselves almost unconsciously of the expletive of our salad-days, and often with some semblance of relief. In many cases it remains the one poor shred of classical lore that we can call our own. All else—wanderings of Ulysses, sieges of Troy, Persian invasions, Peloponnesian wars, the march of Hannibal, may long since have fled the tablets of our memory—the be-all and the end-all of our ten years, more or less, of classical education, is briefly summed up in the solitary remnant “By Jove”!

Another schoolboy adjuration, “By Jingo”, or, more emphatically, “By the living Jingo”, was dying a peaceful and natural death, when a sudden outburst of patriotism, so-called, galvanized it a few years ago into renewed popularity. Probably few, if any, of the would-be patriots could have suggested a clue to the origin of the oath, which indeed has puzzled many hard heads. It is referred by some to the Basque word for God, while others connect it with a certain St. Ginguolph. Who this saint may have been, and why this greatness should have been thrust upon him, are questions which still await a conclusive answer: an explanation, amusing if nothing more, is given in the Lay of St. Ginguolph by Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire. The word, however, is evidently a corruption of some kind, and seems to point to the half-familiar, half-fearful, avoidance (already noticed) of a plain title.

Readers of Smollett, Fielding, and Marryat cannot fail to mark the strict fidelity of those writers in the matter of strong language. They never shirk a difficulty by having recourse to the

apologetic “dash” of modern novelists. A spade is never vaguely described in their pages as an agricultural implement. Their successors are, for the most part, more scrupulous, or less honest, according to the reader's point of view. They shrink from boldly printing words which are considered unparliamentary; but it is a fair question whether their half-hearted “dashes” are not even more offensive than the real thing. Dickens splits the difference in his usual felicitous manner. We all remember how Mr. Pell, relating an apocryphal anecdote of his friend the Chancellor, is promptly called to order by the elder Weller, who is only pacified on learning that the exalted functionary had “damned hisself in confidence.” And by the alteration of a single letter Mr. Mantalini is made irresistibly funny, as when he votes his wife “the demdest little fascinator in all the world,” or when, hearing the total amount of his indebtedness to Mr. Scaley, he ejaculates magnanimously, “The half-penny be demned.” Thus, by a humorous reading of the objectionable term in the first instance, and by the mere substitution of one vowel for another in the second, the clever author not only satisfies our consciences and his own, but gratifies our sense of the ridiculous and all the while preserves an adequate odour of imprecation. Other writers who venture on this dangerous ground are not so successful. They dare not swear outright, and their genius suggests no convenient and telling paraphrase—hence the witless and futile “dash”.

It is curious that we are quite unable to realize the enormity of some of the commonest Continental oaths. We can, of course, to a certain extent, appraise such terms as *Sacré*, *Sapristi*, and *Morbleu* (euphemistic for *Mort Dieu*), but, on the other hand, we wholly fail to appreciate the swearing value of *Mille tonnerres* and *Tausend Donnerwetter*. Even though these latter be regarded as an invocation of Thor, the god of thunder and summer heat,

we cannot see anything very dreadful or juratory in them. Anglicized they become perfectly harmless, and would indeed be welcomed in the room of some of our own more opprobrious idioms. "Thunder !" or even "Thunder and Lightning !" we consider a very temperate exclamation ; so, too, thought the author of the tragic story of the Bagman's Dog, which may be consulted with advantage on this head. Applying the Johnsonian maxim of "claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes," we should certainly be inclined to class either or both of them with the claret, nay even with the yet milder variety of Gladstonian claret, a vintage happily unknown to the learned doctor. To our insular minds they convey absolutely no idea of impropriety. We might go about *Donnerwetter*-ing for a month together, and not feel one atom the better for it, or the worse ; while our character for propriety and decent speech would not be one whit damaged, whatever might be thought of our sanity. The German soul, however, is conscious of a distinct sense of relief after a judicious indulgence in the same pastime. Hence we are confronted by the strange paradox that what is a round oath in one country is not even a smart ejaculation in the next.

Do atheists swear ? If they do not, here at least, assuming the habit to be reprehensible, is one point clearly in their favour, and one, too, which cannot be honestly claimed by a great many Theists, Deists, and Anglicans. If they do, how can they be atheists at all ? For the adjuration of a Superior Being is the essence of the oath. It is only shyness or deference to common usage that leads us to omit the subject of our denunciatory imperatives ; and the subject must be superior to ourselves, or we should not so confidently invoke divine aid towards consummating the ruin, here and hereafter, of our refractory friends and foes. But a commination which involves a belief in no power capable of carrying it into effect, is a contradiction

in terms. Some *soi-disant* atheist must have been caught thus napping in David's time to account for his pointed remark that the fool (and no one else, be it noted) "hath said in his heart, There is no God." He had evidently been overheard to swear by the very Deity whose existence he professed to deny. Out of his own mouth he had proved the manifest absurdity of his atheism.

But whatever may be the custom of infidels in this respect, there can be no doubt as to the practice of many who profess and call themselves Christians. Many excellent (or otherwise excellent) citizens, merciful men, whose hearts are in the right place, whose integrity is undoubted, and whose rate-paying capacity is far above suspicion, indulge, nevertheless, with greater or less regularity in the luxury of imprecation. It cannot be a mere habit, for they are able to restrain their tongues in certain company. It cannot be from any real desire to have their denunciations carried into effect, for divers of them are infinitely too kind-hearted to wish any real ill to their kindred, or even to their casual acquaintance or the stranger within or without their gates. Some of them again are men of strong intellect, who would be the first to see and to acknowledge the utter futility of their fulminations. They do not for a moment suppose that their prayers for the annihilation of any particular person or thing will ever be heeded. They are not like Popes, to believe that their excommunication will sooner or later land the offending party in everlasting Gehenna. They know very well that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, winged words, which break no bones and assuredly cannot in any way control the destination of the soul of man or woman. It is a disease curable only by the patient himself, and too often allowed to run its course without let or hindrance. In some cases indeed it might even, like alcoholism, be found incurable. For the self-denial and strength of will, which alone in the moral pharmacopœia can be reckoned

s efficacious drugs for such an emergency, are not always forthcoming. Occasionally it is inherited ; like some other forms of insanity it will sometimes skip a generation and break forth with renewed vitality and virulence in a great-nephew or a grandchild. More often it is contracted by the patient's own folly in the days of his youth. The boy thinks that it gives him a manly air, and the delusion accompanies him into manhood itself, where it is apt to become chronic.

There are those, however, and perhaps they form the most numerous class of anathematists, who only swear on special occasions, as, for example, when they miss a train, break a shoe-lace, or have the gout. It is the expletive or complementary phase of imprecation which we then hear in perfection. In itself it is wholly unintelligible. A Roman, in similar plight, would probably have vented a *Pol* or a *Mehercle* ; Homeric heroes would have cried ὦ πόποι. We should be altogether in error did we argue from it that the speaker really seeks to denounce his fellow-creatures, whether individually or in mass. He may not at the moment feel especially amiable towards his kind, but, if he were put to it, he could not formulate his resentment. His bearing at such times, it is true, is that of one who has been cruelly used, against whom not only all mankind, but all the powers of light and darkness have entered into a fell conspiracy. But meet the victim half-an-hour later, and observe the contrast in his demeanour. Where is that thunderous brow, where that rushing torrent, that Pelion on Ossa of execration ? Can this bland and smiling gentleman be he, who, thirty short minutes ago, consigned his nearest and dearest to Tartarus and the pale kingdoms of Dis ? Yes, it is verily he and none other. The storm is over and glorious Apollo shines forth once more. And what is the net result of the explosion ? On the one hand we have loss of dignity, infringement of laws written and un-

written, disgust, perhaps terror, of spectators, general degradation ; against this we are bound to reckon, for in certain constitutions they indubitably follow, a definite sense of satisfaction, an ease of mind, and a clearing of the moral atmosphere, which, it seems, could not otherwise have been compassed. At such moments all considerations of temperance, decorum, and self-respect are thrown wholesale to the winds. The grave householder and father of a family, whose office and privilege it is to set a good example to all around him, will fall into the snare as readily, and imprecate as roundly, as the gay and irresponsible stripling. While the fit is on him he is as one bereft of reason. He has not even the excuse of patients under the influence of an anæsthetic, who, as is well known, will sometimes indulge in unexpected profanity, being, in their natural state, before they are finally lulled into their Lethæan slumber, paragons of virtue and piety. His, indeed, is rather a case of *hyperæsthesia* ; so sensitive at all points does he become, that nothing, apparently, but the explosive treatment, can give him relief. Knowing of old its subtle properties, he adopts it again and again, with extreme celerity and a confidence which, from his own point of view, is never misplaced. He swears freely, and breathes again ; gradually his temperature becomes normal, his temporal arteries less and less turgid, his complexion and general aspect no longer sanguinary. The fit is over ; a child may handle him now ; he has been cured by the oath.

It seems, then, incontrovertible that some natures, in certain crises which are constantly recurring in the lives of all of us, derive an appreciable consolation, and even safeguard, from the habit of swearing. We find an analogy in one of the privileges of Eve's daughters ; oaths in the man often correspond to tears in the woman. By both alike is the vexation of the moment relieved. Sometimes, indeed, oaths and tears react upon each other

with painful punctuality ; the voice of the imprecator will produce weeping, and the sniffs of the weeper on the other hand, will in some households infallibly elicit a " cursory " comment. Solomon had no sympathy with either. He denounces the " scorner ", and, speaking with an experience altogether unique, gauges with much acumen the aggravation produced by a " continual dropping ". Nevertheless, absolutely and in themselves, tears are to be preferred to oaths. They may try our patience and stir our spleen, but at least they do not infringe any canon of morality or necessarily shock the pious consciences of those who may chance to witness them. As one of our own poets has said or sung : " Women must weep "; but he does not add that men must, or even may, swear.

In these days, which see so many crusades of one kind and another, it is a little strange that no dead set has been made against what is briefly but forcibly stigmatized as " foul language ". Our beer is drunk in the face of a legion of hostile spectators ; our tobacco is confronted by an adverse League ; but we are still permitted to swear with impunity. No special " Army " has been levied to violate the sanctity of our oaths. And yet no one can pretend that they rest upon any more respectable basis than that of mere custom. For a nation which professes to take its moral stand on a code containing the plain precept " Swear not at all ", it must be admitted that we are a little lax in our practice. A habit which we acknowledge to be in defiance equally of *jus*,

fas, and perhaps *lex* also, we have nevertheless, within the memory of man, made no serious attempt to stamp out or even to reform. Far from being killed, the snake has not been appreciably scotched, save in the drawing-room. If oaths in daily life cannot be abolished (that of " the Christian man, when the magistrate requireth ", being of course excepted) we might at least have a revised version of the present alternative phrases. We would not, indeed, revert to the days of " ods bobs and bodikins " for the reason already mentioned. Nor do the trivialities of modern social intercourse seem to demand anything like the grand and massive adjurations of the prophets of the Old Testament. But surely the ingenuity of some master of language could devise for us a table of imprecations which, on the one hand, should be abundantly " mouth-filling " and satisfy the keenest critic of point and pungency, while, on the other, they should not offend against decency or religious scruples. Almost anything would be better than the current profanities and ineptitudes which constitute " the vain and rash swearing " of the average " Christian man ". If we must swear, let the operation be conducted, like so many others nowadays, elegantly yet effectively, on true South Kensington lines. Let our execrations be in accordance with the canons of High Art. So might we remain still " full ", to our heart's content, " of strange oaths " — possibly stranger, and certainly less noisome and unholy than any that have graced the lips of man since first he habitually swore.

ARTHUR GAYE.

THE WHITE BATTLE.

A CAREFUL observer will scarcely fail to be struck by the frequency with which the date October 12th, 1319, appears upon the quaint little mural tablets of the Early-English churches in York and the villages around. The old ecclesiastical chronicle, too, refers to the founding of chantries with special statutes regulating the form of mass to be sung on that day. Evidently this twelfth of October was regarded by the Yorkshire people in the olden times as a *dies funesta*; indeed the epithet "ill-fated" is more than once applied to it: still, in our history, there is no mention of any great disaster having occurred at that time. The year 1319 was a terrible one from first to last, but October does not seem to have been more fatal than the other months, or the twelfth than the other days. A diligent search through the county records of the century shows, however, that on October 12th, 1319, a battle was fought, of no great national importance it is true—some half dozen lines at most are all the modern historian devotes to it—but one the old chronicler describes carefully, minutely, lingering over its most trifling details with a tender, loving hand. Nor is this strange; Yorkshire has been the scene of many a fierce encounter and tragic struggle, but not one of the great contests that have been fought there can vie with the little White Battle in its record of pathetic heroism.

At Brunanburgh, Wakefield, and Marston, the combatants were soldiers meeting soldiers, men trained for war meeting their fellows; and, no matter how great the inequality in numbers might be, both sides were fighting with the hope of victory before their eyes, victory that would give them glory, power, booty, all things they

loved. But the Yorkshire men who fought in the White Battle had no hope of conquering. Like Joshua's little host they went forth with their lives in their hands, conscious that God's miracles alone could save them, conscious, too, that the age for miracles was past. It is the utter hopelessness of the attackers that gives the strangely piteous touch to the narrative: they had faith neither in God, themselves, nor their cause. Mahomet's followers, secure in the favour of Allah, could face death without flinching: the Covenanters, firm in the faith of the righteousness of their cause, rushed into battle with shouts of triumph; but there was no fanatic enthusiasm to lighten the burden of those men who, with sorrowful hearts and bowed-down heads, made their way along the banks of the Ouse on that dark October morning more than five hundred years ago. They knew, none better, that as they passed out of the city gates they were leaving behind them life, that easy, pleasant, sensual life they loved so well, and were going out to captivity or death. For what chance could they have, weak and untrained as they were, against soldiers whose daring prowess was the wonder of Europe?

This second decade of the thirteenth century was a dark epoch in our history. A heavy cloud was hanging over the land: loyalty to the sovereign, reverence for women, were as things dead; and on all sides were heard rumours of conspiracy and treason. Yet just when England seemed most prostrate and degraded, this strangely heroic battle was fought, fought, too, by the men from whom we should least expect deeds of chivalry, lazy priests, luxurious monks, ease-loving citizens. Early in the year

1319 the news spread through England that Robert, King of Scotland, had started on an expedition into Ireland to help his brother to conquer that country. There were loud rejoicings at the English Court when this was known, for, Robert Bruce once out of the way, the task of rescuing Berwick seemed to lose half its formidableness; nay, before many days had passed, it began to be whispered abroad that the king had no longer any intention of stopping at the frontier, but was planning an invasion of Scotland. The gibes and sneers of the barons, it seems, had at length succeeded, when weighty argument and patriotic appeal had failed, in inspiring Edward and his friends with a fierce longing to avenge Bannockburn, let the cost be what it might. It was not probable the fates would ever again throw in their way the chance of fighting the Scots without their leader; therefore, once convinced that the much-dreaded Robert had really sailed, they strained every nerve to raise an army. But the greater barons and the people in the south, instead of hailing the announcement of a Scottish war with enthusiasm as the king had expected, stood sullenly aloof; for Hugh le Despenser was to be one of the commanders of the expedition, and their hatred of the foreign foe, bitter though it was, was as nothing in comparison with the utter loathing they felt for this second royal favourite that had been promoted above their heads. Kindly nature seems to have gifted Edward II. with a perennial hopefulness which disaster was powerless to eradicate; for, in spite of lack of troops and money, he set out for York, firmly convinced that as he advanced northwards, men would flock by the thousand to his standard. It was not the first time the king had visited his northern dominions: in 1311 he had celebrated Christmas in York with great state and magnificence. While there, taking advantage of the absence of Black-

Faced Lancaster, he had recalled Piers Gaveston from banishment; and as the civic chronicler tells us, "had received him as a gift from heaven." There was wild revelry and rejoicing in the old city in honour of the royal favourite's return; but there is no record of high festivity or stately pageant to mark King Edward's second visit, for he had come as a fugitive, fleeing before a victorious army, and the flower of his nation lay dead on the field of Bannockburn.

In spite, however, of all that had passed Edward met with a warm reception when in 1319 he arrived in his northern capital, one of the few towns perhaps where the old attachment for the person of the sovereign still lingered. But it was soon clear that the soldiers he stood so sorely in need of were not to be found in Yorkshire. Corn for the ten previous years had been selling at forty marks the quarter; and as usual plague had followed famine, whilst the ceaseless incursions of the Scots had still further thinned the population. What few men there were went willingly to the war, for the disgrace of Bannockburn lay heavily on the sturdy Yorkshiremen, and their hearts beat high at the thought that the insolence of the Scots, which had grown unbearable of late, was at length going to be punished and restrained. There was scarcely a stalwart man of-arms left in the whole county when Edward set out for Berwick, with flying colours and sounding trumpets. Isabel, the beautiful, high-spirited young queen, who had chafed so cruelly at her husband's cowardly sloth, rode by his side. It had been arranged that she should accompany him on his journey to Berwick, and then come back to York to await his triumphant return.

It was the twelfth of October; the old city had again assumed its wonted air of sleepy tranquillity, for ten days had elapsed since the king and his army had departed. Two good-sized barges had sailed up the Ouse that morning, bringing Dutch merchandize

to delight the hearts of the Yorkshire women; and the whole of the little population was down on the quay-side, thronging around the foreigners, who were striving vigorously by means of look and gesture, for their speech was unintelligible, to barter away their wares. Suddenly the noise of an alarm-trumpet rang through the air; and, seized with a sudden terror, the crowd rushed to the city gate to discover the reason of this unwonted sound. A soldier, one of the queen's guards, was standing there, white and trembling, his horse lying on the ground exhausted and covered with foam. The people stood for a moment as if stupified, wondering vaguely what fresh misfortune had fallen upon their unhappy land: as for the soldier, he seemed as 'one possessed, shrieking wildly: "Fortify the city! The queen is in danger! Shut the gates!" It was some time before he was calm enough to tell them what had occurred. Robert Bruce, it seemed, had indeed sailed for Ireland, but he had left a goodly army under Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to harry the English Border in his absence. The very day King Edward, with all the ostentatious display of warlike preparation, had begun the siege of Berwick, Murray and his forces had entered England; and, having cunningly avoided all encounter with the English army, were at that very moment marching for York, laying waste the land as they came.

The man had scarcely finished his story when Queen Isabel appeared at the gate. She had not a dozen soldiers with her. King Edward put a much higher value upon his own safety than upon that of his wife—and they all looked weary and depressed. Not so the queen: her face was flushed, her lips compressed, and a fierce, cruel light was burning in her eyes. To fly before the Scots was for her a new experience, and one which her haughty nature could ill brook. Beyond a scornful glance she took no notice of the crowd of trembling, terror-stricken citizens that pressed around her: *Lâches!* was

the only word she uttered, as, motioning aside by a contemptuous gesture those who would have helped her to dismount, she sprang from her horse, and, rushing to her apartment, flung herself on the ground, cursing the day she had first trod English soil.

Meanwhile the Archbishop, William de Melton, "a reverend, grave old divine," had assumed the command of the city; and, by his orders, the gates were shut, and guards—such guards!—placed on the walls of the city and in the barbicans. Only just in time too, for, within an hour, the Scottish army demanded admittance at the Marygate. This was of course a mere form, for Earl Murray had too often put to the test the strength of its fortifications not to know that York was impregnable to any attacks he could make upon it: it could not be taken without a long siege; and that, of course, with an English army at Berwick, was out of the question.

The Scottish troops, furious at the thought that so rich a prize as York should lie beyond their reach, thronged around the gates, laughing and gibing at the men who sheltered themselves behind strong walls, and at priests who assumed the cassock through fear of the cuirass. This was hard to bear: a sullen anger began to burn in the hearts of even the most sluggish of the priests, and no man dared to look into the eyes of his fellows, fearing what he might read there. At length a bold-faced young Scotsman, more imprudent even than the rest, rushing up close to the Micklegate, hurled insulting epithets at the queen, accusing her of gross immorality, and challenging any man within the city walls to clear her fame.

For one moment the old Archbishop stood as if turned into stone; perhaps he was thinking of all the misery these wild hordes had wrought, how they had murdered his flock and made his land desolate. Then all the fiery indignation that for years had been smouldering in his breast sprang to the fore; and forgetting his age, his

vows, his priestly consecration, conscious only that he, a de Melton, his nation, his own townsmen, and above all a woman—that woman, too, his queen!—had been insulted and covered with shame, he swore that vengeance should be his—not the Lord's—that day. He made a speech to the people assembled there. We have no record of what he said, nor of the arguments he used; but we have a convincing proof that for his hearers his eloquence was irresistible; for before he had finished speaking, there was not a man in that crowd, from the boy-apprentice to the aged monk, who did not feel that he would rather face a thousand deaths than allow those insolent Celts to escape unpunished. There was not a moment to be lost, for the Scots were already in full retreat, burning and murdering as they went.

An old Scotch historian writes that the Archbishop, "more for the indignity of the affront than any hope of success, took up arms and assembled such forces as he could, composed of clergymen, monks, canons, and other spiritual men of the Church, with a confused heap of husbandmen, labourers, artificers and tradesmen." In the whole army there were not twenty soldiers; and what were the rest? Priests, whose idea of exercise was a gentle saunter in sheltered cloisters; monks, whose lives had been passed within the narrow precincts of an abbey; aged beadsmen; traders, accustomed more to chaffering than fighting; and apprentice-boys who in their lives had never handled a sword. And this was the army with which William de Melton, Archbishop of York, set off in pursuit of twenty thousand of Robert Bruce's soldiers, men before whom, Froissart tells us with enthusiasm, the most renowned knights of Christendom had fallen as wheat before the reaper; bold, hardy, well-trained troops, glorying in the memory of former triumphs, firm in the faith that they were the Chosen People, the rulers of the future. They had a leader, too, in whom they

had implicit trust; for Thomas Randolph had proved himself on more than one occasion a skilful strategist and consummate soldier. Opposed to such a general and such an army, the York-shiremen were powerless as moths against fire.

They knew it; and yet, so strong was the sense of the duty they owed to their country and to their honour, that, when the Archbishop declared every effort must be made to overtake the Scots, not a single murmur was heard. Every man prepared to march. There was no time for tedious leave-takings: just a whispered word—some charge, perhaps, with regard to the merchandize arrived that day—and then the good wives of York must stand aside helpless, and watch their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers go forth to death. Little wonder if some of the bolder of the dames cursed the day when their gates had first been opened to admit this king, whose footsteps misfortune dogged with such relentless persistency. Perhaps, too, some asked why their men must avenge the injuries of a woman whose own husband showed so little zeal in her cause. But, in those days, though women had tongues and probably used them, they had little influence on the course of events; no one ever dreamed of asking them what they thought; they might, it is true, help to do deeds of folly, but they were powerless to prevent their being done.

The Bishop of Ely, the Lord-High-Chancellor of the kingdom, chanced to be in York at that time, and he rode by the side of the Archbishop at the head of the troop of motley warriors; but he, too, was an old man, and one who, although well versed in Court intrigues, knew nothing of the tactics of war. Nicholas Flemming, the Lord Mayor of York, and Sir John de Pavham rode behind the spiritual lords, and then came the crowd. Some of them were on horses, others on mules, but most on foot, keeping together as best they might, as they hurried down the wide road that winds by the Ouse.

Moved by some subtle sense of what was fitting, the priests had donned their surplices, which, fluttering in the wind as they walked, gave a ghastly aspect to the little army. The monks, too, all wore the dress of their order, whilst the Church dignitaries were arrayed in full canonicals. All the ecclesiastics, keeping to the letter if not to the spirit of the law, were armed only with maces or clubs; but the citizens had seized whatever weapon came first to hand, and flourished in the air rusty old swords, antiquated bows, pokers, bludgeons, and knives and sticks of every description; whilst the few peasants that came to swell the ranks as the little force hurried northward, had only pikes and spades to fight with.

There is no scope for ambushes or surprises on the great Yorkshire plain: for miles on either side of the Ouse the ground scarcely curves, and the trees and bushes are too stunted to afford any shelter. The city gate had scarcely closed upon the Yorkists before the Scots knew they were coming. At first, ignorant of the nature of the troops that were following them, they hurried on; but, when they reached Myton, a hamlet that stands at the juncture of the Swale with the Ouse, the Scots crossed the river, and established themselves in a strong position. A long line of hay-stacks lay immediately to the south of the ground which they had taken up, and to these they set fire as soon as they saw the Yorkshiremen drawing near. The wind was due north that day, and the smoke therefore from the burning ricks blew straight into the faces of the Archbishop's little army as the men, blinded and half suffocated as they were, and exhausted by their long march, strove manfully to make their way through the fire. Earl Murray's force was drawn up in battle array to receive them, and a terrible encounter ensued. The Yorkshiremen fought like madmen; the priests with their

heavy maces beating in the skulls of the Scots, whilst the apprentice-lads hacked and cut at all whom they met. All that fierce unflinching heroism could do they did, but the odds against them were too heavy: before an hour had passed four thousand Englishmen lay dead upon the field. Not a man would have escaped if it had not been that Earl Murray, struck with admiration for the heroic folly that had prompted such a venture, touched too, perhaps, with shame at the thought of his strong warriors waging war against aged monks and helpless traders, gave orders that the slaughter should cease. Then, the excitement of the battle once stilled, the sight of those white-surpliced priests, lying there dead or dying, sent a thrill of horror through the hearts of the victors, and, possessed by some superstitious dread of terrible retribution in the future, they, moved by one common impulse, turned and fled to their own land.

The news of the disaster was soon carried to York; and the women who had passed the long weary hours on the city walls, waiting with strained eyes and beating hearts for tidings, rushed to the battle-field to seek out their wounded and their dead. Of the former, the number was small, for the blows of the Scots had been sure and heavy, and such do not bruise, but kill. The body of Nicholas Flemming, the Lord Mayor, was found in the thick of the slain, and brought back to the city with touching marks of reverence and love. Nor was he the only civic dignitary who fell at Myton; scarcely an alderman, or a sidesman, was left in York; whilst, as for the cathedral, three quarters of the stalls stood without an occupant, and it was years before the choir had again its complement of voices. Twenty years later the old monks in the Yorkshire abbeys still cast sorrowful glances at the vacant chairs around their refectory table as they told to chance visitors the story of Myton.

THE BACCHANALS OF EURIPIDES.

THE tragedy of the Bacchanals—a sort of masque or morality, as we say—a monument as central for the legend of Dionysus as the Homeric hymn for that of Demeter, is unique in Greek literature, and has also a singular interest in the life of Euripides himself. He is writing in old age (the piece was not played till after his death) not at Athens, nor for a polished Attic audience, but for a wilder and less temperately cultivated sort of people, at the court of Archelaus, in Macedonia. Writing in old age he is in that subdued mood, a mood not necessarily sordid, in which (the shudder at the nearer approach of the unknown world coming over him more frequently than of old) accustomed ideas, conformable to a sort of common sense regarding the unseen, oftentimes regain what they may have lost in a man's allegiance. It is a sort of madness, he begins to think, to differ from the received opinions thereon. Not that he is insincere or ironical, but that he tends, in the sum of probabilities, to dwell on their more peaceful side; to sit quiet, for the short remaining time, in the reflection of the more cheerfully lighted side of things; and what is accustomed—what holds of familiar usage—comes to seem the whole essence of wisdom on all subjects, and the well-known delineation of the vague country by Homer or Hesiod, one's best attainable mental outfit for the journey thither. With this sort of quiet wisdom the whole play is permeated. Euripides has said, or seemed to say, many things concerning Greek religion at variance with received opinion; and now, in the end of life, he desires to make his peace—what shall at any rate be peace with men. He is in the mood for acquiescence, or even for a palinode; and this takes the

direction, partly of mere submission to, partly of a refining upon, the authorized religious tradition: he calmly sophisticates this or that element of it which had seemed grotesque; and has, like any modern writer, a theory how myths were made, and how in lapse of time their first signification gets to be obscured among mortals; and what he submits to, that he will also adorn fondly by his genius for words.

And that very neighbourhood afforded him his opportunity. It was in the neighbourhood of Pella, the Macedonian capital, that the worship of Dionysus, the newest of the gods, prevailed in its most extravagant form—the *Thiasus*, or wild, nocturnal procession of Bacchic women, retired to the woods and hills for that purpose, with its accompaniments of music and lights and dancing. Rational and moderate Athenians, as we may gather from some admissions of Euripides, somewhat despised all that; while those who were more fanatical forsook the home celebrations, and went on pilgrimage from Attica to Cithæron or Delphi. But at Pella persons of high birth took part in the exercise, and at a later period we read in Plutarch how Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great, was devoted to this enthusiastic worship. Although in one of Botticelli's pictures the angels dance very sweetly, and may represent many circumstances actually recorded in the Hebrew scriptures, yet we hardly understand the dance as a religious ceremony; the bare mention of it sets us thinking on some fundamental differences between the pagan religions and our own. It is to such ecstasies, however, that all Nature-worship seems to tend; that giddy, intoxicating sense of spring—that tingling in the veins, sympathetic with the yearning life of the earth, having apparently in all

times and places, prompted some mode of wild dancing. Coleridge, in one of his fantastic speculations, refining on the German word for enthusiasm—*Schwärmerei*, swarming, as he says, “like the swarming of bees together”—has explained how the sympathies of mere numbers, as such, the random catching on fire of one here and another there, when people are collected together, generates as if by mere contact some new and rapturous spirit, not traceable in the individual units of a multitude. Such swarming was the essence of that strange dance of the Bacchic women: literally like winged things, they follow, with motives, we may suppose, never quite made clear even to themselves, their new, strange, romantic god. Himself a woman-like god, it was on women and feminine souls that his power mainly fell. At Elis, it was the women who had their own little song with which at spring-time they professed to call him from the sea: at Brasæ they had their own temple where none but women might enter; and so the *Thiasus*, also, is almost exclusively formed of women—of those who experience most directly the influence of things which touch thought through the senses—the presence of night, the expectation of the dawn, the nearness of wild, unsophisticated natural things—the echoes, the coolness, the noise of frightened creatures as they climbed through the darkness, the sunrise seen from the hill-tops, the disillusion, the bitterness of satiety, the deep slumber which comes with the morning. Athenians visiting the Macedonian capital would hear, and from time to time actually see, something of a religious custom in which the habit of an earlier world might seem to survive. As they saw the lights flitting over the mountains, and heard the wild, sharp cries of the women, there was presented as a singular fact in the more prosaic actual life of a later time, an enthusiasm otherwise relegated to the wonderland of a distant past, in which a supposed primitive harmony and understanding between

man and Nature renewed itself. Later sisters of Centaur and Amazon, the Mænads, as they beat the earth in strange sympathy with its waking up from sleep, or as, in the description of the messenger, in the play of Euripides, they lie sleeping in the glen revealed among the morning mists, were themselves indeed as remnants—flecks left here and there and not yet quite evaporated under the hard light of a later and commoner day—of a certain cloud-world which had once covered all things with a veil of mystery. Whether or not, in what was often probably coarse as well as extravagant, there may have lurked some finer vein of ethical symbolism, such as Euripides hints at—the soberer influence, in the *Thiasus*, of keen air and animal expansion, certainly, for art, and a poetry delighting in colour and form, it was a custom rich in suggestion. The imitative arts would draw from it altogether new motives of freedom and energy, of freshness in old forms. It is from this fantastic scene that the beautiful wind-touched draperies, the rhythm, the heads suddenly thrown back, of many a Pompeian wall-painting and sarcophagus-frieze are originally derived; and that melting languor, that perfectly composed lassitude of the fallen Mænad became a fixed type in the school of grace, the school of Praxiteles.

The circumstances of the place thus combining with his peculiar motive, Euripides writes “The Bacchanals”. It is this extravagant phase of religion, and the latest-born of the gods, which as an *amende honorable* to the once slighted traditions of Greek belief, he undertakes to interpret to an audience composed of people who, like Scyles, the Hellenising king of Scythia, feel the attraction of Greek religion and Greek usage, but on their quainter side, and partly relish that extravagance. Subject and audience alike stimulate the romantic temper, and the tragedy of “The Bacchanals,” with its innovations in metre and diction, expressly noted as foreign or barbar-

ous—all the charm and grace of the clear-pitched singing of the chorus, notwithstanding—with its subtleties and sophistications, its grotesques, mingled with and heightening a real shudder at the horror of the theme, and a peculiarly fine and human pathos, is almost wholly without the reassuring calm, generally characteristic of the endings of Greek tragedy: it is itself excited, troubled, disturbing—a spotted or dappled thing, like the oddly dappled fawn-skins of its own masquerade, so aptly expressive of the shifty, twofold, rapidly-doubling genius of the divine, wild creature himself. Let us listen and watch the strange masks coming and going, for a while, as far as may be as we should do with a modern play. What are its charms? What is still alive, impressive, and really poetical for us in the dim old Greek play?

The scene is laid at Thebes, where the memory of Semele, the mother of Dionysus, is still under a cloud. Her own sisters, sinning against natural affection, pitiless over her pathetic death and finding in it only a judgment upon the impiety with which, having shamed herself with some mortal lover, she had thrown the blame of her sin upon Zeus, have, so far, triumphed over her. The true and glorious version of her story lives only in the subdued memory of the two aged men, Teiresias the prophet, and her father Cadmus, apt now to let things go loosely by, who has delegated his royal power to Pentheus, the son of one of those sisters—a hot-headed and impious youth. So things had passed at Thebes; and now a strange circumstance has happened. An odd sickness has fallen upon the women: Dionysus has sent the sting of his enthusiasm upon them, and has pushed it to a sort of madness, a madness which imitates the true *Thiasus*. Forced to have the form without the profit of his worship, the whole female population, leaving distaff and spindle, and headed by the three princesses, have deserted the town, and are lying encamped on the

bare rocks, or under the pines, among the solitudes of Cithæron. And it is just at this point that the divine child, supposed to have perished at his mother's side in the flames, returns to his birthplace, grown to manhood.

Dionysus himself speaks the prologue. He is on a journey through the world to found a new religion; and the first motive of this new religion is the vindication of the memory of his mother. In explaining this design Euripides, who seeks always for pathetic effect, tells in few words, touching because simple, the story of Semele—here, and again still more intensely in the chorus which follows—the merely human sentiment of maternity being not forgotten, even amid the thought of the divine embraces of her fiery bed-fellow. It is out of tenderness for her that the son's divinity is to be revealed. A yearning affection, the affection with which we see him lifting up his arms about her, satisfied at last, on an old Etruscan mirror, has led him from place to place: everywhere he has had his dances and established his worship; and everywhere his presence has been her justification. First of all the towns in Greece he comes to Thebes, the scene of her sorrows: he is standing beside the sacred waters of Dirce and Ismenus: the holy place is in sight: he hears the Greek speech, and sees at last the ruins of the place of her lying-in, at once his own birth-chamber and his mother's tomb. His image, as it detaches itself little by little from the episodes of the play, and is further characterised by the songs of the chorus, has a singular completeness of symbolical effect. The incidents of a fully developed human personality are superinduced on the mystical and abstract essence of that fiery spirit in the flowing veins of the earth—the aroma of the green world is retained in the fair human body, set forth in all sorts of finer ethical lights and shades—with a wonderful kind of subtlety. In the course of his long progress from land to land, the gold, the flowers, the

incense of the East, have attached themselves deeply to him : their effect and expression rest now upon his flesh like the gleaming of that old ambrosial ointment of which Homer speaks as resting ever on the persons of the gods, and cling to his clothing—the mitre binding his perfumed yellow hair—the long tunic down to the white feet, somewhat womanly, and the fawn-skin, with its rich spots, wrapped about the shoulders. As the door opens to admit him, the scented air of the vineyards, (for the vine-blossom has an exquisite perfume) blows through; while the convolvulus on his mystic rod represents all wreathing flowery things whatever, with or without fruit, as in America all such plants are still called *vines*. “Sweet upon the mountains”, the excitement of which he loves so deeply and to which he constantly invites his followers—“sweet upon the mountains”, and profoundly amorous, his presence embodies all the voluptuous abundance of Asia, its beating sun, its “fair-towered cities, full of inhabitants”, which the chorus describe in their luscious vocabulary, with the rich Eastern names—Lydia, Persia, Arabia Felix : he is a sorcerer or an enchanter, the tyrant Pentheus thinks : the springs of water, the flowing of honey and milk and wine, are his miracles, wrought in person.

We shall see presently how, writing for that northern audience, Euripides crosses the Theban with the gloomier Thracian legend, and lets the darker stain show through. Yet, from the first, amid all this floweriness, a touch or trace of that gloom is discernible. The fawn-skin, composed now so daintily over the shoulders, may be worn with the whole coat of the animal made up, the hoofs gilded and tied together over the right shoulder, to leave the right arm disengaged to strike, its head clothing the human head within, as Alexander, on some of his coins, looks out from the elephant’s scalp, and Hercules out of the jaws of a lion on the coins of Camarina. Those diminutive golden horns at-

tached to the forehead, represent not fecundity merely, nor merely the crisp tossing of the waves of streams, but horns of offence. And our fingers must beware of the *thyrsus*, tossed about so wantonly by himself and his chorus. The pine-cone at its top does but cover a spear-point ; and the thing is a weapon—the sharp spear of the hunter Zagreus—though hidden now by the fresh leaves, and that button of pine-cone (useful also to dip in wine, to check the sweetness) which he has plucked down, coming through the forest, at peace for a while this spring morning.

And the chorus emphasize this character, their songs weaving for the whole piece, in words more effective than any painted scenery, a certain congruous background which heightens all ; the intimate sense of mountains and mountain things being in this way maintained throughout, and concentrated on the central figure. “He is sweet among the mountains”, they say, “when he drops down upon the plain, out of his mystic musings”—and we may think we see the green festoons of the vine dropping quickly, from foot-place to foot-place, down the broken hill-side in spring, when like the Bacchanals, all who can, wander out of the town to enjoy the earliest heats. “Let us go out into the fields”, we say ; a strange madness seems to lurk among the flowers, ready to lay hold on us also ; *αὐτίκα γὰ πᾶσα χορεύσει*—soon the whole earth will dance and sing.

Dionysus is especially a woman’s deity, and he comes from the east conducted by a chorus of gracious Lydian women, his true sisters—Bassarids, clad like himself in the long tunic, or *bassara*. They move and speak to the music of clangorous metallic instruments, cymbals and tambourines, relieved by the clearer notes of the pipe ; and there is a strange variety of almost imitative sounds for such music in their very words. The Homeric hymn to Demeter precedes the art of sculpture, but is rich in sugges-

tions for it ; here, on the contrary, in the first chorus of the Bacchanals, as elsewhere in the play, we feel that the poetry of Euripides is probably borrowing something from art ; that in these choruses, with their repetitions and refrains, he is reproducing perhaps the spirit of some sculptured relief which, like Luca della Robbia's celebrated work for the organ-loft of the cathedral of Florence, worked by various subtleties of line, not in the lips and eyes only, but in the drapery and hands also, to a strange reality of impression of musical effect on visible things.

They beat their drums before the palace ; and then a humorous little scene, a reflex of the old Dionysiac comedy—of that laughter which was an essential element of the earliest worship of Dionysus—follows the first chorus. The old blind prophet Teiresias, and the aged king Cadmus, always secretly true to him, have agreed to celebrate the *Thiasus*, and accept his divinity openly. The youthful god has nowhere said decisively that he will have none but young men in his sacred dance. But for that purpose they must put on the long tunic, and that spotted skin which only rustics wear, and assume the *thyrsus* and ivy-crown. Teiresias arrives and is seen knocking at the doors. And then, just as in the medieval mystery, comes the inevitable grotesque, not unwelcome to our poet, who is wont in his plays, perhaps not altogether consciously, to intensify by its relief both the pity and the terror of his conceptions. At the summons of Teiresias, Cadmus appears, already arrayed like him in the appointed ornaments, in all their odd contrast with the infirmity and staidness of old age. Even in old men's veins the spring leaps again, and they are more than ready to begin dancing. But they are shy of the untried dress, and one of them is blind—*ποῖ δὲ χορεύειν ; ποῖ καθιστάται πόδα ; καὶ κῆρα σείσαι πολίων ;* and then the difficulty of the way ! the long, steep journey to the

glens ! may pilgrims boil their peas ? might they proceed to the place in carriages ? At last, while the audience laugh more or less delicately at their aged fumbings, in some co-operative manner, the eyes of the one combining with the hands of the other, the pair are about to set forth.

Here Pentheus is seen approaching the palace in extreme haste. He has been absent from home, and returning, has just heard of the state of things at Thebes—the strange malady of the women, the dancings, the arrival of the mysterious stranger : he finds all the women departed from the town, and sees Cadmus and Teiresias in masque. Like the exaggerated diabolical figures in some of the religious plays and imageries of the Middle Age, he is an impersonation of stupid impiety, one of those whom the gods willing to destroy first infatuate. Alternating between glib unwisdom and coarse mockery, between violence and a pretence of moral austerity, he understands only the sorriest motives ; thinks the whole thing feigned, and fancies the stranger, so effeminate, so attractive of women with whom he remains day and night, but a poor sensual creature, and the real motive of the Bacchic women the indulgence of their lust ; his ridiculous old grandfather he is ready to renounce, and accuses Teiresias of having in view only some fresh source of professional profit to himself in connexion with some new-fangled oracle ; his petty spite avenges itself on the prophet by an order to root up the sacred chair, where he sits to watch the birds for divination, and disturb the order of his sacred place ; and even from the moment of his entrance the mark of his doom seems already set upon him, in an impotent trembling which others notice in him. Those of the women who still loitered, he has already caused to be shut up in the common prison ; the others, with Ino, Autonoe, and his own mother, Agave, he will hunt out of the glens ; while the stranger is threatened with various

cruel forms of death. But Teiresias and Cadmus stay to reason with him, and induce him to abide wisely with them; the prophet fittingly becomes the interpreter of Dionysus, and explains the true nature of the visitor; his divinity, the completion or counterpart of that of Demeter; his gift of prophecy; all the soothing influences he brings with him; above all, his gift of the medicine of sleep to weary mortals. But the reason of Pentheus is already sickening, and the judicial madness gathering over it. Teiresias and Cadmus can but "go pray." So again, not without the laughter of the audience, supporting each other a little grotesquely against a fall, they get away at last.

And then, again as in those quaintly carved and coloured imageries of the Middle Age—the martyrdom of the youthful Saint Firmin, for instance, round the choir at Amiens—comes the full contrast, with a quite medieval simplicity and directness, between the insolence of the tyrant, now at last in sight of his prey, and the outraged beauty of the youthful god, meek, surrounded by his enemies, like some fair wild creature in the snare of the hunter. Dionysus has been taken prisoner; he is led on the stage, with his hands bound, but still holding the *thyrsus*. Unresisting he had submitted himself to his captors; his colour had not changed; with a smile he had bidden them do their will, so that even they are touched with awe, and are almost ready to admit his divinity. Marvellously white and red, he stands there; and now, unwilling to be revealed to the unworthy, and requiring a fitness in the receiver, he represents himself, in answer to the inquiries of Pentheus, not as Dionysus, but simply as the god's prophet, in full trust in whom he desires to hear his sentence. Then the long hair falls to the ground under the shears; the mystic wand is torn from his hand, and he is led away to be tied up, like some dangerous wild animal, in a dark place near the king's stables.

Up to this point in the play, there has been a noticeable ambiguity as to the person of Dionysus, the main figure of the piece; he is in part Dionysus, indeed; but in part, only his messenger, or minister preparing his way; a certain harshness of effect in the actual appearance of a god upon the stage being in this way relieved, or made easy, as by a gradual revelation in two steps. To Pentheus, in his invincible ignorance, his essence remains to the last unrevealed, and even the women of the chorus seem to understand in him, so far, only the forerunner of their real leader. As he goes away bound, therefore, they too, threatened also in their turn with slavery, invoke his greater original to appear and deliver them. In pathetic cries they reproach Thebes for rejecting them—*τί μ' ἀναίει, τί με φεύγεις*; yet they foretell his future greatness; a new Orpheus, he will more than renew that old miraculous reign over animals and plants. Their song is full of suggestions of wood and river. It is as if, for a moment, Dionysus became the suffering vine again; and the rustle of the leaves and water come through their words to refresh it. The fountain of Dirce still haunted by the virgins of Thebes, where the infant god was cooled and washed from the flecks of his fiery birth, becomes typical of the coolness of all springs, and is made, by a really poetic licence, the daughter of the distant Achelous—the earliest born, the father in myth, of all Greek rivers.

A giddy sonorous scene of portents and surprises follows—a distant exaggerated, dramatic reflex of that old thundering tumult of the festival in the vineyard—in which Dionysus reappears, miraculously set free from his bonds. First, in answer to the deep-toned invocation of the chorus, a great voice is heard from within, proclaiming him to be the son of Semele and Zeus. Then, amid the short, broken, rapturous cries of the women of the chorus, proclaiming him master, the noise of an earthquake passes

slowly; the pillars of the palace are seen waving to and fro; while the strange, memorial fire from the tomb of Semele blazes up and envelops the whole building. The terrified women fling themselves on the ground; and then, at last, as the place is shaken open, Dionysus is seen stepping out from among the tottering masses of the mimic palace, bidding them arise and fear not. But just here comes a long pause in the action of the play, in which we must listen to a messenger newly arrived from the glens, to tell us what he has seen there, among the Mænads. The singular, somewhat sinister beauty of this speech, and a similar one subsequent—a fair description of morning on the mountain-tops, with the Bacchic women sleeping, which turns suddenly to a hard, coarse picture of animals cruelly rent—is one of the special curiosities which distinguish this play; and, as it is wholly narrative, I shall give it in English prose, abbreviating, here and there, some details which seem to have but a metrical value.

. . . I was driving my herd of cattle to the summit of the scaur to feed, what time the sun sent forth his earliest beams to warm the earth. And lo! three companies of women, and at the head of one of them Autonoe, thy mother Agave at the head of the second, and Ino at the head of the third. And they all slept, with limbs relaxed, leaned against the low boughs of the pines, or with head thrown heedlessly among the oak-leaves strewn upon the ground—all in the sleep of temperance, not, as thou saidst, pursuing Cypris through the solitudes of the forest, drunken with wine, amid the low rustling of the lotus-pipe.

And thy mother, when she heard the lowing of the kine, stood up in the midst of them, and cried to them to shake off sleep. And they, casting slumber from their eyes, started upright, a marvel of beauty and order, young and old and maidens yet unmarried. And first, they let fall their hair upon their shoulders; and those whose cinctures were unbound re-composed the spotted fawn-skins, knotting them about with snakes, which rose and licked them on the chin. Some, lately mothers, who with breasts still swelling had left their babes behind, nursed in

their arms antelopes, or wild whelps of wolves, and yielded them their milk to drink; and upon their heads they placed crowns of ivy or of oak, or of flowering convolvulus. Then one, taking a thyrsus-wand, struck with it upon a rock, and thereupon leapt out a fine rain of water; another let down a reed upon the earth, and a fount of wine was sent forth there; and those whose thirst was for a white stream, skimming the surface with their finger-tips, gathered from it abundance of milk; and from the ivy of the mystic wands streams of honey distilled. Verily! hadst thou seen these things, thou wouldest have worshipped whom now thou revilest.

And we shepherds and herdsmen came together to question with each other over this matter—what strange and terrible things they do. And a certain wayfarer from the city, subtle in speech, spake to us—"O! dwellers upon these solemn ledges of the hills, will ye that we hunt down, and take, amid her revelries, Agave, the mother of Pentheus, according to the king's pleasure?" And he seemed to us to speak wisely; and we lay in wait among the bushes; and they, at the time appointed, began moving their wands for the Bacchic dance, calling with one voice upon Bromius!—Iacchus!—the son of Zeus! and the whole mountain was moved with ecstasy together, and the wild creatures; nothing but was moved in their running. And it chanced that Agave, in her leaping, lighted near me, and I sprang from my hiding-place, willing to lay hold on her; and she groaned out, "O! dogs of hunting, these fellows are upon our traces; but follow me! follow! with the mystic wands for weapons in your hands." And we, by flight, hardly escaped tearing to pieces at their hands, who thereupon advanced with knifeless fingers upon the young of the kine, as they nipped the green; and then hadst thou seen one holding a bleating calf in her hands, with udder distent, straining it asunder; others tore the heifers to shreds amongst them; tossed up and down the morsels lay in sight—flank or hoof—or hung from the fir-trees, dropping churned blood. The fierce, horned bulls stumbled forward, their breasts upon the ground, dragged on by myriad hands of young women, and in a moment the inner parts were rent to morsels. So, like a flock of birds aloft in flight, they retreat upon the level lands outstretched below, which by the waters of Asopus put forth the fair-flowering crop of Theban people—Hysiaë and Erythræ—below the precipice of Cithæron.

A grotesque scene follows, in which the humour we noted, on seeing those two old men diffidently set forth in chaplet and fawn-skin, deepens into a profound tragic irony. Pentheus is determined to go out in arms against the Bacchanals and put them to death, when a sudden desire seizes him to witness them in their encampment upon the mountains. Dionysus, whom he still supposes to be but a prophet or messenger of the god, engages to conduct him thither; and, for greater security among the dangerous women, proposes that he shall disguise himself in female attire. As Pentheus goes within for that purpose, he lingers for a moment behind him, and in prophetic speech declares the approaching end;—the victim has fallen into the net; and he goes in to assist at the toilet, to array him in the ornaments which he will carry to Hades, destroyed by his own mother's hands. It is characteristic of Euripides—part of his fine tact and subtlety—to relieve and justify what seems tedious, or constrained, or merely terrible and grotesque, by a suddenly suggested trait of homely pathos, or a glimpse of natural beauty, or a morsel of form or colour seemingly taken directly from picture or sculpture. So here, in this fantastic scene our thoughts are changed in a moment by the singing of the chorus, and divert for a while to the dark-haired tresses of the wood; the breath of the river-side is upon us; beside it, a fawn escaped from the hunter's net, is flying swiftly in its joy; like it, the Mænad rushes along; and we see the little head thrown back upon the neck, in deep aspiration, to drink in the dew.

Meantime, Pentheus has assumed his disguise, and comes forth tricked up with false hair and the dress of a Bacchanal; but still with some misgivings at the thought of going thus attired through the streets of Thebes, and with many laughable readjustments of the unwonted articles of clothing. And with the woman's dress, his madness is closing faster round him; just before,

in the palace, terrified at the noise of the earthquake, he had drawn sword upon a mere fantastic appearance, and pierced only the empty air. Now he begins to see the sun double, and Thebes with all its towers repeated, while his conductor seems transformed into a wild beast; and now and then, we come upon some touches of a curious psychology, so that we might almost seem to be reading a modern poet. As if Euripides had been aware of a not unknown symptom of incipient madness (it is said) in which the patient, losing the sense of resistance, while lifting small objects imagines himself to be raising enormous weights, Pentheus, as he lifts the *thyrsus*, fancies he could lift Cithæron with all the Bacchanals upon it. At all this the laughter of course will pass round the theatre; while those who really pierce into the purpose of the poet, shudder, as they see the victim thus grotesquely clad going to his doom, already foreseen in the ominous chant of the chorus—and as it were his grave-clothes, in the dress which makes him ridiculous.

Presently a messenger arrives to announce that Pentheus is dead, and then another curious narrative sets forth the manner of his death. Full of wild, coarse, revolting details, of course not without pathetic touches, and with the loveliness of the serving Mænads, and of their mountain solitudes—their trees and water—never quite forgotten, it describes how, venturing as a spy too near the sacred circle, Pentheus was fallen upon, like a wild beast, by the mystic huntresses and torn to pieces, his mother being the first to begin "the sacred rites of slaughter."

And at last Agave herself comes upon the stage, holding aloft the head of her son, fixed upon the sharp end of the *thyrsus*, calling upon the women of the chorus to welcome the revel of the Evian god; who, accordingly, admit her into the company, professing themselves her fellow-revellers, the Bacchanals being thus absorbed into the chorus for the rest of the

play. For, indeed, all through it, the true, though partly suppressed relation of the chorus to the Bacchanals is this, that the women of the chorus, staid and temperate for the moment, following Dionysus in his alternations, are but the paler sisters of his more wild and gloomy votaries—the true followers of the mystical Dionysus—the real chorus of Zagreus; the idea that their violent proceedings are the result of madness only, sent on them as a punishment for their original rejection of the god, being, as I said, when seen from the deeper motives of the myth, only a “sophism” of Euripides—a piece of rationalism of which he avails himself for the purpose of softening down the tradition of which he has undertaken to be the poet. Agave comes on the stage, then, blood-stained, exulting in her “victory of tears”, still quite visibly mad indeed, and with the outward signs of madness, and as her mind wanders, musing still on the fancy that the dead head in her hands is that of a lion she has slain among the mountains—a young lion, she avers, as she notices the down on the young man’s chin, and his abundant hair—a fancy in which the chorus humour her, willing to deal gently with the poor distraught creature. Supported by them, she rejoices “exceedingly, exceedingly”, declaring herself “fortunate” in such goodly spoil; priding herself that the victim has been slain, not with iron weapons, but with her own white fingers, she summons all Thebes to come and behold. She calls for her aged father to draw near and see; and for Pentheus, at last, that he may mount and rivet her trophy, appropriately decorative there, between the triglyphs of the cornice below the roof, visible to all.

And now, from this point onwards, Dionysus himself becomes more and more clearly discernible as the hunter, a wily hunter, and man the prey he hunts for; “Our king is a hunter”, cry the chorus, as they unite in Agave’s triumph and give their sanc-

tion to her deed. And as the Bacchanals supplement the chorus, and must be added to it to make the conception of it complete; so in the conception of Dionysus also a certain transference, or substitution, must be made—much of the horror and sorrow of Agave, of Pentheus, of the whole tragic situation, must be transferred to him, if we wish to realize in the older, profounder, and more complete sense of his nature, that mystical being of Greek tradition to whom all these experiences—his madness, the chase, his imprisonment and death, his peace again—really belong; and to discern which, through Euripides’ peculiar treatment of his subject, is part of the curious interest of this play.

Through the *sophism* of Euripides! For that, again, is the really descriptive word, with which Euripides, a lover of sophisms, as Aristophanes knows, himself supplies us. Well;—this softened version of the Bacchic madness is a sophism of Euripides; and Dionysus *Omophagus*—the eater of raw flesh, must be added to the golden image of Dionysus *Meilichius*—the honey-sweet, if the old tradition in its completeness is to be, in spite of that sophism, our closing impression; if we are to catch, in its fulness, that deep under-current of horror which runs below all through this masque of spring, and realize the spectacle of that wild chase, in which Dionysus is ultimately both the hunter and the spoil.

But meantime another person appears on the stage; Cadmus enters followed by attendants bearing on a bier the torn limbs of Pentheus, which lying wildly scattered through the tangled wood, have been with difficulty collected and now decently put together and covered over. In the little that still remains before the end of the play, destiny now hurrying things rapidly forward, and strong emotions, hopes and forebodings being now closely packed, Euripides has before him an artistic problem of enormous difficulty. Perhaps this very haste

and close-packing of the matter, which keeps the mind from dwelling over-much on detail, relieves its real extravagance, and those who read it carefully will think that the pathos of Euripides has been equal to the occasion. In a few profoundly designed touches he depicts the perplexity of Cadmus, in whose house a god had become an inmate, only to destroy it—the regret of the old man for the one male child to whom that house had looked up as the pillar whereby aged people might feel secure; the piteous craziness of Agave; the unconscious irony with which she carresses the florid, youthful head of her son; the delicate breaking of the thing to her reviving intelligence, as Cadmus, though he can but wish that she might live on for ever in her visionary enjoyment, prepares the way, by playing on that other horrible legend of the Theban house, the tear-

ing of Actæon to death—he too destroyed by a god. He gives us the sense of Agave's gradual return to reason through many glimmering doubts, till she wakes up at last to find the real face turned up towards the mother and murderess; the quite naturally spontaneous sorrow of the mother, ending with her confession, down to her last sigh, and the final breaking up of the house of Cadmus; with a result so genuine, heartfelt, and dignified withal in its expression of a strange ineffable woe, that a fragment of it, the lamentation of Agave over her son, in which the long-pent agony at last finds vent, were, it is supposed, adopted into his paler work by an early Christian poet, and have figured since, as touches of real fire, in the "Christus Patiens" of Gregory Nazianzen.

WALTER PATER.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

OF BIOGRAPHY.

ONE morning last month the postman brought me a copy of what I can hardly yet be wrong in calling the latest contribution to our periodical press. The Scots Observer is its name, and a very good name, too, for the Scots have always been famous for keeping their eyes open since the days of Blind Harry. It seems to have started on a good road, in tone and temper aiming at a judicious mean between the too steadily serious and mere flippancy. It seems bent, in short, on doing what in it lies to promote that ideal age for which the poet of the Grande Chartreuse longed, and has perhaps now found—

Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.

But what particularly interested me in the number was an article headed "On Certain Modern Biographies"; and this I found interesting not only for the gaiety and sageness of its remarks, but also because it came at a moment when I had it in my mind to spoil a few leaves of my Note-book on the same subject, and was doubting how to set about it. On me thus "waiting for the spark from heaven to fall" descended the Scots Observer! Like Mr. Snawley, I feel that there has been a Providence in it.

My Scottish friend seems to have observed with his angriest eye those theatrical biographies or autobiographies (for one knows not precisely which to call them) of which these last seasons have given us so plentiful a crop. They are silly, tiresome things enough, to be sure; but the worst offence does not come, I think, from them. In the first place, advertisement is the prime business of a player (for that matter it seems pretty well

the prime business of everybody in these days!), one of the most important items of his stock-in-trade; and no one expects advertisements to be very valuable contributions to literature: not every advertiser can rise to such heights of inspiration as his who decorated the walls of an American cemetery with this great moral truth, "We must all die, but Brown's Hair-dye is the best"; or of our own artist in soap who conceived the notion of the pretty girl washing herself ashore from a wreck with a piece of his manufacture. Next we must remember that, after all, we have only ourselves to thank for this rather overwhelming descent of the player from his native boards; we have been so active in praising him for qualities outside the sphere of his own particular excellences, that we cannot now in reason reproach him for imagining that his fireside concerns are as important to us as his skill in the practice of his admired profession. And lastly, he is but paying us back in our own coin, for the irruption of the amateur into his hereditary province has surely warranted some reprisals. No: the real offence seems to me to come not from Drury Lane but from Grub Street itself—or rather, as I suppose we must say now, from Paternoster Row, for Grub Street is down, like many another ancient haunt.

"Biography", wrote Johnson just one hundred and thirty years ago, "is, of the various kinds of narrative writing that which is most eagerly read and most easily applied to the purposes of life." The sage would hardly need to reconsider himself were he preparing a new edition of the *Idler* for the modern press. Biography (which of course includes autobiography) has always been popular, from the days

when the Egyptian chroniclers published (by command) bridges and obelisks in honour of their great men, and never seemingly has it been more popular than now. Men have always been interested in their neighbours' lives, if not always in their own; and even if a man should be slightly bored with the circumstances of his own existence, he will never be bored with talking of them,—and what more natural, for who is not ready to transfer his own burden to his friend's back? Another cause of its popularity (in one at least of the two great hemispheres of the world of Letters) is undoubtedly this, that, while of all forms of narrative it is perhaps the most difficult to excel in, it offers beyond all comparison the amplest opportunities for that kind of writing which has been declared on high authority to make the hardest kind of reading. Small wonder, then, if in an age when everybody writes and everybody affects to read, the biographer should mightily flourish in the land.

What is biography? Not jesting, but in all seriousness, the world will not wait for an answer, but shouting *a book!* seizes on the portly volumes in which the sorrowing Gyas has tracked the even footsteps of his friend Cloanthus from the cradle to the grave, with letters, a portrait, facsimiles of C.'s handwriting at various stages of his blameless career, and an appendix containing testimonials (to G.'s skill as well as to C.'s virtue) from a distinguished statesman, a pretty actress, or the last fashionable creed-maker—and gulps the sawdust down. And truly it may be said that this sort of narrative writing is most easily applied to the purposes of life; for it may safely be averred that nine lives out of ten are as much wasted in the living as they are worthless in the reading.

Yet I do not altogether share my friend's wrath, righteous as it assuredly is, against the "autobiographies writ by other hands, the remains of worthy obscurities edited

(with notes) by their relicts", and especially against the "self-written biography of the nobody-in-particular". These things must indeed be a great weariness to the conscientious reviewer who has any drop of human milk left in his poor ink-flushed veins. And there are a monstrous lot of them. The sons of the Knife-grinder have increased and multiplied to an appalling extent, and they seem to have inherited as little of their father's sense of proportion as of his modesty. But surely here again the remedy lies in our own hands, as the fault lies. We may wonder at the simple vanity which can suppose these Journals of a Retired Citizen likely to interest any rational human being; but we must wonder, too, at the taste of a public which can prove the egregious supposition true.

We must remember also that the wise men of old believed that no biography when rightly done could be futile. That rare old biographer Johnson has left his opinion that there has rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful. "For not only every man", he wrote, "has in the mighty mass of the world great numbers in the same condition with himself, to whom his mistakes and miscarriages, escapes and expedients, would be of immediate and apparent use; but there is such an uniformity in the state of man, considered apart from adventitious and separable decorations and disguises, that there is scarce any possibility of good or ill but is common to human kind. A great part of the time of those who are placed at the greatest distance by fortune or by temper must unavoidably pass in the same manner; and though, when the claims of nature are satisfied, caprice and vanity and accident begin to produce discriminations and peculiarities, yet the eye is not very heedful or quick which cannot discover the same causes still terminating their influence in the same effects, though sometimes accelerated, sometimes retarded or perplexed

by multiplied combinations". And Carlyle (who was not unacquainted with Johnson's writings) professed himself to have discovered that "a true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man; that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and that Human Portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures welcomed on human walls". He had, of course, just previously discounted this statement by another to the effect that the happiest man was he who was suffered "to return silently, with his small, sorely foiled bit of work, to the Supreme Silences", with no biography written of him; and that, moreover, this particular man (the well-beloved John Sterling) was not of a kind to demand biography, either for his character's sake, his work's sake, or for any other thing that time, fate, or the world's lot had brought him. After which he proceeded to rescue his friend from the Supreme Silences in a volume of some three hundred pages—and a delightful volume it is.

The good Doctor might have done better to stop at his judgment; his reasons for the popularity of biography go a little, I suspect, beyond the mark. The charm of biography (as separated from the mere vulgar love of prying into our neighbour's affairs) rests, I fancy, less on its moral profundity than on its natural magic. To use more familiar language, in this as well as in all other works of human hands, everything depends upon the style in which it is done; and the style in which modern biography is done is surely capable of some improvement.

In the preface to those *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, which his own was not suffered to see published, Dean Burgon has left some uncommonly sensible remarks on this head. "I have long cherished the conviction" he wrote "that it is to be wished that the world could be persuaded that biography might with advantage be

confined within much narrower limits than at present is customary. Very few are the men who require five hundred pages all to themselves; far fewer will bear expansion into two such volumes. Of how vast a number of our most distinguished friends would forty, fifty or sixty pages contain all that really requires to be handed down to posterity". The Dean has not been illiberal. When we consider that the English translation of Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* can be read in less than fifty pages, and that Southey's *Life of Nelson* can be read in little more than three hundred, the length to which the modern idea stretches is something portentous. We have indeed got leagues away from those happy days when a great book was held a great evil, but from which quarter the offence really comes has always puzzled me. There is no commoner complaint against the age in which we live than its restlessness, its hurry. We hear on all sides that we give ourselves no leisure to grow wise, no time to master any one branch of learning, barely time, indeed, to read any one book through. We are reminded, too, that we carry the same restlessness into our recreations; like so many Ios, stung by the gadfly of hurry, we traverse the world in troops, here to-day, gone to-morrow—"We who pursue," says the poet,

Our business with unslackening stride,

Traverse in troops, with care-filled breast,
The soft Mediterranean side,

The Nile, The East,

And see all sights from pole to pole,

And glance, and nod, and bustle by;

And never one possess our soul

Before we die.

And yet with all this, there never surely was a time when so many books were written, or such long ones. Whose is the fault that the world cannot be persuaded of the eternal truth enunciated by Dean Burgon? Is it the readers', or the writers', or the publishers'? Comes it from the world itself, from the flesh, or from—?

It is hard to say. Of course the writers are not blameless. Books that

will be read in a hurry will be written in a hurry, and, setting aside the mere physical labour of driving the pen over the paper, it is easier to make a long book than a short one. In the latter some sense of proportion is inevitable, there is room only for the essential fact; in the former the wallet of time is shaken out pell-mell at the reader's feet for him to pick out the essential facts himself, if he care and can. The printer is now the real biographer; a huge unsorted, undigested mass of letters, journals, commonplace-books, all "the idle story of an empty day", are sent to the printer, and he prints them. Such things are not books at all, any more than a heap of bricks, stones, timbers and mortar make a house. A biography is the story of a life; but biographies as now published furnish only the materials out of which the reader may if he please construct the story. This method of book-making holds in some measure true, I may observe in passing, of other forms of literature than biography. It holds not a little true, for instance, in our historical literature, which certainly leaves something to be desired in point of composition, for all the vast industry and accuracy of its research,—or what we call so, for of course our sons will no more allow us to have been accurate than we allow our fathers to have been; a fact which some of our historians might do well to remember when framing their indictments against their predecessors. No doubt there are moments when the very words of the actor give weight and reality to the scene; but long passages from charters, Acts of Parliament, despatches, speeches, while they certainly save the writer trouble, save him rather at the expense of the reader: weight indeed they give, but 'tis too often a heavy and a weary weight. It was not in this way that Gibbon or Macaulay worked. It would be an impertinence to our historians to say, as Landor said of other writers, that he who trusts too much to quotation must be either ostentatious of his acquirements or doubtful of his cause;

but certainly in what is essentially a narrative, its too frequent use must inevitably mar the beauty and unity of style.

In the mass of rubbish which goes to swell the modern biography letters play by far the largest part. "I have neither space nor wish", wrote Mr. Ruskin in one of the early chapters of his *Autobiography*, "to extend my proposed account of things that have been by records of correspondence; it is too much the habit of modern biographers to confuse epistolary talk with vital fact". Mr. Ruskin has said many true things in his time, but it is long since he said anything whose truth was so pertinent to our occasions. The excuse made here is that a man should always where possible be suffered to tell his own story; but this excuse will hardly serve. For my own part I have never had a great passion for reading other folks' correspondence, but that of course is merely an instance of the personal sensation which, as we all should know, is the great foe of criticism,—and, as some of us will fancy, its great inspirer. Some of the most delightful passages in our literature are indeed to be found in letters, but they were mostly, I think, written before the penny post had killed the epistolary art. Some wise man has said that of all the methods men have devised for wasting time none is so popular and so fatal as writing idle letters,—and naturally, for there is no device which cheats us with such a sense of employment. It is at least very certain that nine-tenths of the letters which make up nine-tenths of our current biographies tell no story, beyond the very bald one that they need not have been written and should certainly not have been kept. They are like nothing so much as those labours chronicled by the Gold Pen, which I trust I may be pardoned the liberty of profaning.

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
 Tradesman's polite reminder of his small
 Amount due Christmas last—I've *printed*
 all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph. *Can these things make the reader learn or laugh?*

I am a little doubtful, too, whether even the best of letters always serve the purpose claimed for them. Do they tell the writer's story? Did any writer ever put the whole truth and nothing but the truth about himself into a letter? I suspect they far more often tell the story of the receiver than the sender. The light they throw, to use the flattering phrase, is more often a side-light than a direct one. And there is another point. The more intimate, the more revealing a letter is, the more it shows us of the writer's self, the more prudence should surely be shown in printing it—and certainly is not. Such confessions were not meant for the common eye. In reading these secrets of the grave, as one may call them, is there not something of the sense that one has opened a friend's desk in his absence and is making free with his private papers? This shamefacedness will be thought mere folly of course in these days when everything must to the papers; but I think some of us must have felt it when reading a certain volume of letters printed not long ago, though none of us, I suspect, let his sense of right interfere with his enjoyment of wrong.

And still I am no nearer an answer to my question, who is to blame? The writers would hardly be encouraged to produce these immense bundles of scraps if the publishers did not find their account in them; and the publishers would hardly find their account in them if the public did not read them. The reviewers, it is true, occasionally protest; but who cares for a reviewer? We must suppose then that they find readers; but who are the readers? "The happiest mood of that man's mind, what can it be?" The fact is, I suppose, that there are people who regard a book as a means for passing the time; to sit in a chair

and turn over the pages of a book is a cheap, easy and dignified mode of wearing through the long hours. Such folks must be branches of the great family which conceives itself to be getting culture by attending the private views of our picture-galleries and the first nights of our plays, which believes itself to be, as the newspapers assure it, representative of the wit and the learning, the genius and the love of our beautiful city. And to such the longer a book is, the more acceptable of course it will be; for the less often comes the trouble to find a fresh one. This is the only solution I can find to the problem; and if it be the true one, the world, I fear, will never be persuaded to Dean Burgon's view.

OF A HISTORICAL NOVEL.

"Who now reads historical novels?" asks the scornful critic, and the patient public, bowing low before the blast, buys eighteen thousand copies of a new edition of "Westward Ho!" within six months—another and a signal proof of the eternal war between Literature and Dogma! The days of nothing good are gone, nor ever will go. The historical is no doubt the hardest of all forms of fiction to write well, and written ill, if there be a drearier waste of human effort than the theological novel, it is this; but, like the poet's little girl, when it is good, it is very good indeed, and will never fail to find readers; one has just been published (by Messrs. Longman) which should certainly not want them.

The name of this story is "Micah Clarke", and of the writer, Conan Doyle. The time is the time of Monmouth's rebellion—a time already chosen by Mr. Besant for his last novel, "For Faith and Freedom", which is also a good thing. The historical quality of Mr. Doyle's tale lies rather in the time than the characters. Monmouth is there, of course, and Lord Grey of Wark, Judge Jeffreys and the wretched fanatic Ferguson, the Plotter. Monmouth is well

drawn, with his handsome face, his winning manners, and his fatal irresolution; a Stuart to the backbone (though, to be sure, they were no comely race, if the walls of the New Gallery speak truth), the very prototype of Prince Charlie. But we are not brought much into contact with them; they are never allowed to interfere with the proper course of the narrative nor to thrust the real protagonists off the scene. Such history as Mr. Doyle uses he manages very skillfully. I have only noticed one place where in his wish to add a touch of historic colour he has used the wrong tint. The Duke of Beaufort, commenting on Monmouth's unfitness for leadership, is made to observe that "all men knew that Dundee and Dalzell were the real conquerors at Bothwell Bridge"; but there was no Dundee till three years after the Duke spoke, and Dalzell was not present at the battle. The slip is in truth not of the slightest importance; I mention it because, so far as I know, it is the only one. The historian and the antiquarian—the two great foes of this sort of writing—are never suffered to get in the novelist's way. The latter's business is with Micah and his particular group of companions, and like a true story-teller he never forgets his story. He follows Scott in this way, and in some others.

The four companions whose fortunes make the personal interest of Mr. Doyle's tale are Micah, the son of Joseph Clarke, one of Cromwell's Ironsides, who has exchanged his trusty broadsword for the more peaceful tools of a tanner: Reuben, son of old John Lockarby of the Wheatsheaf Tavern: Decimus Saxon, a soldier of fortune who has fought under half the flags in Christendom; and Sir Gervas Jerome, a young spendthrift who having dined and drunk his patrimony away in London is ready to set his life at the new game of war. Micah and Reuben are of no great mark; both are sturdy, straight-going West-country lads, Reuben the most cheerful,

Micah of the strongest tissue. The latter has some touch of his father's Puritanical leaven in him, softened by his mother's quieter and more natural piety. In his vast stature and strength, as well as in his simple right-mindedness, he recalls John Ridd; but he is drawn in fainter colours than the immortal Jan. He is a good, brave, honest creature, and that ends it. But the other pair are of different quality. Decimus Saxon is indeed an uncommonly well-managed character. It is hard to avoid comparing him with Captain Dugald Dalgetty, and it must be granted that he comes much better off the comparison than most men would in his place. And this is not the only memory Mr. Doyle stirs of "The Legend of Montrose". In Micah's deliverance from the Boteler dungeon at Badminton there is a pleasant reminiscence of Dalgetty's escape from Inverary, but the English duke comes better out of it than the Scotch one. In this use of the word reminiscence let it not be supposed there is so much as a hint even of plagiarism,—an offence, indeed, which when successful has always seemed to me one of the least a novelist can be guilty of. The only point of resemblance in the two scenes is that both dukes visit their captives in disguise and that both are detected. The reminiscence is such as some feature of a landscape we are passing through will revive of one seen long ago—as the death of John Derrick recalls the death of Carver Doone. Perhaps the worst point against Saxon is that we never get to like him. Dugald, for all his pedantry and conceit, is everybody's friend; but though brave as a lion and as knowing as the pupil of the great Gustavus himself in the science of war, and as ready to expound it, Decimus is, in truth, no better than a ruffian. He has all his prototype's worse qualities intensified and none of his better ones. He has no bowels, he is a knave and an arrant hypocrite to boot; for a handful of gold pieces

he would slit the throat of the old man who befriended him in his need, and mercy for a vanquished foe was not in his articles of war. He does, it is true, redeem himself in some sort at the end by his good services to Micah (which, to be sure, cost him nothing), and our last thought of him is not all a black one. But a ruffian he is, unscrupulous, selfish, brutal. He wants the natural touch; and this, among other things, keeps him from that inner circle of our friends where the good Laird of Drumthwacket moves. Sir Gervas Jerome is cast in a very different mould. The gaming-houses and taverns of London have not spoiled his better part. It is mere chance which throws him on Monmouth's side, for Trojan or Tyrian are one or none to him; but when there he approves himself a valiant soldier and an honest gentleman. Only his fopperies he cannot put away. Like the Spartan he will feed cheerfully on coarse bread and puddle water; like the Spartan he will die cheerfully at his post; but like the Spartan he must dress his hair before going into battle. Out of the wreck of his fortunes he congratulates himself on having saved such necessities of existence as his eyebrow-brush, patch-box, powder-bag, comb and puff; and the post which brought him a fresh supply of orange-flower water and imperial snuff was as welcome as a blast of Roderick's bugle-horn had been to Clan Alpine. In the roughest weather and after the longest day's march, he would show on parade next morning washed, scented, and brushed as trimly as in the height of his dandy-time. But though Sir Gervas often stirs our laughter, he never provokes our contempt. Brave and cool in danger as Anthony Buyse himself, he is as gentle as a woman and as gay as a schoolboy; and when he is cut down at his post on Sedgemoor, disdaining to save himself by flight when his men have fallen, we all echo honest Micah's sorrow for his gallant friend.

But the true quality of Mr. Doyle's book lies less in the characters than the narrative. In the hurry of war-time and the shock of battle there is little leisure for that human filigree-work in which the more peaceful novelist delights. Micah is telling the story of an episode in his life during which he had to keep his head with his hands every hour of the day, and you cannot well pause to analyse the motives of the man who is doing his best to kill you. For the same reason woman plays a very small part on the busy little stage; *cedat toga armis*—the petticoat goes off when the broadswords come on. It is in the spirit of the narrative, the quick succession of stirring scenes, the broad course of events, that the true pith of the book lies, though the human figures are there too, real and active enough, each playing his own part in his own fashion. In this respect no better thing has been done since "Lorna Doone", though many good things may have been done. I must find room for one quotation,—for the last scene at Sedgemoor, when the royal cavalry having crossed the dyke came down in force on the rebels.

"You shall have something to console you anon," cried the German with his eye shining. "Mein Gott! Is it not splendid? Look to it, friend Saxon, look to it!" It was no light matter which had roused the soldier's admiration. Out of the haze which still lay thick upon our right there twinkled here and there a bright gleam of silvery light, while a dull thundering noise broke upon our ears like that of the surf upon a rocky shore. More and more frequent came the fitful flashes of steel, louder and yet louder grew the hoarse gathering tumult, until of a sudden the fog was rent, and the long lines of the royal cavalry broke out from it, wave after wave, rich in scarlet and blue and gold, as grand a sight as the eye ever rested upon. There was something in the smooth steady sweep of so great a body of horsemen which gave the feeling of irresistible power. Rank after rank, and line after line, with waving standards, tossing manes, and gleaming steel, they poured onwards, an army in themselves, with either flank still shrouded in the mist. As they thundered along,

knee to knee and bridle to bridle, there came from them such a gust of deep-chested oaths with the jangle of harness, the clash of steel, and the measured beat of multitudinous hoofs, that no man who had not stood up against such a whirlwind with nothing but a seven-foot pike in his hand, can know how hard it is to face it with a steady lip and a firm grip. But wonderful as was the sight, there was, as ye may guess, my dears, little time for us to gaze upon it. Saxon and the German flung themselves among the pikemen and did all that men could do to thicken their array. Sir Gervas and I did the same with the scythemen, who had been trained to form a triple front after the German fashion, one rank kneeling, one stooping, and one standing erect with weapons advanced. Close to us the Taunton men had hardened into a dark, sullen ring, bristling with steel, in the centre of which might be seen and heard their venerable Mayor, his long beard fluttering in the breeze and his strident voice clanging over the field. Louder and louder grew the roar of the horse. "Steady, my brave lads," cried Saxon in trumpet tones. "Dig the pike-butt into the earth! Rest it on the right foot! Give not an inch! Steady!" A great shout went up from either side, and then the living wave broke over us. What hope is there to describe such a scene as that—the crashing of wood, the sharp, gasping cries, the snorting of horses, the jar when the push of pike met with the sweep of the sword! Who can hope to make another see that of which he himself carries away so vague and dim an impression? One who has acted in such a scene gathers no general sense of the whole combat, such as might be gained by a mere onlooker, but he has

stamped for ever upon his mind just these few incidents which may chance to occur before his own eyes. Thus my memories are confined to a swirl of smoke with steel caps and fierce eager faces breaking through it, with the red gaping nostrils of horses and their pawing fore-feet, as they recoiled from the hedge of steel. I see, too, a young beardless lad, an officer of dragoons, crawling on hands and knees under the scythes, and I hear his groan as one of the peasants pinned him to the ground. I see a bearded broad-faced trooper riding a grey horse just outside the fringe of the scythes, seeking for some entrance, and screaming the while with rage. Small things inprint themselves upon a man's notice at such a time. I even marked the man's strong white teeth and pink gums. At the same time I see a white-faced thin-lipped man leaning far forward over his horse's neck and driving at me with his sword's point, cursing the while as only a dragoon can curse. All these images start up as I think of that fierce rally, during which I hacked and cut and thrust at man and horse without a thought of parry or guard. All round rose a fierce babel of shouts and cries, godly ejaculations from the peasants and oaths from the horsemen, with Saxon's voice above all imploring his pikemen to stand firm. Then the cloud of horsemen recoiled, circling off over the plain, and the shout of triumph from my comrades, and an open snuff-box thrust out in front of me, proclaimed that we had seen the back of as stout squadrons as ever followed a kettledrum.

There has not been many a better battle-piece than that done in printer's ink!

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1889.

MAROONED.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STRANGE ISLAND.

HOWEVER, as it turned out, the fears which had led me to the handling of my fire-arms, and to my disturbing Miss Grant, proved groundless. The night passed quietly. Mole roused me at eight bells by beating over my head; and when I went on deck I found him as vigilant as need be, the ship sailing quietly along, the watch below turning out, everything as orderly, in short, as though Broadwater still had charge, with Mr. Bothwell at hand as an instrument to drive discipline home.

So it was next day, and so it was next night, and for many days and many nights afterwards. For a whole week together we sailed along without handling a brace or lifting the clews of a royal. To be sure, it was weather to be expected in those parallels. The trade-wind hummed over our quarter, sometimes merrily enough to put an edge of froth to the curl of dark blue ripple; sometimes so softly that I would think we had lost it. The men were very orderly; they kept to their quarters, and never one of them, with the exception of Mole, or the cook, who punctually waited upon us, so much as put a foot upon the companion-steps. They did no work; the decks remained unwashed; what trifling decoration of brass there was

about the vessel grew green; the paint-work became grimy and blotched with heat and neglect; the sailors lounged about the deck all day, smoking and yarning, and then when the cool of the second dog-watch came, they would fill their little tub with punch, dance, sing songs, and fall to the sort of merry-making I have described. The pigs belonging to the brig they killed by degrees, and also made free with the cabin provisions and the live stock; but our own private stores they never offered to touch. Every day, after working out my observations, I would show Mole our position on the chart, but I was careful not to question him. In fact his own and the resolved attitude of the others satisfied me that they had made up their minds, that they had agreed upon a scheme from which nothing was to divert them, and of which it was their intention to keep me in ignorance; and I saw there was no remedy for Miss Grant and myself but patience.

Well, the time passed in this way, one day being the counterpart of another, and the hours seemed as minutes when one looked back, so monotonous it all was, though our consuming expectation and anxiety made the end seem so remote that I would feel sometimes as if I must fall mad from the mere waiting for it. Now and again, but at long intervals, we sighted a sail; but it was always at a distance, and I would bring my eye with a sort

of loathing in me from the gleam of it, so ironical would be its accentuation of our condition, so idle and distracting the yearnings it awoke in me. But one day there came a change of weather. A shift of wind had happened in the morning-watch when I was below, and when I went on deck I found the atmosphere thick, the breeze off the port-bow, and the brig under all plain sail, with the yards braced fore and aft. I made nothing of this at first, for I never doubted that it would brighten out into tropical fairness again in an hour; but finding that it continued, I grew uneasy. For, as I could catch no sight of the sun, there was nothing for it but to depend upon dead-reckoning; and as throughout I had no very profound faith in myself as a navigator, and less faith still in the accuracy of old Broadwater's rusty appliances of aged quadrant and infirm chronometer, I feared that my earlier calculations, supplemented by such guess-work as dead-reckoning implies, would find me all adrift when the time came, as I should suppose, to report that Cuba might be looked for in twelve or twenty-four hours. I say I was afraid, for reassuring as might be the behaviour of the men now, it was impossible to foresee what posture they would take if they should find me wrong in my navigation. Indeed my very life might depend upon my accuracy. They would suspect I had wilfully deceived them, and God alone knows what usage I should receive from them if they worked themselves into a passion over this fancy.

The nights were as thick as the days. I never turned out in the dark without an eager look aloft; but the gloom came down to our mastheads; not the leanest phantom of a star was ever visible, and the dawn was again and again the same feeble filtering of granite-coloured light through a sullen grey sky. I told Mole that as the brig was off her course, with a certain amount of leeway to be accounted for, and as I had nothing to

depend upon but the log-line, it would be impossible for me to guarantee that we should hit the Cuba coast. I said this to him at noon on the second day of the thick weather, whilst with quadrant in hand I stood hoping for an apparition of the sun.

He looked at me suspiciously under the mat of hair that drooped upon his brow, and said, "But we ain't outside five days' sail of it, are we?"

"About that," I answered.

"Then how can we fail hitting the island?" he exclaimed. "It's long enough; there's range of coast to keep it in sight if it was as high in the air as the moon is. The brig's head's west by north, half-north, two and a half points off. Our position being known, we shall be able to tell when it is time to go about."

"Ay," said I, "but put her about, and where will she be heading to? South-south-east won't serve our turn, Mr. Mole. Besides, I'm not sure of the currents hereabouts. Captain Broadwater's instruments are not of the best, you must know, and his charts are as old as his quadrant. He had made the run to Rio so often that he could smell his way along; but here am I, no experienced navigator, mind you, heading right away off Broadwater's course, and thrusting into a smother that leaves me nothing but the log-line to work my way by."

I saw he did not like this at all. He eyed me very uneasily, with a shadow of temper rising to his face.

"Should be mere crow-flying work, it seems to me," he exclaimed; "'tain't as if it was a rock you was heading for. Look at the length of the Cuba coast, sir, on the chart. West by south's the course; that's ondoubted, if the compass don't lie. Werry well; you're within five days of a range pretty nigh as long as one side of Europe. How can ye be a-missing of it with the log a-going every two hours, and the course showing clear in yonder binnacle?"

"As you are so cock-sure," said I, defiantly, "I heartily wish you would

relieve me of the responsibility of navigating the vessel. Since you know all about it, take charge of her! I've done my best, and will resign my trust gladly."

"No, no, by —," he cried, with an oath; "we've kept to our side of the agreement, you keep to yours. You undertook, under conditions which the crew's complied with, to navigate this brig to within a day's sail of Cuba, and then tell us when we was arrived at it. We must hold ye to that, sir," he added, with a dark look.

"What I've done, I've done honestly," said I; "I have been as loyal on my side as I admit the crew have been conscientious on theirs. Use me as you will—I am in your power and cannot help myself, and you know it! —I have performed my share of the cursed compact!" with which I turned on my heel, leaving him standing and following me with his eyes.

Well, for five days and five nights the thick weather lasted. The end then came, very fortunately for me, for had this spell of bitter anxiety been protracted another week, I believe my mind would have become unhinged. The distrust of the men had grown so keen that they watched me as if I were a rattlesnake. Their very ignorance of navigation rendered them the more suspicious. Every day Mole took the chart forward and showed them where we were by dead-reckoning; and you would see them shouldering one another as they looked, flinging a note of growling upon the air with their combined utterances, pointing to the chart with their thumbs, and then gazing around the sea as if there should be something there to furnish them with a hint of the true situation of the brig.

At four o'clock on the morning of the sixth day, when Mole arrived on the quarter-deck to relieve me, the ocean lay as darkly shrouded as it had been at any time since the first of this gloom had gathered around us. The wind had shifted at noon on the previous day, and the course I then shaped

was west-south-west, but at midnight it had headed us again, and the brig had broken off to west by north. Yet the breeze had been steady throughout; we had shown royals to it the whole time, and it had made life as easy-going aboard as ever the steady wafting of the trade-wind had; that is to say, it demanded no pulling and hauling from the men, no furling or setting again. Under a close luff the Iron Crown broke the short gray seas with her larboard bow with a handsome trend to leeward, as was to be noticed by the run of the short streak of oily wake veering away on the quarter.

Mole was grim and surly as an unshaven sailor newly awakened when he arrived. I was not less sullen than he, sick at heart with the four hours' straining of my eyes in search of a star, and weary besides with the fatigue that comes to a man out of anxiety, idle conjecture, and a sense of uncertainty, that in my case was heightened by waiting into a sort of anguish. I briefly and sulkily gave him the news of the four hours, which amounted to nothing, and with a yawn and a shiver went below and to bed.

I was awakened from a deep sleep by a thumping of heavy knuckles on the bulkhead outside. I started up, conceiving I had overslept myself: that it was past the hour, in short, when I should have relieved Mole; but on looking at my watch, which hung at hand, I observed it was but seven o'clock. The knocking was repeated.

"Who's there?" I sang out.

The gruff voice of a seaman named Williamson answered, "Mr. Mole wants ye on deck, sir."

"Right," I answered, jumping out of my bunk, whilst I wondered if some fresh tragedy had happened, for my being called in this way brought the morning of Broadwater's disappearance to my mind, and that was a memory to crowd my imagination with a score of black fears and anticipations. Meanwhile I took notice that the weather had cleared, and that it was a fine

bright morning. The shining of the sunlight upon the scuttle puzzled me. It came full to the glass in a brimming of white splendour off the sea, whereas if we were holding our course the luminary should be nearly astern, with a slanting of his radiance along our sides, out of which no beam could twist to lie as the light now lay in a circular tremble of pale gold upon the door facing the scuttle. Nor could I immediately fail to observe that the brig floated steady. My ear was too practised not to rightly interpret the slopping sounds of water against the run. She rolled slightly, with much internal creaking, as was natural to her; but I did not need to go on deck to gather that either her topsail was to the mast or that her anchor was down.

What had happened? I lingered a minute or two outside my cabin-door, with my ear against the bulkhead of Miss Grant's berth. All was still within. I knocked, then called out gently, "Is it well with you, Miss Grant?"

"Yes; what is it now, Mr. Musgrave?" she replied.

I answered, "I cannot tell. I am now going on deck."

"I will join you shortly," she said.

It was comforting to hear her voice. In such a vessel as the *Iron Crown* it was impossible to know what might happen from hour to hour, and I protest, when I listened and heard no sound in my companion's cabin, such a chill of dismay for an instant fell upon my heart, that the sensation was as bad in its way as the realization of a fear. But all was well with her, and without further lingering I stepped on deck.

It takes a man a little time to collect the details of a picture. For a moment perhaps I stood in the companion-way, looking aloft and upon the decks, and then round upon the sea. The brig, as I had expected to find her, was hove-to. Her mainsail was hauled up, the topsail aback, the royals clewed down. It was a very clear, brilliant

morning. Every vestige of the leaden, oppressive atmosphere that had environed us throughout the week had disappeared. The sea-line ran with a crystalline sheen like the edge of a lens out of the west, carrying the airy, delicate gleam with it in its curvature to the east, where it broke into white flame under the hot and mounting sun.

Directly on our starboard-beam, at the distance of a mile or less, stood an island. The blue went past it on both hands, and the atmospheric hue of the sky beyond was assurance positive to the nautical eye that the ocean was on that side as well as on this. It showed a seaboard of a couple of miles; the foreshore of it apparently coral sand, which to the sunshine dazzled out almost blindingly against the dark green background of bush, tree, and small savanna. Here and there that lustrous beach curved into a little creek with an overhanging of palm-trees on either side of it, like human beings bowing to one another. The breeze was light, there was scarce an undulation of swell, and the thin line of surf crawling out of the blue surface on to the sand came to the eye in a radiant tremble. It was a low island, a Cay, as I might gather, of the true Bahaman type, with a green hammock or two amidships of it; here and there a volcanic-like protuberance of land, with verdant slopes refreshing to the eye to rest upon, and a kind of swarming of trees in places, their tops above the sky-line of the shore, and their branches defining a fibrine conformation as delicate as coral against the liquid azure.

The sailors leaned over the side of the brig, looking at this island. Mole stood gazing at it close to the companion, with his arms folded, manifestly waiting for me to appear. I was a minute however in the hatch before he was sensible of my presence.

"That's not Cuba, sir," he exclaimed, instantly levelling his finger to the island.

At the sound of his voice the fellows

who were hanging over the rail looked round, and two or three of them dismounted and drew near; but merely, as I believed, the better to hear what I had to say, for there was nothing threatening in their manner or faces.

"No," said I, stepping out of the hatch to command a clearer view of the horizon, "that island is assuredly not Cuba, as you say, Mr. Mole. 'Tis a Cay, with a name of its own, I don't doubt. Our drift must have been to the north of west, with a set of current that has thrown me all abroad in my reckonings. I'll step below for the chart."

"Never mind about the chart," he exclaimed, with a note in his voice that brought me to a dead stand in a second; "that island's bekknown to us."

The half-blood Charles came from the rail with his hands in his breeches-pockets. "*I* know it," he exclaimed, with a peculiar expression in the roll of his sloe-like eyes upon me; "it'll do as well as Cuba—maybe better," he added, speaking the words through his nose with a Yankee drawl.

"What is the island?" I asked.

"It'll be in the West Indie boiling, anyhow," answered the half-blood; "it's all right. No civilization on it; no blasted lawyers to choke a man for doing his messmates a good turn." He whistled softly, with a half-smile at Mole, then swung on his heel and returned to the rail.

Mole eyed me steadfastly, like a man considering; the others, methought, with something of pity mingled with rough curiosity in the air with which they surveyed me. A miserable feeling of uneasiness possessed my mind. Mole's manner was authoritative, and even insolent, a behaviour he had no need to open his mouth to utter. But the others showed a sort of indifference; the men at the rail just looked at me, then resumed their posture of surveying the island; the two or three who had drawn near eyed me, but, as I have said, with curiosity only, for I could witness no malevolence in their regard.

I confess I should have been less scared had the whole of them closed around me on my arrival in a hubbub of savage cries and threats, charging me with having deceived them and the like. This at least would have been consistent with the apprehensions which had almost worn me out during the past week; but the careless, half-composed demeanour they now opposed to me was absolutely terrifying, and I vow 'twas almost a relief to turn from those inquisitive faces, as of those of a crowd in a street staring at some one injured, or in a fit, to the more defined expression on Mole's face, showing sullenly some dark resolution at heart.

I put my hand to my brow and swept the sea-line. It ran without a break to the resplendent shaft of sunlight in its bosom.

"Is this the only island in sight?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mole curtly.

"Ay, but I mean," I exclaimed, "is there no more land visible from the masthead?"

"There's a film away to the west'ards in sight from the cross-trees, that's all," he answered grimly, no longer softening his words with the "sirs" he was used to give me. "We should have been ashore had it held thick. The course ye gave me was dead on end for it."

I glanced at the topsail hollowing backwards to the mast, then at the island, then at him, and said suddenly, "What do you mean to do?"

He fetched a deep breath, and said, "After you and the lady have breakfasted, we'll put ye ashore."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAROONED.

ON hearing these words, the men who were standing near us at the bulwarks approached, and looked on and listened; yet they exhibited little more than curiosity in their manner.

"Do I understand," said I, controlling my voice, "that it is your intention to put the lady and me ashore

upon that little island, and leave us there?"

"Yes," he answered, trying to look me full in the face; but his eyes fell to my stare of horror and astonishment.

"Men," I cried, rounding upon the others, "this is hard usage to give a man who has served you as I have. Even though I should have deserved this treatment, what has the lady done to merit it? Her sympathies were with you all from the very hour——"

"For God Almighty's sake, don't argue, Mr. Musgrave," cried Mole, stamping heavily with his foot, and accompanying the gesture by a nervous sweep of his arm. "Our minds are made up. Had yonder island been Cuba, it would have been the same; we'd have set ye both ashore. You and the lady are witnesses we're bound to leave behind us, no matter where. It *must* be done!"

He stamped again. I looked at the half-blood, and was about to address him, but he immediately returned to the rail, and there hung whistling, keeping time by drumming with his fingers.

"Mr. Mole," said I, "it is in your power to give us a better chance for our lives than yonder island will provide. Why do you fear us as witnesses? I am willing to take any oath you and the others may require to keep the events of this voyage secret. Miss Grant will do the same. Put us in the way of reaching some inhabited coast—send us adrift, if you will, within a day's reach of a town, I do not care where it may be—but to land and leave us *there*!" I pointed to the island.

He turned his back upon me, and walked without reply a few steps forward, then turning suddenly and extending his arm, with his great hand clenched, cried out: "Mr. Musgrave, I have begged ye not to argue. It'll do no good. When a man's in hell he's got damnation enough." He swept his hair off his brow, and continued:

"Your breakfast 'll be served afore long, and we shall then want you to be ready. She'll carry ye," nodding towards the quarter-boat; "the water's smooth, and you can take what you will that belongs to you. Best bear a hand to get your traps together, for we've got no notion ourselves of hanging hove-to here." He turned his back again upon me, thrust in among four or five men who were at the bulwarks, and stood with them looking at the island.

"Do they mean to set us ashore, Mr. Musgrave?"

Miss Grant was at my side, glancing from the island to around her, with a face in which one saw the first flushing of consternation yielding to a cooler mood even as one watched it.

"Yes," I answered.

"What island is that?" she exclaimed.

"I do not know," I replied.

"Can you not find out?"

"It is doubtless one of the Bahama group, but which it is impossible to say, seeing how wildly wrong I have proved in my reckonings. It is seemingly known to the half-blood, but there is nothing to be got from him or from the others, the merciless villains!"

"Is it inhabited?" she inquired.

"No. If it were I should welcome the act of cruelty as a deliverance from an intolerable situation."

She took me by the arm, and led me a little distance aft out of earshot of the men. Mole peered at us past the rounded back of another fellow, with irritable impatience in his posture of doing so. She viewed the island for a little while without speaking, apparently lost in thought. Her breath came and went tranquilly. The fear that had for a moment or two shone in her eyes being gone, I could not discern the least symptom of alarm in her. I stood silent, marvelling at her composure, wondering indeed whether it did not owe much to her inability to compass what the men's intentions

signified to us. Presently she said quietly, "Will not the chart in the cabin tell us what this island is?"

"I will look when I go below," I replied, but added bitterly, "How should the name of it concern us?"

She interrupted me: "No; but if we can discover its situation, the chart would show us which is the nearest inhabited land, so that we shall know in which direction to steer when we leave that place." I was about to speak. "Oh, Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed softly, with the faintest tremor in her voice, though her face flushed to the spirit of resolution in her, "I would rather things should be as they are—I would indeed! Our life in this vessel has grown unendurable. My nights are miserable. I can scarcely rest for thought of the plans those fellows there may be hatching. We shall be together on that island; the nightmare of fancy that haunts me of being left alone on this brig—of our being separated through some deed of violence—will be ended. The worst has come, so far as *they* are concerned," she continued, with a shuddering half-turn of her face towards the seamen, "and there at least," directing her glance at the island, "I shall be spared the hundred daily and nightly dreads which terrify me here. It is hard, it is hard!" she muttered in an almost musing way, "but it is less than I feared. They never meant that you should be able to bear witness against the half-blood, against themselves. Some kind of end must have come, Mr. Musgrave. It is miserable as it is; but time after time my terror has foreboded something infinitely worse."

It was afterwards that I recognized the truth of her words; but just then I was so wild and crazed by this blow, by the cold, calculating inhumanity of the men, in whose demeanour I had never witnessed the least hint of such barbarous usage as they were now about to give us, which throughout had been their intention towards us,

and which doubtless was the reason of their demand that I should let them know when we were within a day's sail of the Cuba coast—I say that at that time the conflict of emotions was so violent in me, I could get nothing out of the composure and thoughtful words of the sweet and noble woman at my side but a sort of dull wonder at her tranquillity.

"Your breakfast's gone below, Mr. Musgrave," shouted Mole; "me and my mates 'll be obliged by you and the lady bearing a hand. Another half-hour's as much as we can allow ye."

"Let us go to the cabin," said Miss Grant; "your heart will come to you again soon. I declare I thank God for this thing as a deliverance."

She led the way, and I followed. The cook was lingering at the table, as though adjusting it to his taste, but on our showing ourselves he ran hastily up the steps, fearful perhaps that we should address him. It was not a time to think of eating. For my part, I believe a crumb of biscuit would have sufficed to choke me. In truth, the long hours of bitter anxiety I had suffered had unnerved me; but to what extent I should not have known but for this sudden testing of my courage. I saw Miss Grant look as though she meant to force herself to partake of the meal, to embolden me by a further illustration of her coolness, but she turned away after a minute, and said, "What is next to be done?"

"We must pack up our traps," said I; "we are at liberty to carry our luggage ashore. Ashore! Good God!"

I could scarcely utter the words. You talk of going ashore when newly arrived off a town; or if off a coast, you go ashore to return again to the ship; but to think of going ashore to this little island, to stop there with nothing in sight but a blue streak of haze, visible only from the elevation of the cross-trees—

"Shall we take all we have?" asked Miss Grant, as collectedly, I protest,

as if this Atlantic Ocean were the English Channel, and there was a boat alongside ready to carry us to Plymouth or Dover.

"Yes," I answered, almost mechanically, for this was a detail indeed I found it hard to bend my mind down to; "throw what you have into your boxes and portmanteaux. I will wait for you here."

In five minutes I had stowed my possessions away, and then going to Broadwater's berth, drew a chart of the West India Islands from the bag, and returned with it to the cabin. I hung over it eagerly, but to little purpose. Here was a stretch of islands starting from high abreast of the Florida coast and trending away down to Dominica, and which of them that green and gleaming spot of land out to starboard was, it was hopeless to conjecture. At a later date I might have put my finger upon it without much trouble, but Broadwater's charts were exceedingly old, and this one of the West Indies was complicated and disfigured with ink-marks and dim tracings like a school-boy's lesson-book. However there could be no doubt that this island fringed the thicker zone, that it was some eastward sentinel Cay, such as Rum, Cat, or Watling Island, and that civilization therefore bore from it as the sun set; so that our course, should we make shift to get away, must lie to the west and south.

Whilst I pored upon the chart, the companion was darkened by the figure of a man, and the imperious voice of Mole rang down, "Are ye ready, Mr. Musgrave?"

"I am waiting for the lady," I replied.

I took the chart, and went to the foot of the companion-steps with it. "Mr. Mole," I said, "I have served you as honestly as it was possible to me in the navigation of this brig. It is surely not too much to ask you the name of the island over the side, that I may fix its position here," pointing to the chart, "so as to be able to tell in what

quarter of this bare sea the inhabited lands lie?"

"The name's of no consequence, nor its bearings either," he responded gruffly; "ten to one if it's wrote down on a chart that's brought us up with a round turn leagues and leagues clear of the coast we aimed at. Bear a hand, if you please, sir; the men are growing impatient."

I flung the chart down on the deck. It was a merciful thing I had not armed myself, for I was so mad just then it was as likely as not that I should have drawn upon the ruffian, and paid the penalty by being tossed over the side with a lump of holystone seized to my feet. Miss Grant came out of the cabin.

"I am ready," she exclaimed; "are we expected to carry our luggage on deck?"

I called to Mole, who still stood at the head of the companion-ladder, "You can send a couple of men for the boxes," and so saying, I conducted Miss Grant through the hatch.

They had lowered the boat and brought her alongside under the gangway, that was unshipped with steps over it. A few of the men eyed us askant as though ashamed, yet too curious not to steal a glance. The half-blood was one of these. I thought to myself—"You beauty! Old Broadwater after all had the true gauging of your nature. If ever the gallows were put to a profitable use, it will be when you dangle from it, bleaching to the wind!" I stood with folded arms, my eyes rooted to the deck, Miss Grant by my side, neither of us speaking. Somehow the sense of bitter humiliation, induced by the thought of the sort of men they were who were using us thus, weakened the deep emotion of dismay with which I contemplated our abandonment upon that island. In a few minutes a couple of fellows arrived, bearing our luggage. There were four or five boxes and portmanteaux, along with a carpet-bag or two, some bundles of rugs, a hat-box, and the like; and I cannot express the horrible accentua-

tion these prosaic things gave to our condition when one looked from them to over the rail at the line of white surf melting into the sparkling sand, with the greenery beyond, without a hint even of savage human structure to relieve the spirit of wildness which was swept into the heart of the lonely place out of the infinite ocean distance by the blue line of the horizon going past it on either hand. The two men who had brought the luggage dropped over the side into the boat; the boxes and portmanteaux were handed over.

"Now, sir," said Mole.

I was about to speak. Miss Grant clasped my hand. "Hush!" she whispered, "come!"

Without a word I got over the side and helped her to descend. Suddenly some one cried out, "They're going ashore without anything to eat or drink."

"Vast with that boat, Jim!" shouted Mole.

There was a pause of a few minutes, then what was left of our private stores was passed over, along with a couple of beakers of fresh water and a jar of spirits belonging to the brig. "Shove off!" sung out Mole, "and bear a hand back, lads."

The two fellows threw their oars over, and the little boat, deep with the weight of the provisions, the luggage, and the four people in her, glided shorewards over the blue rippling surface. It happened strangely enough that the two men were of the three (the half-blood being the third) who had pulled us aboard the *Iron Crown* from Deal. They were both Englishmen, with a ginger-coloured fork of beard, a wrinkled skin, dingy with weather, and covered with knobs like the foot of a sea-boot. They never offered to speak to us, and strenuously avoided meeting our eyes, watching indeed the shearing of their blades through the clear water, as though indeed they were a couple of draper's assistants out for an hour's row. I held Miss Grant's hand, scarce conscious of what I was doing, though I afterwards remembered that she

cherished my hold of it, as though, with a woman's sympathy, she believed I drew courage from the pressure of her fingers, and for that reason let me have my way. Had we been going ashore to some bright town full of life and conveniences, whence in a day or two we should be able to start for Rio, she could not have shown herself more perfectly tranquil and easy. Once she looked behind her at the receding form of the brig, and breathed deep a moment, but the respiration was not a sigh. For my part I never turned my head; my eyes were fixed upon the island we were approaching, but with a feeling of numbness in my mind which rendered curiosity so languid that I gazed as if it were some passing scene in which I had no other concern than that of a spectator.

The men made for the nearest of the creeks, where the tender lift of the summer sea ran foamless to the shadows cast by the leaning trees on either side; the boat's forefoot struck the almost snow-white sand, which went winding up like a silver trail through the herbage, as you notice it on the Mozambique or Natal seaboard, and the sailor in the bows jumped out. The spit of shore that formed the right-hand shoulder of this creek, looking seawards, shelved so flatly to the wash of the surf, that you saw the ocean spreading beyond it to the open sky, with the brig, her topsail still aback, barely leaning from the wind, her canvas and hull dark against the flashing water and the airy splendour beyond her. I threw a look at her now, and thought I could distinguish the tall figure of Mole, watching us through a glass which he steadied against a backstay. The seaman who remained in the boat handed out our luggage and provisions, parcel by parcel, to the other, who dragged or carried them a few yards clear of the water's edge. On this freight being discharged, I went into the bow and stepped ashore, Miss Grant springing easily from the gun-

wale with her hand upon my outstretched arm. My inward rage and despair raised so great an aversion in me to the two sailors, that the mere being addressed by them would have been intolerable, and I was brisk in quitting the boat and in assisting Miss Grant, that they might have no excuse to order us ashore. But I had no sooner felt the ground under my feet than the conviction seized me that we were to be left without a boat! I had not thought of this. My consternation, ever since Mole had apprised me of the intentions of the crew, had been so great that such considerations as had entered my mind were, as I may say, instinctive only; by which I mean, that when a thought occurred to me it was accompanied by a sort of dull notion of its being true. I had—I know not why—reckoned in this mechanical, instinctive way upon our being furnished with a boat; had looked at the chart with that fancy in my mind, and concluded that when we left the island we must steer to the west and to the south; the unconsidered idea in me being that we should be provided with a boat. But now I understood that these men, to return to the brig, must go away with the boat, and that the girl and I were to be marooned to the very height of the meaning of the wild old buccaneering word!

One fellow sat ready to back water; the other, standing in the bows, was in the act of poling the little craft off to get her head seawards. I sprang in a bound to the very lip of the shoaling water.

"My God, men!" I cried, articulating with difficulty, so tremulously was my heart beating, so choking was the sense of constriction in my throat, "you do not mean to leave us here without any means of escaping? Lads, as sailors and Englishmen, show some pity. We are without a refuge!" I cried, almost hysterically, pointing inland; "without tools, without skill to contrive a fabric to escape from this

horrible solitude. Men, as you are English sailors——"

"Shove her off, Bill," growled the fellow in the stern. "Away with us! There's no use talking, and nothen can come of listening."

The boat's head sped round to the thrust of the oar; the two blades dipped—sparkled—dipped again; in a few moments she was clear of the creek, with the two rowers bending to their toil as though they were pulling for a wager.

I walked slowly to where Miss Grant was standing. I think for a little while I must have been off my head, as the common saying goes, for I recollect shaking my fist at the boat and the brig beyond, and heaping fifty curses upon the crew; until exhaustion, combined with the sweltering heat of the sun striking off the white dusty dazzle upon which we stood, came to my rescue and most mercifully silenced me. Miss Grant never spoke, never offered to interrupt or check me. She allowed me to talk myself out, and then taking hold of the sleeve of my coat, quietly drew me to one of the trunks that stood under the shadow of a tree, upon which by a gentle movement of her hand she induced me to sit, and then extracting a little silver-mounted bottle of refreshing scent from her pocket, she damped her handkerchief with it, and held it to my forehead.

I believe, had there been a tear in my composition, my eyes would have distilled it at that moment.

I broke from my spell of womanly weakness with a very passion of resolution.

"I will not ask you to forgive this failure in me," I cried, "heartily ashamed of myself as I am. A little patience, and I shall hope to prove myself worthy of so noble, so courageous a companion as you. I should not have suspected so much weakness in me. I cannot believe it a part of my nature. I have been unduly, most heavily tried. But so have you!" I exclaimed, finding more strength

coming to me out of the clear, serene beauty of her eyes than any cordial could have inspired. "Oh, we will make it well for both of us yet."

I sprang to my feet with a shake of my body that was like flinging away the whole miserable girlishness in me to the winds.

"Nay," she exclaimed, "keep your seat. I will sit by your side. We are not separated yet, Mr. Musgrave. I swear," she cried, lifting her eyes to heaven, "I would rather that this should have happened than that we should have had to endure another week of the horrible life we were leading in that cruel ship. We are not separated; but who knows that another week might not have found us so—might not have found me alone?" She shuddered almost convulsively, then instantly rallying with an effort of will that was a miracle in its way for the energy of it, she added, in a changed, softened voice full of sympathetic sweetness and the melody of her tones, "How refreshing is the shadow of these trees! how soothing this stillness! We shall be able presently to think what is next and best to be done. Let us meanwhile wait and see what they intend to do," pointing to the brig.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WE VIEW THE ISLAND.

THE boat, creeping along the water with a spark of light to the rise of the oars on either hand of her flashing out as regularly as a revolving lantern, regained the brig, and in a few moments the little fabric mounted jerkingly to the davits; then round swung the topsail-yard, the royals mounted slowly to a taut leech, staysails were run aloft, and as the brig gathered way she fell off a point or two with her head to the east of south, the sea opening beyond her to the clear horizon.

We watched the vessel receding from us in silence; fathom by fathom she crept seawards, with her canvas trem-

bling amid the swimming sultriness of the atmosphere, and a short polished tape as of shot satin dragging in tow of her rudder.

"Distance makes her beautiful," exclaimed Miss Grant, "but she has proved a most ugly ship to us."

"What do they mean to do with her, I wonder!" said I, watching the flickering of her high sails as she drew along a slope of the shore whose shoulder would in a moment or two conceal her.

"What do you suppose?" she asked.

"As they have two good boats," said I, "they will probably scuttle the vessel when within convenient reach of some habitable place. It is clear that they know their whereabouts; and as Mole can use the log-line, the chart will give him the rest of the information he needs. They'll arrive ashore, or be picked up as shipwrecked mariners, earn a deal of pity, pocket some dollars in addition to what they may plunder from Broadwater's and the mate's cabins, then scatter, and never more be heard of. There! She has vanished!" I cried, rising.

I turned to survey the island. It was partly coarse, thick guinea-grass, and partly soft, glittering, dusty sand where we were, with a group of trees winding to the place to which the sailor had dragged our luggage out of a line of palms marshalled for the space of a couple of hundred steps along the shore of the creek, with others opposite, both bending their ostrich-like plumes to a combining of their boughs that formed a little cool green tunnel under which the bright shoaling water ran darkling, though it sparkled out green as emerald in the opening beyond, with a rounding at the extremity like the end of a thumb, where the white sand came down to it. The land went in a slight rise to a grove of trees that was almost a little forest in its way, with a twilight amid the greenery, spiked by hazy beams of sunshine striking down any opening the light could shoot through. Here and there a great red toadstool showed

like a small scarlet shield in the herbage. There was a clump of coconut trees standing isolated to the left of the grove. The white and flowing-like streams of quicksilver wound in paths through the grass in all directions, and made one wonder that the tropical vegetation one saw could take root and find nurture in such soil. The air, blowing softly from the southwest, was tremulous with the humming of many kinds of insects, and sweet with indefinable perfumes as of convulvi and the passion-flower—a mingling of nameless aromas. I watched a frigate-bird come out from the mere black spot he made seawards, and glance like an arrow without stir of its wide and graceful pinions to some haunt of its own past the little inland forest. In places close beside us the long grass stirred, as though there were human fingers beneath, to the movement of a lizard perhaps green as a bottle, with eyes like rubies, and a flickering fork of tongue as if it was breathing fire; or maybe some dingy thing that might have been a land-crab could be made out creeping for a space through the fibres of the grass, and then falling motionless as though, mole-like, it had sunk deep out of sight.

"I hope there is nothing poisonous in the way of snakes hereabouts," said I, pulling out a stout stick from one of the bundles that lay strapped near a portmanteau, and very warily I strode into the thick of the herbage, beating right and left, keeping a bright look-out, and listening intently. I started nothing but a lizard or two, and one of those half-lobsters called soldiers, and a vast spider with a body as big as a crown-piece, magnificently marked like the leopard, with the hues so brilliant and shining that it was as good as beholding some marvellously wrought mechanism glorious with jewels to watch the scamper of the thing with its long legs over the heads of the spears of grass that bent to its weight. I returned, and, opening my portmanteau, pulled out

the pistols which lay there loaded, and thrust them into my pockets.

"I'll go and take a view of the scene," said I; "there may be land in sight away west from the tallest of those hummocks. This island must form one of the Bahama group certainly, and if so, others cannot be very remote, though hidden from this elevation. Will you remain here until I return?"

"No, I will accompany you," she answered; "there's nothing to be afraid of, yet I do not like the idea of being alone." She sent a swift glance round her with a faint smile that was like asking forgiveness for this little show of weakness.

The length of her dress made me feel a trifle uneasy. It was impossible to know what small murderous fangs lay hidden among the long coarse grass that showed yellow and bald in places to the roasting eye of the sun. The folds of her gown formed such a flowing drapery that the skirts of it trailed a foot or two in her wake—a regular net for the ensnaring of anything venomous or distracting. Let her courage be what it would, methought if she should hook up such a spider as the chap I had just put to flight, it might go hard with us both. It was no time for ceremony. It is simply impossible for a man to be marooned with a girl without the vessel that makes castaways of them carrying off a mass of the superfluous decorums which on shipboard kept them at arm's-length.

"Miss Grant," said I, "excuse me—your dress is too long."

She gathered the folds of it in her hand, and said simply, "Yes, much too long;" then going to one of her trunks she produced, after some fumbling—a pincushion!—(to think, now, of a pincushion on an uninhabited island!)—and handing it to me, bade me help pin her dress up for her. It was a task in its way to reconcile one almost to being marooned—for the moment, at least. I don't think I had known how perilously

emotional this woman had made me at heart in all thoughts that had reference to her, until I put my hand to the sweet and careless intimacy of this pinning job. It was a sort of haunting of her closest presence while it lasted, like bending the face to a flower that one has long been able to admire with the eye only. She watched me with a half-smile as I stooped round her, whilst I trimmed her canvas suitably to the best of my judgment for our adventure; with an air of unaffected indifference touched but very subtly with the most delicate imaginable spirit of coquetry. It was more like a flirting passage, indeed, in some merry picknicking jaunt—as though we two had strolled from the rest of the people, and I was clumsily trying to make good the dilapidations following an airy frolic—than a detail of one of the grimmest of all ocean-incidents. She again explored the box she had recently rummaged, and took from it the silver-mounted pistol which she had shown to me on board the brig, and after deliberating a minute or two, thrust the barrel into the bosom of her dress.

“I will carry it for you,” said I, with a small recoil from the recklessness with which she had slid the loaded weapon aslant her beautiful figure. “Should you stumble—let me hold it for you.”

She withdrew it, saying, “I must be armed as well as you. I shall know how to carry it.” With that she opened another trunk, and after a brief hunt drew forth a dainty leathern belt of South American make and fashion, into which, after clasping it loosely round her, she stuck the pistol, where it lay safe enough, and ready to her hand besides; and then, equipping ourselves with a cotton umbrella apiece, we started for the green hummock that rose at about half a mile inland, taking a bit of a circuit to the left so as to go clear of the trees, into whose cathedral-like dimness it was difficult to peer without uncomfortable fancies of savage things—imagination

of bright hungry eyes glistening between some mighty spikes of aloes; the small head of a serpent half-way up a tree, with fold swelling upon fold of spotted, bloated skin, rising corkscrew-fashion to the green intricacies atop—all helped, as such notions would be, by the novel tropical smell of flower and gum in the wind, and the innumerable murmur of flies and insects skirring across the sight on wings of translucent pearl, and the melancholy, unmusical pipings of birds, one wailing to another and waiting for the answer, as it seemed.

We stepped along very cautiously, Miss Grant looking down for the most part, and I round about. The greenery soothed the eye, but there was a savageness put into everything you saw by the loneliness of the place that weighed perilously upon the spirits. For my part, I felt as though the sand we trod had never before received the impress of a human foot, and there were moments during that walk when the helplessness and hopelessness of our condition affected me so violently that I could scarce draw a breath, and I had to call a halt, feigning, with my hand to my brow, that I had paused only to obtain a better view of the island.

From the summit of the hummock we could see all around us. The sea went in a brilliant blue slope to the sky, the great dome of which, brassy with the glory of the sun that was but a little past the meridian, set you thinking of some mighty, brightly-burnished copper bell charged with fiery splendour shutting down over you, with this green spot of earth parching in the midst of it to the roasting metallic glare. A little leaning shaft of white, with an ice-like gleam upon it, broke the continuity of the southern seaboard. It was the canvas of the brig. From her right all round and back again to her the clear horizon ran without a flaw. If land were visible from the cross-trees of the Iron Crown, it was concealed from us here. The little forest betwixt us and the

creek hid the foreshore of the island past it; but one knew how it would be there by how it was wherever else the eye turned. The surf rimmed the white sands with three or four lines of flashing snow, which seemed to melt into the coral beach like liquid light, and the seething of it fell as delicately upon the ear as the hissing of champagne in a glass poised to the lips.

"It is all clear sea, apparently," said I; "the blue seems to me to spread everywhere the same. There is some chance for us in that, for in such soundings there can be no danger to navigation, and a vessel may heave close enough into view to perceive our signals at any hour."

"We should have some signals ready," said Miss Grant.

"Nothing to catch the eye like smoke," said I; "I will build a big bonfire up here this afternoon, ready to make a blaze when the time comes."

"The island is certainly uninhabited," she said, exploring it with her dark eyes. "It is hard to imagine that it has ever even been discovered; but it is best as it is, Mr. Musgrave. Surely the very worst shipwrecks are those in which sailors and passengers have been thrown amongst savages."

"It is blisteringly hot up here," said I, "let us return to the cool of the trees. A moment though! You have a keen sight. Can you distinguish anywhere upon this island the least gleam of water?"

She searched slowly and narrowly, as did I for the matter of that. Again and again I was deceived by some thin sinuous streak of sand that had the very sheen of a limpid stream in its dazzle, as it seemed to creep like some little brook amid the herbage of the denser growths; but my eye could regularly follow it to broader tracks which were unmistakably sand to the sight; and I was about to give up, when Miss Grant, who had been looking steadfastly in one direction for some minutes, said, "*That* must be a little waterfall yonder, Mr. Musgrave;

look past the curve there, over the head of that clump of bushes."

She pointed to the foot of the slope of another hummock, lower and smaller than the one on whose brow we stood, and in a breath I caught the sparkle of a waterfall shivering like splinters of bright steel against the green edge of the rise, and amidst the interlacy of the bush whose density a little lower down hid it. If it were fresh water it was of the first consequence in the world to us, and without another word we started for it. It proved as thirsty, bubbling, and murmuring a brook as ever lipped glass-like to an English river. Its source was some distance away; it flowed freshly in a channel of its own fretting to the spot at which we had arrived, when it sulked again in a wide pool, passing on afresh in a mimic torrent, narrowing for a space till its volume made a foam of it, then running clear under the sky for twenty fathoms, after which it pierced the herbage and vanished amidst the trees. I scooped up some with my hand and tasted it. New milk was never sweeter. I had a brandy-flask in my pocket, and with the help of the silver cup attached to it we drank our fill of this delicious water. No wine was ever so well tasted; it was ice-cold too, and of so diamond-like a clearness, that but for its whispers as it ran, and the hue of the blue sky in it, it would have been as invisible as water in a crystal vase. Short of the appearance of a ship promising deliverance to us, nothing, I am persuaded, could have so helped my spirits as the discovery of this fresh water. There was thirst in the dry and blinding sparkle of the sand; there was thirst in the aspect of the tracks of rusty yellow herbage which dashed the vegetation with their sickly tint; there was thirst in the hot air that everywhere trembled like the atmosphere over a flame, until in places the horizon waved as though a high swell were running out there, and the slender trunks of the cocoa-nut trees wound upon the sight with the move-

ment of an archimedean screw slowly revolving. Here, then, were inspirations to make the discovery of this brook of running waters a positive rapture in its way. Suppose it had no existence, I thought; what should we have done? The beakers the men had dispatched us with held but a few gallons. Rain water might have been found perhaps by digging in the sand, but I had my doubts of that when I came to look at the dust of the milk-white foreshore. The mere fancy of our condition without this brook—the central roasting Eye sending an atmosphere of brass flowing to the furthest confines, the thirsty, salt noise of the surf (you could *hear* the saltness of it in the seethe of each little recoiling breaker)—was almost enough to make one keep one's hot lips steeped in the crystal coolness and sweetness of the prattling stream.

But my heart fell again as we walked slowly towards the spot where our luggage was. Indeed, the mere sight of these details of civilization—port-manteaux, trunks of the latest fashion, rugs, camp-stools, walking-sticks, the twenty odds and ends which had gone to our equipment—made such a contrast of the inhospitable desolation of the spot of land on which we were imprisoned, that the stoutest spirit must have yielded, I think, to a feeling of hopelessness. How were we to obtain a shelter for the night? When our slender store of provisions gave out, where were we to look for a further stock? Again, unless we were taken off by some passing ship, what was our chance of escape? There was no lack of wood on the island, and with tools I might have contrived to put together some sort of log-fabric on which, under Heaven, we might have made shift to blow away to within reach of succour, whether of land or of ship; but without chopper or saw, yonder grove was of no more use to us than a handful of the white sand by the creek there. However, it was a little soon for lamentation, though on such an occasion as this a man's groans

would be deepest when his experiences were freshest.

"It is about time we broke our fast," said I; "perhaps we should feel faint had we nothing to think about but our appetites. The men were merciful to send our luggage ashore with us. Those camp-stools of yours are worth a million."

I opened one of the cases containing our provisions, and prepared a meal of preserved meat and biscuit, along with the remainder of a bottle of Madeira. The camp-stools made us seats, and our table was the lid of a trunk. Of all the passages of this particular nautical experience of my life, our first meal on this little nameless island recurs to me the most vividly. I think I hear now the hum of the sultry seabreeze amid the boughs overhead, rendered refreshing to the ear by the metallic-like rustling of leaves, yet always blowing vibratory with the innumerable buzzings of flies and insects. I see again the green lizard, scarcely distinguishable from the foliage amongst which he lurked, viewing us with brilliant eyes from some limb on high. Occasionally there would come a harsh, short scream from a paroquet, and a flash of lustrous plumage from one verdant shadow to another, like a fragment of rainbow borne along by the wind, accompanied by the sharp rushing *skirr* of beating pinions. The sunshine was alive with the glancing forms of coloured things—now a great dragon-fly, a golden shaft propelled by wings of gossamer—now a butterfly of glorious hue—now some tiny red-breasted bird, a sort of wood-pecker, maybe, for I noticed that a drumming as of bills would spring up out of the quarter in which the streak of radiant feathers had vanished. Had all been well with us, good beds to look forward to at night, with even such necessaries to support us as a backwood-settlement might supply, why, this little island, with my beautiful and courageous companion, would have been something—say even for a fortnight—to have entered into the reali-

ties of life as a sort of dream of paradise, a fancy for whose brief fulfilment under happy conditions I would barter a dozen years of the delights of the gayest and most showy cities of Europe. But 'twas sheer nightmare and nothing more, spite of the waving verdure of the savanna, of the glittering of the tropic bird, of flowers lovely as the constellations of the midnight of the Antilles, of the rain-like pattering of the leaves of the palm-tree, of odours as of the lime and the citron, when one sent one's gaze seawards, and felt the whole solitude of the mighty deep melting through and through into one in a kind of swoon, as it seemed, of the very soul.

However, we ate and drank, and were the better for it. I lighted a cheroot, and fell a-thinking with my eyes on Miss Grant. She was equally thoughtful, with a far-away expression in her face.

"There are nervous folks," said I, "who would not accept the gift of looking ahead even for a fortnight if they could make their fortunes through it. Throw me back a couple of months ago into Piccadilly, with leave to peer far enough to divine old Broadwater's nature, and to guess at the issues it must shape, and we should not be here."

"It is all my fault," said she.

"Mine!" I exclaimed. "I should have insisted on being put ashore with you in the English Channel."

"I mean it is my fault that you ever made the voyage," she replied.

"You would not wish to be alone, though," said I, smiling.

She shook her head with an unaffected shudder.

"What conclusions will Alexander arrive at," said I, "when day after day goes by, and no Iron Crown arrives at Rio?"

"I don't like to think of it," she answered; "but he will have to be patient. He must wait, as I must wait."

"Pity it is not the other way about," said I. "He ought to be here, and you safe at Rio."

She looked at me quickly, with a half-formed fancy, as it seemed, hovering on her lips, parted as if to speak, faintly coloured, and plucking a blade of the coarse grass at her side, appeared to study the texture of it.

"Alexander will conclude that the brig has gone down with all hands," I continued. "The men are sure to scuttle her, and as they know if rescued they will have to account for us and the two men they have made away with—Broadwater and Bothwell, I mean—it is odds if they don't invent the name of the ship they profess to have belonged to, so that the truth will never reach my cousin until we carry the news ourselves to him."

"Poor boy! his anxiety will be cruel. But perhaps we shall be with him sooner than we expect."

"I hope so, indeed, for your sake," said I, with a lift of my brows to the tormenting puzzlement of how it was to be done. "But sufficient unto the day, Miss Grant. Here are we *marooned*, and what's next to do? that's the question. No chance of our being taken off this afternoon, nor of our escaping in any other way. The night then is before us, and we must provide for it. I have no means of erecting any sort of shelter, and the island offers nothing. For my part, one of those rugs and a stretch of that dry sand will make me as good a couch as I need, spite of the land-crab and whatever else crawls hereabouts at night. But the notion of your lying on the cold ground is intolerable to me," said I, turning my eyes about in vain search of any hint for a high and dry bed for her in tree or slope.

"I have a net hammock in one of those boxes," she exclaimed, "unhappy only one. If you——"

"I! Lord love you, Miss Grant! Why, if it were not for the lizards aloft, I'd seize myself to a bough, and make a bed of one of those leafy forks up there, as Robinson Crusoe did. But there may be monkeys in this island for aught I know, and on the whole I fancy a sand-mattress promises me a

quieter couch than a tree. If you can find the hammock, we will turn to and rig it up in as snug a place as we can light on."

She immediately explored one of her boxes, and presently found the hammock. It was formed of net, but very strong, though so portable that one could have stowed it away in one's hat, with ship-shape clews and eyes and lengths of laniard ready spliced for lashings. This, it seems, like her pistol, her belt, and divers other matters, had been one of her Rio possessions. It was an odd thing to carry home from South America to the English climate; but it was an old relic of home, she told me, in which she had passed many a long slumberous hour under the scented and myriad-voiced shade of the cotton trees, of the gleaming leaves of the star-apple, and the slender branches bending to the weight of the golden shaddock. Besides, she knew little of Great Britain, and might have believed that the sun was as constant to the garden-places and smoking cities of the greatest maritime nation on the face of the earth, as it was to the country in which she had been bred. But a spell of the Edgeware Road would suffice to correct even odder fancies than that.

I swung the hammock between two trees which exactly fitted the length of it. They stood somewhat forward from the group where our boxes were, with a tract of white sand hard by, which I had resolved should furnish me with a bed that night; so that she would swing close over me, and be as free likewise as one could possibly contrive from all risks of visits during the dark hours from the lizards and tree-toads in which I reckoned this island abounded. I formed a mattress and pillow for her of shawls and rugs, and, learning that she had some mosquito-curtains in her boxes, I borrowed a roll of white tape from her, wanting a better kind of line, and made a ridge-rope of it along her hammock, with a couple of pieces of wood cut from the

bough of a tree to serve as stanchions, that the ends of the curtain might float fair past the clews, and so protect her at both ends.

"Perhaps there are no mosquitoes," said she, watching me as I worked.

"I hope not," said I, doubtfully; "anyhow, I shall borrow one of your curtains, and roll myself up in it when the time comes. Unless my system has undergone a change since I was at Bombay, a mosquito-bite with me signifies a lump rather larger than a crow's egg, and as red as Broadwater's nose."

"We have plenty of them at Rio," said she, "but they never tease me. Though the species may be different here," she added, with a glance at the contrivance I had rigged up, which made me fancy that, bad as our melancholy and dreadful situation was, there would be nothing in it to hinder her from objecting to the defacement of her fair face by the singing pests of these rich and sparkling parallels.

I now found that occupation of any kind was helpful to my spirits, and thereupon pulling off my coat and waistcoat, and baring my arms, I went to work with a tolerably stout knife I happened to have in my pocket—one of those useful combinations of corkscrew, gimlet, saw, and the like—to cut as much dried stuff as I could make shift to deal with; of which I manufactured faggots by securing them with ligatures of grass strong enough to knot. Miss Grant insisted on helping me. She had replaced the somewhat small-brimmed hat she had come ashore in with a great yellow sombrero fashioned head-covering that sheltered her like an umbrella, and I see her now bending her graceful figure to the faggot at her feet, her white hands, with a flashing ring or two upon them, nimbly and swiftly knotting the grass bindings, lifting her face occasionally to address me, with her dark eyes the brighter, her teeth the whiter, her complexion the fairer, for the softness of the shadow which lay upon her

beauty. We manufactured a great number of these faggots, and conveyed the whole of them between us in several journeys to the summit of the hummock, where we built them up in a goodly pile, taking care to fence them about that they should not be blown away by a sudden squall or rising of wind, and further protecting the whole by a thick cover of live branches, densely-leaved, which would also thicken the smoke whenever the time came for us to set fire to the heap. The great heap made this labour very arduous, but though its completion left us both wearied, it was a thing to be done, and we felt the easier in our minds when it was finished. It was impossible to know but that at any hour we might happen to look seawards and spy a vessel slipping fleetly past, too far off to witness any waving signal of shawl or handkerchief, but well within view of such a volume of smoke as our body of faggots would make.

We paused a moment on the brow of the little elevation, before returning from our last excursion to the hummock, to take a long look round. The sun was sinking in the cloudless western heavens, a great shield of fast reddening fire; and the placid purple ocean beneath him seemed to rise with a rounding of its polished bosom as though drawn upwards by some mighty magnet. One could not look a moment without a weeping of the sight into the blinding glow of the western atmosphere; but the sea went from there into a tender deepening of turquoise against the orange reflection of the eastern sky, and the thin edge of surf took a colour from the sands that now shone golden in the evening light. The air blew very gentle and warm. The

tropic picture was deepened to every sense by the strange uncommon sounds rising from the island—queer chirpings and snorings; sharp short cries from the wood, like women's voices calling hoarsely; brief melancholy pipings making answer to like notes, sad, low, and more distant. The sound of the surf seethed through this curious concert, but nothing moved, look where one would, if it were not the flash of a bird of gorgeous plumage, a stir of some near tall spears of grass, or the curled head of a palm slightly swayed by the wind into a beckoning posture or an airy salutation. There was a quality in the light of the waning day that put a melancholy into the spirit of the solitude of this place far beyond the reach of moonlight or the starry darkness of the night. Fresh as we were from days and days of the loneliness and immensity of the deep, yet there was something in the boundless aspect of the ocean, as we surveyed it from the height of that hummock, which, speaking for myself, shocked and scared one's instincts as though one gazed at some preternatural revelation of sea. I saw Miss Grant droop in her posture, so to speak, at the sight of it; her clasped fingers holding her hands before her relaxed; her arms fell to her side; her head sank as she slowly brought her eyes from the flawless ocean to my face. She breathed slow and deep, as one in whom perception has grown to the weight of a burden upon the heart.

"Come," said I, taking her gently by the hand, "there is a morrow, and yet a morrow, before us. The good God is over all."

We walked slowly and in silence back to the spot where we meant to pass the night.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE CRABBE.

THERE is a certain small class of persons in the history of literature the members of which possess, at least for literary students, an interest peculiar to themselves. They are the writers who having attained not merely popular vogue, but fame as solid as fame can ever be, in their own day, having been praised by the praised, and as far as can be seen having owed this praise to none of the merely external and irrelevant causes—politics, religion, fashion or what not—from which it sometimes arises, experience in a more or less short time after their death the fate of being, not exactly cast down from their high place, but left respectfully alone in it, unvisited, uncensured, unread. Among these writers, over the gate of whose division of the literary Elysium the famous "Who now reads Bolingbroke?" might serve as motto, the author of "The Village" and "Tales of the Hall" is one of the most remarkable. As for Crabbe's popularity in his own day there is no mistake about that. It was extraordinarily long, it was extremely wide, it included the select few as well as the vulgar, it was felt and more or less fully acquiesced in by persons of the most diverse tastes, habits, and literary standards. His was not the case, which occurs now and then, of a man who makes a great reputation in early life and long afterwards preserves it because, either by accident or prudence, he does not enter the lists with his younger rivals, and therefore these rivals can afford to show him a reverence which is at once graceful and cheap. Crabbe won his spurs in full eighteenth century, and might have boasted, altering Landor's words, that he had dined early and in the best of company, or have parodied Goldsmith, and said, "I have John-

son and Burke: all the wits have been here." But when his studious though barren manhood was passed, and he again began as almost an old man to write poetry, he entered into full competition with the giants of the new school, whose ideals and whose education were utterly different from his. While "The Library" and "The Village" came to a public which still had Johnson, which had but just lost Goldsmith, and which had no other poetical novelty before it than Cowper, "The Borough" and the later Tales entered the lists with "Marmion" and "Childe Harold", with "Christabel" and "The Excursion", even with "Endymion" and "The Revolt of Islam". Yet these later works of Crabbe met with the fullest recognition both from readers and from critics of the most opposite tendencies. Scott, the most generous, and Wordsworth,¹ the most grudging, of all the poets of the day towards their fellows, united in praising Crabbe; and unromantic as the poet of "The Village" seems to us he was perhaps Sir Walter's favourite English bard. Scott read him constantly, he quotes him incessantly; and no one who has read it can ever forget how Crabbe figures in

¹ In 1834, after Crabbe's death, Wordsworth wrote to his son: "Your father's works . . . will last, from their combined merit as poetry and truth, full as long as anything that has been expressed in verse since the date of their first appearance". Between the writing and the printing of this paper, a very different estimate by Wordsworth of Crabbe has been published (for the first time, I believe) in Mr. Clayden's "Rogers and his Contemporaries". Here he argues at great length that "Crabbe's verses can in no sense be called poetry", and that "nineteen out of twenty of his pictures are mere matter of fact". It is fair to say that this was in 1808, before the appearance of "The Borough" and of almost all Crabbe's best work.

the most pathetic biographical pages ever written—Lockhart's account of the death at Abbotsford. Byron's criticism was as weak as his verse was powerful, but still Byron had no doubt about Crabbe. The utmost flight of memory or even of imagination can hardly get together three contemporary critics whose standards, tempers and verdicts, were more different than those of Gifford, Jeffrey, and Wilson. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that they are all in a tale about Crabbe. In this unexampled chorus of eulogy there rose (for some others who can hardly have admired him much were simply silent), one single note, so far as I know, or rather one single rattling peal of thunder on the other side. It is true that this was significant enough, for it came from William Hazlitt.

Yet against this chorus, which was not, as has sometimes happened, the mere utterance of a loud-voiced few, but was echoed by a great multitude who eagerly bought and read Crabbe, must be set the almost total forgetfulness of his work which has followed. It is true that of living or lately living persons in the first rank of literature some great names can be cited on his side; and what is more, that these great names show the same curious diversity in agreement which has been already noticed as one of Crabbe's triumphs. The translator of Omar Khayyam, his friend the present Laureate, and the author of "*The Dream of Gerontius*", are men whose literary ideals are known to be different enough; yet they add a third trinity as remarkable as those others of Gifford, Jeffrey, and Wilson, of Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. Much more recently Mr. Courthope has used Crabbe as a weapon in that battle of his with literary Liberalism which he has waged not always quite to the comprehension of his fellow-critics; Mr. Leslie Stephen has discussed him as one who knows and loves his eighteenth century. But who reads him? Who quotes him? Who likes him? I think I can ven-

ture to say, with all proper humility, that I know Crabbe pretty well: I think I may say with neither humility nor pride, but simply as a person whose business it has been for some years to read books, and articles, and debates, that I know what has been written and said in England lately. You will find hardly a note of Crabbe in these writings and sayings. He does not even survive, as "*Matthew Green*, who wrote '*The Spleen*'", and others survive, by quotations which formerly made their mark, and are retained without a knowledge of their original. If anything is known about Crabbe to the general reader, it is the parody in "*Rejected Addresses*", an extraordinarily happy parody no doubt, in fact rather better Crabbe in Crabbe's weakest moments than Crabbe himself. But naturally there is nothing of his best there; and it is by his best things, let it be repeated over and over in face of all opposition, that a poet must be judged.

Although Crabbe's life, save for one dramatic revolution, was one of the least eventful in our literary history, it is by no means one of the least interesting. Mr. Kebbel's book¹ gives a very fair summary of it; but the *Life* by Crabbe's son which is prefixed to the collected editions of the poems and on which Mr. Kebbel's own is avowedly based, is perhaps the more interesting of the two. It is written with a curious mixture of the old literary state and formality, and of a feeling on the writer's part that he is not a literary man himself, and that not only his father but Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Moore, Mr. Bowles and the other high literary persons who assisted him were august beings of another sphere. This is all the more agreeable in that Crabbe's sons had advantages of education and otherwise which were denied to their father, and might in the ordinary course of things have been expected to show towards him a lofty patronage rather than any filial

¹ "*Great Writers: Crabbe*"; by T. E. Kebbel. London, 1888.

reverence. The poet himself was born at Aldborough, a now tolerably well known watering-place (the fortune of which was made by Mr. Wilkie Collins in "No Name") on Christmas Eve, 1754. That not uncommon infirmity of noble minds which seeks to prove distinguished ancestry seems to have had no hold on the plain common sense of the Crabbe family, who maintained themselves to be at the best Norfolk yeomen, and though they possessed a coat-of-arms, avowed with much frankness that they did not know how they got it. A hundred and forty years ago they had apparently lost even the dignity of yeomanhood, and occupied stations quite in the lower rank of the middle class as tradesmen, non-commissioned officers in the navy or the merchant service, and so forth. George Crabbe, the grandfather, was collector of customs at Aldborough, but his son, also a George, was a parish school-master and a parish clerk before he returned to the Suffolk port as deputy collector and then as salt-master, or collector of the salt duties. He seems to have had no kind of polish, and late in life was a mere rough drinking exciseman; but his education, especially in mathematics, appears to have been considerable, and his ability in business not small. The third George, his eldest son, was also fairly though very irregularly educated for a time, and his father perceiving that he was "a fool about a boat", had the rather unusual common sense to destine him to a learned profession. Unluckily his will was better than his means, and while the profession which Crabbe chose or which was chosen for him—that of medicine—was not the best suited to his tastes or talents, the resources of the family were not equal to giving him a full education, even in that. He was still at intervals employed in the Customs' warehouses at "piling up butter and cheese" even after he was apprenticed at fourteen to a country surgeon. The twelve years which he spent in this apprenticeship, in an abhorred return for a short time

to the cheese and butter, in a brief visit to London, where he had no means to walk the hospitals, and in an attempt to practise with little or no qualification at Aldborough itself, present a rather dismal history of apprenticeship which taught nothing. But Love was, for once, most truly and literally Crabbe's solace and his salvation, his master and his patron. When he was barely eighteen, still an apprentice, and possessed, as far as can be made out, neither of manners nor prospects, he met a certain Miss Sarah Elmy. She was three or four years older than himself and much better connected, being the niece and eventual co-heiress of a wealthy yeoman squire. She was, it is said, pretty; she was evidently accomplished, and she seems to have had access to the country society of those days. But Mira, as Crabbe called her, perhaps merely in the fashion of the eighteenth century, perhaps in remembrance of Fulke Greville's heroine (for he knew his Elizabethans rather well for a man of those days), and no doubt also with a secret joy to think that the last syllables of her Christian name and surname in a way spelt the appellation, fell in love with the boy and made his fortune. But for her Crabbe would probably have subsided, not contentedly but stolidly, into the lot of a Doctor Slop of the time, consoling himself with snuff (which he always loved) and schnaps (to which we have hints that in his youth he was not averse). Mira was at once unalterably faithful to him and unalterably determined not to marry unless he could give her something like a position. Their long engagement (they were not married till he was twenty-nine and she was thirty-three) may, as we shall see, have carried with it some of the penalties of long engagements. But it is as certain as any such thing can be that but for it English literature would have lacked the name of Crabbe.

There is no space here to go through the sufferings of the novitiate. At last, at the extreme end of 1779,

Crabbe made up his mind once more to seek his fortune, this time by aid of literature only, in London. His son has printed two rare scraps of a very interesting Journal to Mira which he kept during at least a part of the terrible year of struggle which he passed there. He saw the riots of '80; he canvassed, always more or less in vain, the booksellers and the peers; he spent three-and-sixpence of his last ten shillings on a copy of Dryden; he was much less disturbed about imminent starvation than by the delay of a letter from Mira ("my dearest Sally" she becomes with a pathetic lapse from convention, when the pinch is sorest) or by the doubt whether he had enough left to pay the postage of one. He writes prayers (but not for the public eye), abstracts of sermons for Mira, addresses (rather adulatory) to Lord Sherborne, which received no answer. All this has the most genuine note that ever man of letters put into his work, for whatever Crabbe was or was not, now or at any time, he was utterly sincere; and his sincerity makes his not very abundant letters and journals unusually interesting. At last, after a year during which his means of subsistence are for the most part absolutely unknown, he, as he says himself, fixed "by some propitious influence, in some happy moment" on Edmund Burke as the subject of a last appeal.

Nothing in all literary history is, in a modest way and without pearls and gold, quite so like a fairy tale as the difference in Crabbe's fortunes which this propitious influence brought about. On the day when he wrote to Burke he was, as he said in the letter "an outcast, without friends, without employment, without bread". In some twenty-four hours (the night-term of which he passed in ceaselessly pacing Westminster Bridge to cheat the agony of expectation) he was a made man. It was not merely that, directly or indirectly, Burke procured him a solid and an increasing income. He did much more than that. Crabbe, like

most self-educated men, was quite uncritical of his own work: Burke took him into his own house for months, encouraged him to submit his poems, criticized them at once without mercy and with judgment, found him publishers, found him a public, turned him from a raw country boy into a man who at least had met society of the best kind. It is a platitude to say that for a hundred persons who will give money or patronage there is scarcely one who will take trouble of this kind, and if any devil's advocate objects to the delight of producing a "lion" it may be answered that for Burke at least this delight would not have been delightful at all.

The immediate form which the patronage of Burke and that, soon added, of Thurlow took, is one which rather shocks the present day. They made Crabbe turn to the Church, and got a complaisant bishop to ordain him. They sent him (a rather dangerous experiment) to be curate in his own native place, and finally Burke procured him the chaplaincy at Belvoir. The young Duke of Rutland, who had been made a strong Tory by Pitt, was fond of letters, and his Duchess Isabel, who was,—like her elder kinswoman, Dryden's Duchess of Ormond—

A daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite

The varying beauties of the red and white,

in other words, a Somerset, was one of the most beautiful and gracious women in England. Crabbe, whose strictly literary fortunes I postpone for the present, was apparently treated with the greatest possible kindness by both; but he was not quite happy,¹

¹ Although constantly patronized by the Rutland family in successive generations, and honoured by the attentions of "Old Q." and others, his poems are full of growls at patrons. These cannot be mere echoes of Oldham and Johnson, but their exact reason is unknown. His son's reference to it is so extremely cautious that it has been read as a confession that Crabbe was prone to his cups, and quarrelsome in them—a signal instance of the unwisdom of not speaking out.

and his ever-prudent Mira still would not marry him. At last Thurlow's patronage took the practical form (it had already taken that, equally practical, of a hundred pounds) of two small Chancellor's livings in Dorsetshire, residence at which was dispensed with by the easy fashions of the day. The Duke of Rutland, when he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, did not take Crabbe with him, a circumstance which has excited some unnecessary discussion; but he gave him free quarters at Belvoir, where he and his wife lived for a time before they migrated to a neighbouring curacy—his wife, for even Mira's prudence had yielded at last to the Dorsetshire livings, and they were married in December, 1783. They lived together for nearly thirty years, in, as it would seem, unbroken mutual devotion, but Mrs. Crabbe's health seems very early to have broken down, and a remarkable endorsement of Crabbe's on a letter of hers has been preserved. I do not think Mr. Keibel quotes it; it ends, "And yet happiness was denied"—a sentence fully encouraging to Mr. Browning and other good men who denounce long engagements.¹ The story of Crabbe's life after his marriage may be told very shortly. His first patron died in Ireland, but the duchess with some difficulty prevailed on Thurlow to exchange his former gifts for more convenient and rather better livings in the neighbourhood of Belvoir, at the chief of

which, Muston, Crabbe long resided. The death of his wife's uncle made him leave his living and take up his abode for many years at Glemham, in Suffolk, only to find, when he returned, that (not unnaturally, though to his own great indignation) dissent had taken bodily possession of the parish. His wife died in 1813, and the continued kindness, after nearly a generation, of the house of Rutland, gave him the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, with a small Leicestershire incumbency near Belvoir added, instead of Muston. At Trowbridge he lived nearly twenty years, revisiting London society, making the acquaintance personally (he had already known him by letter) of Sir Walter, paying a memorable visit to Edinburgh, flirting in an elderly and simple fashion with many ladies, writing much and being even more of a lion in the society of George the Fourth's reign than he had been in the days of George the Third. He died February 3rd, 1832.

Crabbe's character is not at all enigmatical, and emerges as clearly in such letters and diaries of his as have been published as in anecdotes of him by others. Perhaps the famous story of his politely endeavouring to talk French to divers Highlanders during George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh is slightly embroidered—Lockhart, who tells it, was a mystifier without peer. His life, no less than his work, speaks him a man of amiable though by no means wholly sweet temper, of more common sense than romance, and of more simplicity than common sense. His nature and his early trials made him not exactly sour, but shy, till age and prosperity mellowed him; but simplicity was his chief characteristic in age and youth alike.

The mere facts of his strictly literary career are chiefly remarkable for the enormous gap between his two periods of productiveness. In early youth he published some verses in the magazines and a poem called "Inebriety", which appeared at Ipswich in 1775. His year

¹ Rogers told Ticknor in 1838 that "Crabbe was nearly ruined by grief and vexation at the conduct of his wife for above seven years, at the end of which time she proved to be insane". But this was long after his death and Crabbe's, and it is not clear that while she was alive Rogers knew Crabbe at all. Nor is there the slightest reason for attaching to the phrase "vexation at the conduct" the sense which it would usually have. A quatrian found after Crabbe's death wrapped round his wife's wedding-ring is touching, and graceful in its old-fashioned way.

The ring so worn, as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold:
The passion such it was to prove;
Worn with life's cares, love yet was love.

of struggle in London saw the publication of another short piece, "The Candidate", but with the ill-luck which then pursued him, the bookseller who brought it out became bankrupt. His despairing resort to Burke ushered in "The Library", 1781, followed by "The Village", 1783, which Johnson revised and improved not a little. Two years later again came "The Newspaper", and then twenty-two years passed without anything appearing from Crabbe's pen. It was not that he was otherwise occupied, for he had little or nothing to do, and for the greater part of the time lived away from his parish. It was not that he was idle, for we have his son's testimony that he was perpetually writing, and that holocausts of manuscripts in prose and verse used from time to time to be offered up in the open air for fear of setting the house on fire by their mass. At last, in 1807, "The Parish Register" appeared, and three years later "The Borough"—perhaps the strongest division of his work. The miscellaneous *Tales* came in 1812, the "Tales of the Hall" in 1819. Meanwhile and afterwards various collected editions appeared, the last and most complete being in 1829—a very comely little book in eight volumes. His death led to the issue of some "Posthumous Tales" and to the inclusion by his son of divers fragments both in the *Life* and in the *Works*. It is understood, however, that there are still considerable remains in manuscript; perhaps they might be published with less harm to the author's fame and with less fear of incurring a famous curse than in the case of almost any other poet.

For Crabbe, though by no means always at his best, is one of the most curiously equal of verse-writers. "Inebriety" and such other very youthful things are not to be counted; but between "The Village" of 1783 and the "Posthumous Tales" of more than fifty years later the difference is surprisingly small. Such as it is, it rather reverses ordinary experience,

for the later poems exhibit the greater play of fancy, the earlier the exacter graces of form and expression. Yet there is nothing really wonderful in this, for Crabbe's earliest poems were published under severe surveillance of himself and others, and at a time which still thought nothing of such value in literature as correctness, while his later were written under no particular censorship, and when the romantic revival had already for better or worse emancipated the world. The change was in Crabbe's case not wholly for the better. He does not in his later verse become more prosaic, but he becomes considerably less intelligible. There is a passage in "The Old Bachelor" too long to quote but worth referring to, which, though it may be easy enough to understand it with a little goodwill, I defy anybody to understand in its literal and grammatical meaning. Such welters of words are very common in Crabbe, and Johnson saved him from one of them in the very first lines of "The Village" by an emendation which Mr. Kebbel seems not quite to understand. Yet Johnson could never have written the passages which earned Crabbe his fame. The great lexicographer knew man in general much better than Crabbe did; but he nowhere shows anything like Crabbe's power of seizing and reproducing man in particular. Crabbe is one of the first and certainly one of the greatest of the "realists" who, exactly reversing the old philosophical signification of the word, devote themselves to the particular only. Yet of the three small volumes by which he, after his introduction to Burke, made his reputation and on which he lived for a quarter of a century, the first and the last display comparatively little of this peculiar quality. "The Library" and "The Newspaper" are characteristic pieces of the school of Pope, but not characteristic of their author. The first catalogues books as folio, quarto, octavo, and so forth, and then cross-catalogues them as law, physic, divinity, and the rest,

but is otherwise written very much "in the air". "The Newspaper" suited Crabbe a little better, because he pretty obviously took a particular newspaper and went through its contents—scandal, news, reviews, advertisements—in his own special fashion, but still the subject did not appeal to him. In "The Village", on the other hand, contemporaries and successors alike have agreed to recognize Crabbe in his true vein. The two famous passages which attracted the suffrages of judges so different as Scott and Wordsworth, are still, after more than a hundred years, fresh, distinct, and striking. Here they are once more.

Theirs is yon House that holds the parish
poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the
broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging,
play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through
the day;—
There children dwell who know no
parents' care;
Parents who know no children's love
dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless
bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than child-
hood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest
they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of
woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste
to go,
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he
kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy Bench
protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient
sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where Misery
lies,

Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply he rushes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance
vain,
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent, sinks into the grave.

The poet executed endless variations on this class of theme, but he never quite succeeded in discovering a new one, though in process of time he brought his narrow study of the Aldborough fishermen and townsfolk down still more narrowly to individuals. His landscape is always marvellously exact, the strokes selected with extraordinary skill so as to show autumn rather than spring, failure rather than hope, the riddle of the painful earth rather than any joy of living. Attempts have been made to vindicate Crabbe from the charge of being a gloomy poet, but I cannot think them successful; I can hardly think that they have been quite serious. Crabbe, our chief realistic poet, has an altogether astonishing likeness to the chief prose realist of France, Gustave Flaubert, so far as his manner of view goes, for in point of style the two have small resemblance. One of the most striking things in Crabbe's biography is his remembrance of the gradual disillusion of a day of pleasure which as a child he enjoyed in a new boat of his father's. We all of us, except those who are gifted or cursed with the proverbial "duck's back", have these experiences and these remembrances of them. But most men either simply grin and bear it, or carrying the grin a little farther, console themselves by regarding their own disappointments from the ironic and humorous point of view. Crabbe, though not destitute of humour, does not seem to have been able or to have been disposed to employ it in this way. Perhaps he never quite got over the terrible and for the most part unrecorded year in London: perhaps the difference between the Mira of promise and the Mira of possession—the "happiness denied"—had some-

thing to do with it: perhaps it was a question of natural disposition with him; but when years afterwards as a prosperous middle-aged man, he began his series of published poems once more with "The Parish Register", the same manner of seeing is evident, though the minuteness and elaboration of the views themselves is almost infinitely greater. Nor did he ever succeed in altering it, if he ever tried to do so.

With the exception of his few Lyrics, the most important of which, "Sir Eustace Grey" (one of his very best things), is itself a tale in different metre, and a few other occasional pieces of little importance, the entire work of Crabbe, voluminous as it is, is framed upon a single pattern, the vignettes of "The Village" being merely enlarged in size and altered in frame in the later books. The three parts of "The Parish Register" the twenty-four Letters of "The Borough", some of which have single and others grouped subjects, and the sixty or seventy pieces which make up the three divisions of Tales, consist almost exclusively of heroic couplets, shorter measures very rarely intervening. They are also almost wholly devoted to narratives, partly satirical, partly pathetic, of the lives of individuals of the lower and middle class chiefly. Jeffrey, who was a great champion of Crabbe and allotted several essays to him, takes delight in analyzing the plots or stories of these tales; but it is a little amusing to notice that he does it for the most part exactly as if he were criticizing a novelist or a dramatist. "The object", says he, in one place, "is to show that a man's fluency of speech depends very much upon his confidence in the approbation of his auditors": "In Squire Thomas we have the history of a mean, domineering spirit", and so forth. Gifford in one place actually discusses Crabbe as a novelist. I shall make some further reference to this curious attitude of Crabbe's admiring critics. For the moment I shall

only remark that the singularly mean character of so much of Crabbe's style, the "style of drab stucco", as it has been unkindly called, which is familiar from the wicked wit that tells how the youth at the theatre

Regained the felt and felt what he regained,

is by no means universal. The most powerful of all his pieces, the history of Peter Grimes, the tyrant of apprentices, is almost entirely free from it, and so are a few others. But it is common enough to be a very serious stumbling-block. In nine tales out of ten this is the staple:

Of a fair town where Dr. Rack was guide,
His only daughter was the boast and pride.

Now that is unexceptionable verse enough, but what is the good of putting it in verse at all? Here again:

For he who makes me thus on business wait,
Is not for business in a proper state.

It is obvious that you cannot trust a man who, unless he is intending a burlesque, can bring himself to write like that. Crabbe not only brings himself to it, but rejoices and luxuriates in the style. The tale from which that last luckless distich is taken, "The Elder Brother", is full of pathos and about equally full of false notes. If we turn to a far different subject, the very vigorously conceived "Natural Death of Love", we find a piece of strong and true satire, the best thing of its kind in the author, which is kept up throughout. Although, like all satire, it belongs at best but to the outer courts of poetry, it is so good that none can complain. Then the page is turned and one reads:

"I met," said Richard, when returned to dine,
"In my excursion with a friend of mine."

It may be childish, it may be uncritical, but I own that such verse as that excites in me an irritation which destroys all power of enjoyment, except

the enjoyment of ridicule. Nor let any one say that pedestrian passages of the kind are inseparable from ordinary narrative in verse and from the adaptation of verse to miscellaneous themes. If it were so the argument would be fatal to such adaptation, but it is not. Pope seldom indulges in such passages, though he does sometimes: Dryden never does. He can praise, abuse, argue, tell stories, make questionable jests, do anything, in verse that is still poetry, that has a throb and a quiver and a swell in it, and is not merely limp, rhythmized prose. In Crabbe, save in a few passages of feeling and a great many of mere description—the last an excellent setting for poetry but not necessarily poetical—this rhythmized prose is everywhere. The matter which it serves to convey is, with the limitations above given, varied, and it is excellent. No one except the greatest prose novelists has such a gallery of distinct, sharply etched characters, such another gallery of equally distinct scenes and manner-pieces, to set before the reader. Exasperating as Crabbe's style sometimes is he seldom bores—never indeed except in his rare passages of digressive reflection. It has, I think, been observed, and if not the observation is obvious, that he has done with the pen for the neighbourhood of Aldborough and Glemham what Crome and Cotman have done for the neighbourhood of Norwich with the pencil. His observation of human nature, so far as it goes, is not less careful, true, and vivid. His pictures of manners, to those who read them at all, are perfectly fresh and in no respect grotesque or faded, dead as the manners themselves are. His pictures of motives and of facts, of vice and virtue, never can fade, because the subjects are perennial and are truly caught. Even his plays on words, which horrified Jeffrey,—

Alas! your reverence, wanton thoughts I grant
Were once my motive, now the thoughts
of want,

and the like,—are not worse than Milton's jokes on the guns. He has immense talent, and he has the originality which sets talent to work in a way not tried by others, and may thus be very fairly said to turn it into genius. He is all this and more. But despite the warnings of a certain precedent, I cannot help stating the case which we have discussed in the old form, and asking, was Crabbe a poet?

And thus putting the question, we may try to sum up. It is the gracious habit of a summing-up to introduce, if possible, a dictum of the famous men our fathers that were before us, a habit which by me shall ever be honoured. I have already referred to Hazlitt's criticism on Crabbe in "The Spirit of the Age", and I need not, here at least, repeat at very great length the cautions which are always necessary in considering any judgment of Hazlitt's. Much that he says even in the brief space of six or eight pages which he allots to Crabbe is unjust; much is explicably, and not too creditably, unjust. Crabbe was a successful man, and Hazlitt did not like successful men: he was a clergyman of the Church of England, and Hazlitt did not love clergymen of the Church of England: he had been a duke's chaplain, and Hazlitt loathed dukes: he had been a Radical, and was still (though Hazlitt does not seem to have thought him so) a Liberal, but his Liberalism had been Torified into a tame variety. Again, Crabbe, though by no means squeamish, is the most unvoluptuous and dispassionate of all describers of inconvenient things; and Hazlitt was the author of "Liber Amoris". Accordingly there is much that is untrue in the tissue of denunciation which the critic devotes to the poet. But there are two passages in this tirade which alone might show how great a critic Hazlitt himself was. Here in a couple of lines ("they turn, one and all, on the same sort of teasing, helpless, unimaginative distress") is the germ of one of the

most famous and certainly of the best passages of the late Mr. Arnold; and here again is one of those critical taps of the finger which shivers by a touch of the weakest part a whole Rupert's drop of misapprehension. Crabbe justified himself by Pope's example. "Nothing", says Hazlitt, "can be more dissimilar. Pope describes what is striking: Crabbe would have described merely what was there. . . . In Pope there was an appeal to the imagination, you see what was passing in a poetical point of view."

Even here (and I have not been able to quote the whole passage) there is one of the flaws, which Hazlitt rarely avoided, in the use of the word "striking"; for, Heaven knows, Crabbe is often striking enough. But the description of Pope as showing things "in a poetical point of view" hits the white at once, wounds Crabbe mortally, and demolishes "realism", as we have been pleased to understand it for the last generation or two. Hazlitt, it is true, has not followed up the attack, as I shall hope to show in an instant; but he has indicated the right line of it. As far as mere treatment goes, the fault of Crabbe is that he is pictorial rather than poetic, and photographic rather than pictorial. He sees his subject steadily, and even in a way he sees it whole; but he does not see it in the poetical way. You are bound in the shallows and the miseries of the individual; never do you reach the large freedom of the poet who looks at the universal. The absence of selection, of the discarding of details that are not wanted, has no doubt a great deal to do with this—Hazlitt seems to have thought that it had everything to do. I do not quite agree with him there. Dante, I think, was sometimes quite as minute as Crabbe; and I do not know that any one less hardy than Hazlitt himself would single out, as Hazlitt expressly does, the death-bed scene of Buckingham as a conquering instance in Pope to compare with Crabbe. We know that the bard of Twickenham grossly

exaggerated this. But suppose he had not? Would it have been worse verse? I think not. Although the faculty of selecting instead of giving all, as Hazlitt himself justly contends, is one of the things which make *poesis non ut pictura*, it is not all, and I think myself that a poet, if he is a poet, could be almost absolutely literal. Shakespeare is so in the picture of Gloucester's corpse. Is that not poetry?

The defect of Crabbe, as it seems to me, is best indicated by reference to one of the truest of all dicta on poetry, the famous maxim of Joubert—that the lyre is a winged instrument and must transport. There is no wing in Crabbe, there is no transport, because, as I hold (and this is where I go beyond Hazlitt), there is no music. In all poetry, the very highest as well as the very lowest that is still poetry, there is something which transports, and that something in my view is always the music of the verse, of the words, of the cadence, of the rhythm, of the sounds superadded to the meaning. When you get the best music married to the best meaning, then you get, say, Shakespeare: when you get some music married to even moderate meaning, you get, say, Moore. Wordsworth can, as everybody but Wordsworthians holds, and as some even of Wordsworthians admit, write the most detestable doggerel and platitude. But when any one who knows what poetry is reads,

Our noisy years seem moments in the
being
Of the eternal silence,

he sees that, quite independently of the meaning, which disturbs the soul of no less a person than Mr. John Morley, there is one note added to the articulate music of the world—a note that never will leave off resounding till the eternal silence itself gulfs it. He leaves Wordsworth, he goes straight into the middle of the eighteenth century, and he sees Thomson with his hands in his dressing-gown pockets

biting at the peaches, and hears him between the mouthfuls murmuring,

So when the shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,

and there is another note, as different as possible in kind yet still alike, struck for ever. Yet again, to take example still from the less romantic poets, and in this case from a poet, whom Mr. Keble specially and disadvantageously contrasts with Crabbe, when we read the old schoolboy's favourite,

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,

we hear the same quality of music informing words though again in a kind somewhat lower, commoner, and less. In this matter, as in all matters that are worth handling at all, we come of course *ad mysterium*. Why certain combinations of letters, sounds, cadences, should almost without the aid of meaning though no doubt immensely assisted by meaning, produce this effect of poetry on men no man can say. But they do; and the chief merit of criticism is that it enables us by much study of different times and different languages to recognize something like the laws, though not the ultimate causes, of the production.

Now I can only say that Crabbe does not produce, or only in the rarest instances produces, this effect on me, and what is more, that on ceasing to be a patient in search of poetical stimulant and becoming merely a gelid critic, I do not discover even in Crabbe's warmest admirers any evidence that he produced this effect on them. Both in the eulogies which Mr. Keble quotes and in those that he does not quote I observe that the eulogists either discreetly avoid saying what they mean by poetry, or specify for praise something in Crabbe that is not distinctly poetical. Cardinal Newman says that Crabbe "pleased and touched him at thirty years' interval", and pleads that this answers to the "accidental definition of

a classic". Most certainly; but not necessarily to that of a poetical classic. Jeffrey thought him "original and powerful". Granted; but there are plenty of original and powerful writers who are not poets. Wilson gave him the superlative for "original and vivid painting". Perhaps; but is Hogarth a poet? Jane Austen "thought she could have married him". She had not read his biography; but even if she had would that prove him to be a poet? Lord Tennyson is said to single out the following passage, which is certainly one of Crabbe's best, if not his very best.

Early he rose, and looked with many a
sigh
On the red light that filled the eastern
sky;
Oft had he stood before, alert and gay,
To hail the glories of the new-born day;
But now dejected, languid, listless, low,
He saw the wind upon the water blow,
And the cold stream curled onward as the
gale
From the pine-hill blew harshly down the
vale;
On the right side the youth a wood surveyed,
With all its dark intensity of shade;
Where the rough wind alone was heard
to move
In this, the pause of nature and of love
When now the young are reared, and when
the old,
Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold:
Far to the left he saw the huts of men,
Half hid in mist that hung upon the fen:
Before him swallows gathering for the
sea,
Took their short flights and twittered o'er
the lea;
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest
done,
And slowly blackened in the sickly sun;
All these were sad in nature, or they took
Sadness from him, the likeness of his look
And of his mind—he pondered for a while,
Then met his Fanny with a borrowed
smile.

It is good: it is extraordinarily good: it could not be better of its kind. It is as nearly poetry as anything that Crabbe ever did—but is it quite? If it is (and I am not careful to deny it) the reason as it seems to

me is that the verbal and rhythmic music here, with its special effect of "transporting" of "making the common as if it were uncommon", is infinitely better than is usual with Crabbe, that in fact there is music as well as meaning. Hardly anywhere else, not even in the best passages of the story of Peter Grimes, shall we find such music; and in its absence it may be said of Crabbe much more truly than of Dryden (who carries the true if not the finest poetical undertone with him even into the rant of Almanzor and Maximin, into the interminable arguments of "Religio Laici" and "The Hind and the Panther") that he is a classic of our prose.

Yet the qualities which are so noteworthy in him are all qualities which are valuable to the poet, and which for the most part are present in good poets. And I cannot help thinking that this was what actually deceived some of his contemporaries and made others content for the most part to acquiesce in an exaggerated estimate of his poetical merits. It must be remembered that even the latest generation which, as a whole and unhesitatingly, admired Crabbe, had been brought up on the poets of the eighteenth century, in the very best of whom the qualities which Crabbe lacks had been but sparingly and not eminently present. It must be remembered, too, that from the great vice of the poetry of the eighteenth century, its artificiality and convention, Crabbe is conspicuously free. The return to nature was not the only secret of the return to poetry; but it was part of it, and that Crabbe returned to nature no one could doubt. Moreover he came just between the school of prose fiction which practically ended with "Evelina" and

the school of prose fiction which opened its different branches with "Waverley" and "Sense and Sensibility". His contemporaries found nowhere else the narrative power, the faculty of character-drawing, the genius for description of places and manners which they found in Crabbe; and they knew that in almost all, if not in all the great poets there is narrative power, faculty of character-drawing, genius for description. Yet again, Crabbe put these gifts into verse which at its best was excellent in its own way, and at its worst was a blessed contrast to Darwin or to Hayley. Some readers may have had an uncomfortable though only half-conscious feeling that if they had not a poet in Crabbe they had not a poet at all. At all events they made up their minds that they had a poet in him.

But are we bound to follow their example? I think not. You could play on Crabbe that odd trick which used, it is said, to be actually played on some mediæval verse chroniclers and unrhyme him—that is to say, put him into prose with the least possible changes—and his merits would, save in rare instances, remain very much as they are now. You could put other words in the place of his words, keeping the verse, and it would not as a rule be much the worse. You cannot do either of these things with poets who are poets. Therefore I shall conclude that save at the rarest moments, moments of some sudden gust of emotion, some happy accident, some special grace of the Muses to reward long and blameless toil in their service, Crabbe was not a poet. But I have not the least intention of denying that he was great, and all but of the greatest, among English writers.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

JOHN BRIGHT AND QUAKERISM.

BY AN EX-QUAKER.

THE death of John Bright once more reminded the world that the great orator and patriot belonged to one of the smallest religious communities. The full descriptions in the newspapers of the simple funeral at Rochdale probably made the English people realise, as they had never realised before, where John Bright stood in relation to the Churches of the country. For a moment the most modest and retiring of sects was brought prominently forward; its quiet ways of worship came suddenly under the notice of millions to whom Quakerism had hitherto been little but a name.

It is perhaps not too much to say that for many years the most frequent remark about Quakerism has been that it is dying out; yet surely that was hardly the thought most naturally suggested by the scene at the little Meeting-house at Rochdale on March 30th. Death was, indeed, master there for a moment and in the material sense. But the question of the hour was not, how came bodily death there? but rather, whence came that spiritual vitality which had been so pure, vigorous, and noble; which all ranks and parties in the state were there to honour, and whose fruits would be remembered for generations to come? And one part of that question would be, what did John Bright owe to his Quakerism? Some interest may be found in a few words upon this latter question by one who knows Quakerism, its schools, its worship, and its social life, from both the inside and the outside points of view.

First, however, it must be fully acknowledged that John Bright had gifts which would have made him eminent from whatever religious com-

munity he might have sprung. It was not due to his very slight education in the Quaker schools at Ackworth and York that he became a brilliant orator; still less was it due to the example or precept set before him in Quaker Meeting. It was neither at school nor at Meeting that he acquired even his command of the English language and his love for English poetry. Men of genius always belong to their nation rather than to a sect, and cannot be measured by any sectarian standard. But a glance at John Bright in his special relations with his sect will show this only the more plainly, and at the same time will gratify the legitimate curiosity which would seek to follow him into the religious circle in which he moved.

John Bright was unique as a politician, and Quakerism is unique as a religion; there is an attraction at once in both, as objects of study. But a comparison between them has yet a third point of interest, in the fact that John Bright was unique as a Quaker. The question must have occurred to many minds, how far did the popular leader illustrate, and how far did he transcend, the ordinary type of Quaker? What place did the admired and combative orator occupy in the most peaceful, least popular and least talkative sect? The following remarks will bear chiefly on this point.

The deepest and most intimate relations between a man's religion and his outward life are seldom brought into view until his biography is fully written, and the present instance is no exception. Every one knows that John Bright spoke not unfrequently, and always loyally, of his own religious community, and his last wishes are

evidence that he remained a staunch Friend to the end. Every one knows also that his speeches abound with Biblical allusions, quotations, and illustrations, and with appeals to religious sentiments. But probably most people outside the Society of Friends will be surprised to learn how small a part he took in what men ordinarily call the life and work of their Church. And, indeed, I think there is some ground for surprise within the Society itself. For consider the facts. Here was one of the most gifted, earnest, and religious speakers in the country, a member of a religious society which offers opportunity and freedom of speech equalled by few if any other religious bodies, and yet within the Society he was one of the most silent members. John Bright's voice was never heard in meetings for worship, and only occasionally in meetings for business. This is a remarkable circumstance. A Friends' Meeting is in theory the most free and equal body of worshippers there can be. There is no official priest or minister to lead the devotions. No sacerdotal authority or exclusive function of any kind is recognised. Poor and rich, learned and unlearned, men and women are on the same level. The Spirit, which is no respecter of persons, may choose its spokesmen from any class, or it may choose no spokesman at all. "Surely", a stranger would exclaim, "here was a field for the noblest exercise of such gifts as John Bright possessed. Mr. Gladstone is only permitted to read the lessons. Did not John Bright use his greater opportunities?" No, he did not.

This will appear the more remarkable when it is considered how widely the Society of Friends differs from other religious bodies in matters of great importance. In most Churches, instruction and exhortation on such matters are conveyed at least occasionally in sermons. It is considered needful to warn the people, especially the young, against the errors and dangers of beliefs and practices not

recognized by the Body. What scope and what need (according to the usual view of worship) for such addresses as John Bright could have given on the true calling of the ministry, on baptism, the communion and other ceremonies, on holy days, on oaths, on war!

Those however who know the customs of Quakers are aware that in meetings for worship they do not deal with such points in the manner of ordinary preachers. If an enquirer wishing to know the "evidences" of the Quaker form of faith went to Quaker meeting to learn them, he would go in vain. He might repeat his visit Sunday after Sunday for a year and gain no fresh light of the desired kind. He would hear at best the vaguest and most general allusions to the distinctive views of the worshippers. He would be more fortunate than the present writer, who has had years of experience, if he heard a single address making a full and clear defence of any Quaker doctrine against the rival doctrines of other Churches. All such defence is relegated to special lectures or other meetings, and at these John Bright did occasionally speak, especially if the subject was war; but the Quaker means and methods of carrying on work of this kind are very unsystematic, irregular and uncertain.

But a man of John Bright's intense earnestness and simple piety might have done much to edify his own people by addresses upon the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. With what power would he have impressed those truths! With what beauty would he have clothed them! So one would think. No great English orator has ever in political speeches appealed so frequently or so forcibly to his listeners' faith in God, to their belief in the providential ordering of things for the triumph of justice and truth, to their reverence for the person of Christ, to their sense of the practical nature of the Christian religion, to the sentiments of pity and sympathy and justice as essential elements of that

religion. It was on the occasion of such an appeal that Lord Palmerston, rising to reply, spoke of John Bright as "the honourable and reverend gentleman". - The sneer was more worthy of the "infidel" lecturer than the first minister of the Crown; but it would not have been so effective as it was in raising a laugh unless there had been an element of truth in it. The offensive epithet was incongruous as applied to a member of a religious body which recognizes no title indicative of professional religious functions (and this fact no doubt made it doubly laughable to those who were in a mood to laugh), but it also quite truly implied that John Bright spoke with more religious feeling than politicians are accustomed to show. He brought his religion directly into his politics. He did not hesitate to make it plain that he spoke as a religious man, and that he thought references to the principles of the Church not out of place in the Houses of Parliament. He was a political preacher, if ever there was one. How was it, then, that he was not a preacher among his own people, by whom he would have been listened to with reverence rather than with sneers?

It is very easy to give a wrong answer to such a question, when there are but few data to found judgment upon. The error most likely to be made is the mistaking of a partial for a complete explanation. The following thoughts are therefore put forward as suggestive and hypothetical rather than as a complete and verified theory.

Any one who has read Charles Lamb's beautiful description of a Quaker Meeting should have a pretty correct idea of the prevailing atmosphere of that remarkable species of human assembly. It is an atmosphere of singular stillness, which may appear to one person the stillness of a sultry southern noon, to another the stillness of the keen arctic night, but which tends to bring to all an intense self-consciousness. The soul seems to be

alone with God. It is as if the creation day were come again, when the "Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters". There, if anywhere, are people who believe, like the prophet, that God speaks, not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the "still, small voice". There is probably little in the Quakers' abstract doctrine of the Holy Spirit from which the majority of Christians would dissent. It is the prominence which they have given to that doctrine and their mode of applying it, that has made their worship and preaching so unique. They have given a peculiar distinctness and emphasis to the Holy Spirit's functions, and (a more important point) they have attached particular value to its spontaneous manifestations.

In the most widely accepted statement of Quaker views, namely Barclay's "Apology," the writer, having asked what the minister's "proper work is, how and by what rule he is to be ordered", answers as follows: "Our opponents do all along go upon externals, and therefore have certain prescribed rules contrived according to their human wisdom; we, on the contrary, walk still upon the same foundation, and lean always upon the *immediate* assistance and influence of that Holy Spirit which God has given His children, to teach them all things and lead them in all things". And in another place he says: "The Spirit of God should be the immediate persuader and influencer of man in the particular acts of worship, when the saints are met together." One would naturally expect preaching believed to emanate from immediate inspiration to be distinguished by freshness, vigour, and fire, and these were not uncommon characteristics of the preaching of the early Quakers. But the belief in the immediate inspiration has had after all a very narrow scope. Manifestly it might lead to utter disorder and license, if there were no check. The kind of check which has operated in Quakerism is indicated in the following sentences from Barclay: "When as-

sembled, the great work of one and all ought to be to wait upon God; and excluding their own thoughts and imaginations, to feel the Lord's presence. . . . As there can be nothing more opposite to the natural will and wisdom of man than this silent waiting upon God, so neither can it be obtained, nor rightly comprehended by man, but as he layeth down his own wisdom and will, so as to be content to be thoroughly subject to God". This exclusion of men's "own thoughts and imaginations", of "the natural wisdom and will of man" is consistent, it gives an appearance of completeness and clearness to the theory of the ministry. But as a practical precept, it is the source of endless ambiguities and doubts. To such persons as have reached definite and firm convictions and have the zeal of the missionary enthusiast, it will give the magnetic power of entire assurance; but on the majority of persons it will impose either silence or a timid, hesitating, trembling manner of speech. Moreover, in all cases it will produce a kind of preaching peculiarly narrow in its range, touching at the fewest possible points the common affairs and interests of life. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand why Quaker preaching has ceased to attract and win numbers, since the time when the early missionary enthusiasm of the body declined.

Man's "thoughts and imaginations", his "wisdom and will!" What may not be included under these categories? There is just now a tendency to relax that strictness of interpretation, which, I fear, has long crippled Quaker ministry. The younger and more intellectual members of the body have been influenced by the new religious currents of the age, and are introducing innovations which twenty years ago would have shocked most of the Quakers of John Bright's generation.

In the eyes of the latter the addresses now sometimes read from manuscript in Quaker Meeting would have been but bits of man's wisdom and will: a quotation from Shakespeare would have

aroused suspicion of other communion than that of the Holy Spirit; any detailed allusion to a current political event would have been startling; a personal reference on the occasion of the death of a great statesman or writer would have been considered a questionable freedom; a consecutive controversial argument would have savoured too plainly of human reason. Above all, preachers were particularly watchful to avoid the slightest taint of the human arts of eloquence. Plain extempore language, exclusively Biblical quotation and illustration, a timidly uncontroversial tone, a subdued and constrained manner—these have long been the characteristic features of Quaker preaching. It seems, then, safe to say that, whatever Quaker Meeting did for John Bright in other respects, it did nothing for the development of his oratorical as distinguished from his intellectual and moral powers. On the contrary, in default of fuller evidence, it may be assumed that the climate of the place was distinctly unfavourable to their exercise, and that this was one reason why John Bright kept silence among his own people. For he was made for a more vigorous, spontaneous, outspoken and varied mode of address than that prevailing within those simple and narrow homes of Quaker worship. He would not have felt at ease within the undefined but customary limits. His style would have been an incongruity, though a splendid incongruity. Frequent ministry would perhaps have diminished its force and flexibility, and in that case, though Quakerism, in a narrow sense, might have gained, England would have lost.

I trust I have succeeded in showing that Bright's eloquence is not less but more remarkable from the fact that he was a Quaker, and also that he is a unique figure in the history of his sect. The Society of Friends has produced many devoted philanthropists, and it has firmly though quietly supported every movement for political reform. But never before has there

sprung from it a great political orator. Most of the leading Quaker philanthropists have been preachers also, and it would appear that, if the Quakers could have avoided rigidity in the standards and habits of their ministry while preserving its unprofessional and sincere character, they would have been more likely than any other religious community to produce political orators of the best stamp. But the crude and untrained style of the Meeting-house has influenced their whole style of public utterance. In the case of John Bright such influence was minimised on the one hand by his silence in the Meeting-house and on the other hand by his frank recognition of eloquence as an art which it is lawful and desirable to cultivate.

In this latter respect he has set an example which has borne and will yet bear much fruit among the Friends. John Bright, though he did not preach what his own people would recognize as sermons, was one of the truest followers of George Fox that the Society ever contained. He carried on George Fox's work in a sphere where it was most needed and in a manner adapted to the changed ideas and conditions of our time. For what was the essential truth in George Fox's teaching in its application to speaking and preaching? This—that only out of deep personal conviction and in obedience to the imperative promptings of duty should a man dare to speak to his fellows of truth and righteousness and love, and expound God's laws of justice and mercy; but that whenever he did feel such a call, he should feel that he bore the responsibility of a divine message. This, express it as we may, is a grand and eternal truth. Faithfulness to it has given Quakerism whatever strength it has had, and probably all parties will agree that it

has possessed a strength out of proportion to its numbers. But in spite of its protest against forms, Quakerism has formalized in some degree its own fundamental truth. It has not altogether escaped the tendency which appears in every religious body to preserve the early habits and methods of the society long after they have become unsuitable and inadequate. For some time Quakerism, especially in its preaching and worship, has shown a very low vitality. Some of the younger Friends are slowly bringing about small changes, and it remains to be proved whether they realize what will be required before the Society can exercise as great an influence as formerly upon the religious life of England. John Bright's career may be taken as an index of what it could do, if it were freed from merely traditional trammels. For he was not only a man of genius, he was also a Quaker preacher, though he preached chiefly outside the Quaker fold. No Quaker was ever more entirely ruled by the essential truth of George Fox's teaching, as described above, but the conventional ideas and habits of Quaker Meeting were too narrow for the free utterance of the spirit within him. The moral to be drawn from the singular fact of the great orator's silence as a worshipper is, I believe, the following—that the root of simplicity, sincerity and devotion from which Quakerism originally sprang is still living and strong, but it is in danger of becoming cramped by Meeting-house proprieties; and if it is to flourish again and bear its proper fruit, it must be replanted, or at least allowed to draw nourishment from the new soil of thought and liberty which the Spirit has prepared during the last two hundred years.

LORD DUFFERIN'S ADMINISTRATION OF INDIA.

THE speech which Lord Dufferin made before he left Calcutta deserves a larger share of attention than it has received in this country. Referring to his own administration and to the general policy of the Government of India, he said :

The verdict upon both these has passed out of my hands, and it will be the pen of the historian that will determine whether my colleagues and myself have succeeded in any adequate degree in contributing to the peace and security of the country, in dissipating some formidable dangers and in inaugurating such reforms and improvements in its administration as the time and the circumstances of the case either permitted or required. Of one thing at all events I am certain : we have done a great deal more in these directions than anybody imagines.

The first place is here assigned to what we may call foreign policy, and the second place to the reforms and improvements in administration which the speaker had inaugurated. Surely the future historian will endorse this view of Lord Dufferin's work in India. Yet it does not accord with the horoscope forecast in 1884 by Lord Dufferin himself. Speaking as Viceroy-elect at a banquet given in his honour in Belfast, he said :

The days when great reputations were to be made in India are, happily perhaps, as completely past as those in which great fortunes were accumulated. Famous Indian proconsuls are no longer required by their superiors or compelled by circumstances to startle their countrymen by the annexation of provinces, the overthrow of dynasties, the revolutionizing of established systems, and all those dramatic performances which invariably characterize the founding and consolidation of new-born empires. . . . So convinced indeed I am of the truth of what I say, that I imagine that the greatest success and triumph I can obtain

are that, from the time that I depart from these shores and wave a grateful response to the farewell you are saying to me to-night, even the echo of my name may never be wafted to your ears until at the end of my official term I stand again among you, having won from the historian of the day no higher encomium or recognition than that my administration was uneventful, but that I had kept the empire entrusted to my guardianship tranquil and secure.

Man proposes, but a greater than man disposes. Notwithstanding this forecast, the administration of Lord Dufferin will be best remembered by the annexation of Burma and the overthrow of the dynasty of Ava. Indeed the recollection of this event has already been welded as it were to his very name. The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is not the only Governor-General who, after disavowing not merely the intention, but we might almost say the possibility, of making additions to our Indian Empire, has come to propose the annexation of large territories. In the present case the inconsistency between expectation and fact is easily to be explained. It was impossible to find a policy which would keep the empire at once tranquil and secure. *Salus reipublice suprema lex.* It was necessary to obtain future security at the expense of immediate tranquillity. The security of our Indian Empire was the watchword of Lord Dufferin's policy. For this aim he embarked on the Burmese war. Not only was it desirable to put an end to the distracting influence of a disordered native state on the borders of a British province, nor merely incumbent on the dignity and good faith of the British Government to protect its subjects and demand redress for the wrongs they suffered, but it was also required for the very security of the empire to prevent a

foreign and possibly unfriendly European power from establishing itself on the upper waters of the Irrawaddy. It was the threatening interference of the French influence at Mandalay that precipitated a war for which the violent conduct of King Theebaw had already given ample justification. The overthrow of the king and the defeat of his regular army was easy—a mere fortnight's work. The king a prisoner, the organization of the country that depended on, and centred in, him was shattered; at the same time the king's armies were disbanded and scattered with arms in their hands to work what disorder they pleased over the country—an unexplored country as large as France, without roads, and covered with impracticable jungles. In the very nature of the case the settlement of this enormous province and the organization of its administration on British methods was necessarily a work of time. There was no wish on the part of Lord Dufferin's Government to study mere economy in the task, or, using his own phrase, to do the business "on the cheap". On the contrary, the civil and military authorities in the new province were again and again pressed to use more money, more officers, more troops, more police. Success, it is true, was not immediate. But notwithstanding checks and disappointments, the late Viceroy may be congratulated on the results achieved before he left India in the matter of tranquillizing what was the old kingdom of Ava and of furnishing it with all the appliances of a civilized state. Some small dacoit bands still remain to be disposed of, and the administration of the revenue may still admit of considerable improvement. The Budget of last March shows that it is improving fast. The railway is already open to Mandalay, and more roads and railways are being made or to be made. The worst difficulties now remaining in this part of the empire are not chiefly those which were in contemplation at the outbreak of the Burmese war. The wild tribes

inhabiting the broken country between the valleys of the Brahmaputra and the Irrawaddy with its great tributary the Chindwin, have to be dealt with and brought into the network and system of the empire. Our relations with the Shan States, once subordinate to the Burmese king and now feudatory to the Government of India, have to be determined and enforced; the boundary between our territories and the Chinese districts on the north, and Siam and possibly French territory on the east, have yet to be settled; the independent border tribes must be made to respect our rights and authority; the mineral and agricultural wealth of the new countries brought under our sway, of which the ruby mines are but one instance, has to be opened up; then there is the question of trade with China and the importance of tapping, by a railway if possible, the wealth of the Chinese provinces of Yunnan and Z'chuen.

It is a far cry from the Irrawaddy to the Murghab. But on the latter, as well as on the former river, formidable dangers have to be dissipated; and there, too, Lord Dufferin may fairly be congratulated on the state of affairs he has helped to establish. If a strong and friendly Afghanistan has long been the avowed aim of our Afghan policy, it has only been attained in the last few years. Much may be said against the present Amir of Afghanistan. His is not a character to be proud of in the person of "our faithful ally". We may chafe against his trade-regulations which almost forbid the entrance of our manufactures into his dominions. But no one can fail to recognize that his government is, all things considered, a strong one; it is also a fortunate one—fortunate perhaps because it is strong. Had he been less prompt in dealing with his difficulties as they arose, he might well have been overwhelmed by them. As it was, he disposed of the Ghilzai insurgents before his rival, Ayoub Khan, escaping from Teheran, appeared on

the scene as a formidable leader of the discontented. And Ayoo Khan was safely put away before Ishak Khan broke out into rebellion. Now, with Ishak Khan a refugee in Russian dominions, and the other principal members of his family safe under British surveillance, the Amir is more firmly seated in his empire than he ever was. His subjects respect while they fear, and possibly hate, his stern rule. Meanwhile the British Government, whose subsidies and grants of arms have supplied him with the sinews of his power, have no reason to doubt his fidelity. That Abdurrahman Khan, once a refugee and a pensioner of Russia, should prove not only a strong ruler of a united Afghanistan, but also a consistent and loyal upholder of the British connection, is more than could have been expected, except by the most sanguine, eight years ago.

The creation of a strong, united, loyal Afghanistan has been one point gained; the delimitation as far east as the Oxus of the boundary between Afghanistan and Russian territory has been another. It is true that dangers from Russia have not thus been swept away. But at any rate the danger of insidious unauthorized advance towards Herat or Cabul has been much diminished. The new Afghan boundary on the north-west, agreed upon by the British and Russian Governments, is not a scientific frontier from any point of view; but it is a *defined* frontier, the violation of which must be an evident aggression and an infringement of treaty-rights. All this is distinctly to the advantage of the Indian Government. But it is not everything. An artificial boundary such as this cannot stay Russia's legions when aggression and the infringement of treaty-rights are her avowed aim. If Russia ever determines to attack England in India, neither the present arrangement as to the boundary nor the strength of the Amir's army or his fortifications will be a serious obstacle to her inva-

sion. This at least has been the view of Lord Dufferin's Government. To secure India from the possibility of actual invasion, to put her in a position to strike a blow if required in defence of her acknowledged interests in the north of Afghanistan, this was evidently their urgent duty. It would have been to court danger to leave the road open to invasion, and Herat and the north of Afghanistan within Russia's grasp, without any likelihood of defence or retaliation. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.* To this end the Indian Government under Lord Dufferin have worked silently, vigorously, and effectually. The strengthening of the Amir's power has been one means adopted. The huge system of frontier railways and coast and frontier defences, estimated to cost nearly nineteen millions of pounds, of which about twelve millions have already been expended, has been another. The frontier defence system may be summed up in three words—communications, fortifications, and readiness in mobilization. The frontier roads and railways when complete will allow troops and material to pass rapidly to the front from the great depôts of the Punjab and Scinde, and also to concentrate directly from the whole line of frontier at any point that may be threatened. The fortifications are confined to a few important points, Rawal Pindi, Attock (the Indus-crossing on to which most of the passes from Afghanistan debouch), Jumrood, and Quetta. These are to be or have been made impregnable. If more fortifications are desired, they will probably be situated so as to command the western entrances of the Khyber, Gomul, and Kurrum passes, just as Quetta commands the further end of the Bolan. Quetta is at present the real key of the system of defence. It is there that any serious attack is most to be expected; it is from Quetta that any counter move against the Russian power in Central Asia is likely to be undertaken. The last barrier, the Kwaja Amram range, which separates

Quetta from Candahar, is now being tunnelled, and the tunnel once complete, the extension of the railway to the important commercial and strategic centre of Candahar will be only a matter of a few weeks' work after the extension is ordered. The necessary plant is said to be already in store at Quetta.

Against attacks from the sea the rich capitals of India have also been guarded by well-planned defence-works, so far as their situations allow.

The Government, as the latest Indian Budget bears witness, are still working at a scheme of mobilization which will allow two army corps to proceed at once to the front fully equipped. To make it possible to have these army corps ready for war it has been necessary to add nineteen thousand native and ten thousand British soldiers to the Indian Army. This, which means an addition of about two millions of pounds to the expenditure of the Indian Government, has been done in the face of financial difficulties. But this is not the only addition that has been made to our Indian forces. By the initiation of a system of reserves several thousands more of trained soldiers will be ready to be called out for active service. The volunteer system has been also extended, and the force now numbers over fourteen thousand efficient volunteers. To supply the reserves with officers, a register is kept of those who have retired and are likely to be available on emergency. Nor is this all. Measures have been taken for still further strengthening the Indian garrisons by utilizing the armies of the Native States. Before Lord Dufferin left India he was able to announce that Government, while declining to accept the pecuniary contributions which native chiefs had so loyally offered towards the cost of frontier defence, would accept the offer, if it took the form of organizing, equipping, and training a portion of their troops in such a manner as to render them capable of acting efficiently by the side of the troops of the Govern-

ment of India. A beginning is to be made with the loyal and warlike armies of the Punjab States, of which Patiala is the chief. The use of feudatory troops is no new experiment in Indian history, nor has it ever been allowed to become obsolete. The troops of our great northern feudatory, Cashmere, were even last year used in our campaign against the Hazara tribes in the Black Mountain, and they may again be used not only in such expeditions, but also in preserving, tranquillizing, and guarding the passes north of the Upper Indus. Indeed, Gilgit is even now reported to be garrisoned by Cashmere regiments. If the matter be taken up actively by the Native States, it is possible that a very considerable reinforcement may be supplied to the Indian army without any serious additional charge to Indian revenues. But apart from the actual increase of men to our Indian army, there is a further increase of efficiency acquired by the re-armament that has been or is being carried out, as again the last Budget bears witness, under a decision of Lord Dufferin's Government.

But if India is to be ready at a moment's notice to encounter the northern giant, it must have its hands freed from other entanglements. While there is time, all petty frontier difficulties must be swept away. Perhaps it has been some such feeling as this that has precipitated some, at least, of the late petty frontier wars and expeditions which Lord Salisbury has described as the fringe of surf caused by the rising tide of civilization beating against the rocks of barbarism. The Zhob Valley, the Black Mountain or Hazara, and the Sikkim Expeditions, besides the smaller expeditions among the Shan States, or against the Kachyens, the Chins, and the Lushais, may be taken as illustrating the desire of the Indian Government to settle in quiet times frontier questions, which otherwise might grow serious and demand attention at an inopportune moment. At any rate it will be to

the advantage of India if, when the time comes for a great effort, she is not distracted by petty quarrels elsewhere, and can concentrate her efforts on the main danger.

It is by his foreign, external, and military policy that Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty has been made most conspicuous. But in what may be called his foreign internal policy, that is in his dealings with the independent Native States in India, Lord Dufferin has also left a lasting impress of his rule. The loyalty of the chiefs has undoubtedly been strengthened, and has found more energetic expression than it ever has before. At the rumours of war with Russia, offers of personal service, troops, beasts, and stores were generously made on every side by these feudatories. Then came the celebration of the Queen's jubilee which brought so many of the chiefs to England, and which called forth the most enthusiastic display of loyalty in every Native State in India. Then came the offers of aid towards the defence of the frontier, and the pronouncement of Lord Dufferin that the Indian Government would view with favour the maintenance by the States of efficient bodies of troops to serve as contingents to the Indian army. The loyalty of the native princes and their confidence in the policy of the Indian Government have been increased by the restoration to Scindia of his great historic fortress of Gwalior, which had been garrisoned by the British forces since the Mutiny. The death of three rulers of the old school, in Cashmere, Gwalior, and Indore, has also given more vigour to British influence in these important centres. The new chiefs of Cashmere and Indore are not all that could be wished. In Gwalior, however, the state of affairs shows a very great improvement in every way; and one act of the Gwalior Council of Regency in lending to the British Government three and a-half millions of the treasures stored by the late Maharaja, advisable as it was economically, has also been advantage-

ous to the supreme Government in strengthening its hold over its great feudatory. Gwalior has thus given a pledge to fortune. Before leaving the Native States it is worth while to refer to a social reform of some importance which has been carried out in the states of Rajputana, and which is likely to be imitated elsewhere. In Rajputana the chiefs, under the influence of English education if not of English officers, have adopted measures for curtailing the customary ruinous expenditure on marriage and funeral ceremonies, and for checking infant marriages. If put into practice, this reform is likely to be an unmixed boon. Its acceptance, at any rate, is a sign of the times, an indication that the leaven of western civilisation is working where it might least be expected.

Before turning to Lord Dufferin's domestic policy we may note what has been done in his term of office for British and British-Indian trade and influence in the dominions of China and of Persia. It is true that Mr. Macaulay's proposed mission to Tibet for the purpose of opening trade with that vast unexplored region proved abortive. Still something was done by the agreement with China on the Burmese question to commit that power to a promise eventually to facilitate trade between India and Tibet, and between Burma and the south-western provinces of China. It may therefore be hoped that by the final settlement of the Sikkim question Tibet will agree to abandon, at any rate in part, her policy of obstruction to British-Indian trade and intercourse. Notwithstanding the hostilities between the Tibetans and our Indian forces, the relations between India and China are decidedly friendly, and the policy of Lord Dufferin, which has in the face of the Burmese and Sikkim difficulties maintained this feeling, may be considered decidedly successful. In Persia again, a distinct advantage to British, though not exclusively British, trade has been obtained by the open-

ing of the lower reaches of the Karun, the only navigable river in Persia, to foreign shipping. This gain is attributed to the diplomacy of the present British Minister at Teheran, since whose appointment English influence at the Persian capital is said to have considerably increased. The Shah has shown some disposition to encourage trade not only by the opening of the Karun, but also by a decree securing, so far as royal decrees can secure them, the rights of property in his dominions. The future must decide how far Persia will be able to go in this course of developing her resources by encouraging the introduction of European enterprise and European capital. Such a course affords the best hope of her own continued independence under the pressure of the Russian Empire that threatens her from the north. It may be hoped that this view will be impressed on the Shah during his present visit to Europe.

The energy of Lord Dufferin's foreign policy undoubtedly drew to itself too large a share of the vital sap not to stunt in some degree the growth of other branches of administration. His Burmese war and other military expeditions, the defence-works, the increase of the army, and the fall of the rupee have cost the Government of India since 1886 no less than thirty millions of pounds. In such a state of things, administrative reforms, which meant increased expenditure—and what reforms do not have this corollary?—had to be scanned with the severest eyes. The first object of Lord Dufferin's Government was to make two ends meet. This was only actually attained in one year of his rule, though in the present year again equilibrium is anticipated. The deficits have amounted to about six millions in the past five years. Meanwhile nine millions have been obtained by abolishing the Famine Relief and Insurance Grant, from the increase of the salt-tax, the imposition of an income-tax and a duty on petroleum. Only a small portion of the defence-works

has been paid for from borrowed funds. That no more had to be borrowed is due in great measure to the general improvement of the revenues and to the economies effected by a policy of severe retrenchment. Seldom has the pruning knife been so vigorously exercised as it was by the roving Committee on Reduction of Expenditure.

Perhaps the most open to criticism of the financial arrangements of Lord Dufferin's Government have been the interferences, required it may be by the exigencies of imperial finance, with the balances belonging to the Provincial Governments. Those governments that have laid by most have offered most to the appropriator's hand, and economy has thus been discouraged. However, the new provincial contracts, which we hope may not be infringed, are satisfactory in their decentralizing tendency. Local expenditure will more and more have to be met by local taxation and local revenues.

The Committee on Reduction of Expenditure was one out of a number of enquiries, by special officers, by committees, and by commissions, that characterized Lord Dufferin's rule. The organization of the army, education, the condition of the people, the public service, and the administration of excise and of the forests in various provinces have all been the subject of investigation. The most important enquiry was that of the Public Service Commission, which has recommended measures for throwing open to native candidates a larger proportion of the higher administrative appointments, especially in the judicial department, which are now almost wholly filled by Europeans. At least three hundred posts now reserved for the Covenanted Civil Service are proposed to be included in the provincial establishments, and will therefore be open to native candidates.

One other Commission which took place in England may also be mentioned for the success achieved in it by Lord Dufferin's Government. It was certainly owing to the influence

of the Indian representative that the Royal Commission that inquired into the recent changes in the relative values of the precious metals recommended the adoption, by international agreement, of measures calculated to bring about a stable ratio between gold and silver. Some such international agreement is the only escape the Indian Government can see from the ever-increasing loss caused by the ever-falling rupee.

The chief influence of Lord Dufferin on domestic policy must be sought in another field. It is to be seen in the change he helped to bring about in public opinion, in the soothing power he exerted over race-antipathies, and in the direction he gave to the popular movements of Young India.

When he came to India he had a difficult task to perform. The public atmosphere was heavily charged with electricity. The popular enthusiasm displayed in bidding farewell to Lord Ripon showed more than partiality for the departing Viceroy; it indicated also a feeling of exultation in the native mind. It had not been so much the measures which Lord Ripon's Government had proposed, as the phrases by which he had recommended them to public favour, that had irritated and alarmed the English in India, while making the educated classes of natives so exultant. The latter hoped and expected they knew not what. It was impossible but that the new Viceroy should disappoint them. On the other hand, the Anglo-Indians were in no mood to make the new ruler's position easy. Echoes could still be heard of the shrieks of passion and scorn that had found utterance in the clamour over the Ilbert Bill. Seldom had the prejudices and dislikes of rulers and ruled in India been so painfully roused. Neither party were in a disposition to allay their feelings of animosity towards the other. Before Lord Dufferin left India, a change had passed over the spirit of the dream. The bitterness, wrath, and evil speaking had been allayed. The improvement

was effected not so much by what the Governor-General did, as by what he refrained from doing. He avoided adding fuel to the fire. He tried to turn the public mind to other topics, especially to schemes of social improvement, on which all parties could be united. He used all opportunities of turning men's attention to other objects, to measures of practical utility instead of to political controversy. His legislation to amend the rent-law in Bengal, in the Punjab, and in Oude; his enquiries into the condition of the people; his manifestoes on behalf of sanitation and of the moral education of the people,—all tended in this practical direction. To neither of the parties concerned in the late altercations did he show special favour. His partiality, if he showed any, was directed to the Mahommedans, a third party, who had held aloof from the strife. Almost every act and expression of his Government tells how much he deprecated the irritation of animosity between class and race, and political agitation. It was especially evident in the manner in which he dealt with the Indian National Congress. He did not declare war on it; he did not treat it with scorn; to some extent he even patronized it. By advice, by example, and by suggestion, he tried to turn its energies into channels where he thought native congresses might do unmixed good. The amelioration of the condition of Indian women was a social reform which he thought they might well pursue. Could there have been a stronger and better example in this line than the institution of Lady Dufferin's Association, an institution which may be expected to have a lasting political as well as social influence? Again, a National Congress might afford real help and be a genuine benefit to the people by taking up the social and economic question of the poor. The Government inquiry into the problem was an appeal to them to help where their help would be gladly accepted. The appeal was in vain. Is it strange that Lord Dufferin

was disappointed with the National Congress, that in his last solemn speech before he left India he raised his voice in warning and in advice to its leaders—warning and advice which, it may be added, have not been without some good effect? He had faults to find with their claims, with their aims, and with their methods: with their claims, for they arrogated to themselves the title of a National Representative Assembly, whereas they were far from representing the “voiceless millions” of India, but represented only a “microscopic minority” of the educated classes, who were themselves the product of the foreign system of education introduced by the British Government. It was impossible to allow their claim to speak in the name of the people, if indeed there can be said to be an Indian people when India contains one hundred and eight different languages. He quarrelled, too, with their aims, because they turned aside from questions how they might reform the social habits and customs of India to agitations for representative government, for which India was not ripe. Above all he quarrelled with their methods.

It is (he said) a still greater matter of regret to me that the members of the Congress should have become answerable for the distribution, as their officials have boasted, amongst thousands and thousands of ignorant and credulous men of publications animated by a very questionable spirit, and

whose manifest intention is to excite the hatred of the people against the public servants of the Crown in this country. Such proceedings as these no Government could regard with indifference, nor can they fail to inspire it with misgiving at all events of the wisdom of those who have so offended. Nor is the silly threat of one of the chief officers—the principal secretary, I believe—of the Congress, that he and his congress friends hold in their hands the keys, not only of a popular insurrection, but of a military revolt calculated to restore our confidence in their discretion, even when accompanied by the assurance that they do not intend for the present to put those keys into the locks.

It was not that Lord Dufferin viewed with disfavour the desire of the educated classes of India to take a more active share in the administration of their country; on the contrary, in the speech just quoted he was able to indicate that he had submitted to the Home Government suggestions for admitting more native members into the legislative councils and into the general administration of India. But anything like the supercession of England's supreme control of public affairs, anything like the establishment of a parliamentary system and democratic methods of government, was not, he said, “a further step in advance, but a very big jump into the unknown”. From any such movement Lord Dufferin shrank in horror. And he was right.

HOLLAND AND HER LITERATURE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

It is at great epochs in national history, when a people has just emerged victorious from some struggle for life in which its spirit has been stirred to its inmost depths, that we are accustomed to look for those exceptional outbursts of intense, many-sided activity which have occurred at rare intervals in the annals of the world, and of which the Periclean age at Athens affords at once the greatest and most familiar example. All the noblest capabilities and qualities which have hitherto lain dormant in the race have been called into action during the storm and stress of conflict, amidst dangers braved and sufferings endured in defence of some great cause; and the quickening impulse which has been sent thrilling through the veins, and which has made the pulses to throb with the flush of effort and the eagerness of hope, penetrates into every department of thought and action, until the world stands amazed at the spectacle of multitudinous energy which seems to animate all ranks and urge them on to great achievements.

Such an epoch was that in which, after their successful revolt against the tyranny of Philip II. and the Inquisition, the United Netherlands reached the zenith of their prosperity and renown. If ever there were a struggle in which the very fibre of a people was strained to the breaking-point, it was that in which this confederation of seven insignificant provinces, without cohesion, without any settled form of government or supreme central authority, without army or navy, weak in everything save in their own stern and unflinching resolve and in the inexhaustible resources of one man's ready brain

and dogged pertinacity of purpose, resisted and finally shattered the overwhelming strength of Spain. The story of the prolonged agony of the unequal contest has often been told, and has in our own times been made familiar to English readers by the vivid and picturesque narrative of Motley. It is not necessary to do more than mention such incidents as the execution of Egmont and Horn, the horrors of the Spanish Fury at Antwerp, the terrible deeds attending the capture of Naarden and of Haarlem, and above all the ever-memorable defence and relief of Leyden, to bring before mind and memory the presentment of a contest which for intense dramatic interest yields to none which have been recorded by the pen of the historian. The thrifty traders, the industrious phlegmatic peasantry, the sturdy fishermen, of whom the bulk of the population of the Northern Netherlands was composed, were baptized with a veritable baptism of blood and of fire; and they passed through the furnace of affliction to come forth with faculties braced and elevated, a new-born nation knit together by the memory of common sufferings and common triumphs.

The murderous deed of Balthazar Gérard could not undo the great work which his victim had already accomplished. William the Silent lived long enough not only to lay firmly the foundations of the Dutch Republic, but to leave behind him successors trained in his school, who were qualified to carry on the task of raising on those foundations a stately edifice. It is not my intention to dwell here upon the military successes of his famous son Maurice, the first general of his age, or upon the

statecraft by which John of Barneveldt secured in the cabinet the results which had been won upon the field. A quarter of a century had yet to pass after the assassination of William before Spain, by agreeing to a twelve years' truce, was compelled to acknowledge the practical independence of the United Netherlands. But during these years, though war was being waged against all the resources of a mighty power, the crisis of suffering and of danger had passed away. The scientific skill of their young general kept the military operations for the most part outside the borders of the Provinces. The dash and enterprise of the bold mariners of Holland and Zealand drove the enemy's fleets from the sea, and carried the terror of the Dutch name to the most distant and outlying portions of Philip's unwieldy empire. Meanwhile in the Netherlands themselves the spirit of the people rose, trade grew and prospered, and all the arts and accomplishments of civilization and of culture took root, blossomed and flourished. The half-century which followed the conclusion of the truce with Spain has been rightly named the Golden Age of Holland.¹ In this period not only did she attain the summit of her political greatness, and even for a time hold acknowledged supremacy, as the first of maritime, colonial and commercial Powers, but she was likewise the most learned State of Europe, and famous for the scholars, philosophers, theologians and men of scientific renown who filled her academies or took refuge within her hospitable boundaries. Within these same fifty years lived and worked all those great painters whose names are familiar to every lover of art, and who by their technical dexterity and rare delicacy of finish have given to the Dutch school of painting, in certain special departments and in its own peculiar style, a character of unrivalled excellence. It

was a period at once of general enlightenment and refined taste. The love of music was widespread, and, alike as composers and executants, the musicians of the Netherlands were acknowledged to be the first of their time; indeed it was from its home in the Low Countries that the art of modern music spread into Italy and Germany, and thence through the whole of Europe. The stage was popular and well supported. The Netherlands had always been distinguished for their love for scenic representations, and the new theatre of Amsterdam became renowned for the splendour and completeness of its arrangements and the ability of its actors. Such indeed was their fame, that travelling companies of Dutch players, who visited the chief cities of Germany, Austria, and Denmark, found everywhere a ready welcome and reaped a rich reward; while at Stockholm for a time a permanent Dutch theatre was established. Books of every kind, issued by a press absolutely free and unshackled, met with numerous and appreciative readers. Many of these were editions of the classics, or learned treatises in the Latin tongue on scientific or controversial subjects; many, but by no means all. The native language, shaking off the trammels of mediævalism, had in the hands of a succession of great writers been cultivated and developed until it had attained a flexibility, copiousness, and finish far in advance of the sister dialects of Germany; and a literature arose, notable even in that era so rich in great literatures.

That the poetical treasures which it contains have in later times been overlooked and ignored, is due simply to the fact that the fall of the Dutch Republic from its temporary and untenable position of influence involved the decadence and neglect of the Dutch language. Holland and her tongue were alike destined to become provincial. But while the famous achievements of her admirals and statesmen are written large upon the

¹ The name of the dominating Province of Holland is generally used as signifying the Confederation of the United Provinces.

pages of the history of Europe, the works of her poets have remained unknown, save to the very few, in the obscurity of an oblivion, which even the critical minuteness and comprehensive survey of a Hallam or a Schlegel have failed to penetrate or to illumine.

"It has been the misfortune of the Dutch," wrote Hallam, "a great people, a people fertile of various ability and erudition, a people of scholars, theologians and philosophers, of mathematicians, of historians, of painters, and, we may add, of poets, that these last have been the mere violets of the shade and have peculiarly suffered by the narrow limits within which their language has been spoken or known." Yet he in no way attempts to supply the omission which he acknowledges. A few meagre details, drawn from second-hand sources, are all the account that he vouchsafes of what he has himself styled *The Golden Age of Dutch Literature*; while Schlegel in his *History of Literature* does not even deign to treat the subject directly, but contents himself, while commenting upon the writings of Opitz, with the remark: "He (Opitz) more immediately attached himself to the genius of the Dutch, who, at that time, possessed a Hugo Grotius, and were not only the most learned and enlightened of all Protestant States, but had also made considerable progress in poetical pursuits and were in possession of native tragedies, modelled after the antique, long prior to the celebrated tragic poets of France in the reign of Louis XIV." The two great critics agree in their estimate of the learning and enlightenment of the Holland of the seventeenth century: they agree in their statement that this highly cultured community possessed a native literature of unknown excellence; and both abstain from a personal study of poetical works which, through circumstance, if not through lack of merit, had failed to attain a European reputation.

Oppressed as they were by the enor-

mous magnitude of the task they had undertaken, Hallam and Schlegel were possibly justified in thus shrinking from adding to labours already great enough to try the powers of the most indefatigable student; but surely this very fact renders it the more imperative upon others, not thus burdened, to see that there should be no gap, no *terra incognita* in our knowledge of one of the most important and interesting epochs in the history of Letters.

With the political history of the United Provinces in the hey-day of their prosperity the world is familiar. The names of the great Stadholders of the House of Orange, Maurice, Frederick Henry, and William III.; of the great Pensionaries, Barneveldt and De Witt; of the great Admirals, Van Tromp and De Ruyter,—have each their niche of fame not merely in the annals of their fatherland, but in the annals of their time. Dutch art and Dutch artists require no one to blazon their renown, for the language which they employ appeals to every eye and needs no interpreter. But the poetry of Vondel and his contemporaries has for two centuries and a half remained for well-nigh all, save natives of Holland, a sealed book.

Yet not for one, but for many reasons this should not be. The claims of the Dutch poets to a place in the history of the literature of the seventeenth century should be assessed, not by the position which Holland and her literature now hold in the estimation of Europe, but by the position which they occupied at the time when the United Netherlands were the first of maritime Powers, and the Dutch were the bankers and carriers of the world. The long lifetime of Vondel covered the entire period known as the *Golden Age of Dutch Literature*, and he may be regarded as, in a peculiar sense, the impersonation of his country's highest poetic inspiration. He was the contemporary of Shakspeare and Milton, of Lope de Vega and Calderon, of Corneille and Racine;

and that which Shakspeare and Milton are to the literature of England, that which Lope de Vega and Calderon are to the literature of Spain, that which Corneille and Racine are to the literature of France, such is Vondel to the literature of Holland. He stands forth, as one of the representative Men of Letters of his time; and no study or survey of the literature of that time can be pronounced satisfactory or complete which denies without examination the value of his work, and ignores his pretensions to poetic fame. He has a claim, whether we regard him from the wider point of view as a European poet, or from the narrower as merely a Dutch writer. Yet Vondel is but the central figure amidst a crowd of writers; and among these are some highly distinguished as literary men, who at the same time played a considerable part in the social and political history of their time.

The brilliant and genial Hooft, whose castle of Muiden was for a quarter of a century the home of the Muses, the resort of all that was most cultured, learned and refined among the higher intelligence of Holland, was himself a dramatist of distinction; a writer of some charming love-songs and lyrics; a historian of the first rank; a master of prose, whose letters are models of a studied, though at times somewhat affected, epistolary style, and afford a perfect mine of information to the student. The most popular and most widely read of all Dutch poets, whose writings¹ are as simple and unsophisticated in their diction as they are rich in quaint fancy, wise and pure in their precepts, admirable in their sound sense, and manly and large-hearted in their view of human life, was one of the prominent Netherland statesmen of his time, for twenty years Grand Pensionary of Holland, and twice sent as Ambassador Extraordinary from the States-General to England. Essentially

the poet of the people, amongst whom to this day he is familiarly called "Father Cats", his works are to be found beside the Bible in well-nigh every Dutch homestead. Constantine Huyghens was a man of a different type. Courtier, nobleman, diplomatist, secretary and counsellor to three successive Princes of Orange, proficient in almost all languages ancient and modern, acquainted with every branch of knowledge, an admirable musician and composer, the writing of verses was to him a pastime of the leisure hours of a lifetime crowded with other interests and activities. His numerous short poems, at once lively and didactic, fastidious in style and pithy in expression, are highly interesting; but they are interesting chiefly in this, that they reveal to us the reflections and sentiments of a man versed in affairs and a favourite of courts, yet with a mind endowed by Nature with the finest faculties and tastes, which the study and application of years had enhanced and matured. In Brederoo, a man ignorant of any language save his mother-tongue, but full of native humour and originality, we have the only counterpart in Dutch literature to the Jan Steens and Brouwers of contemporary art. He is the poet of low-life, and his comedies are written for the most part in the rude dialect of the fishmarket and the street. Nevertheless they present us with veritable pictures of the life and manners of old Amsterdam; and his songs, full of energy and natural feeling, show that had not the dissipation and disappointments of a wayward youth brought his career to an untimely close he might have attained to high poetic distinction. The poems, published at Amsterdam under the titles of "The Merry Song Book," "the Great Fountain of Love," and "Meditative Song Book," are alike remarkable for the varied and harmonious cadence of the verse, and for genuine power of expression and imagery. They reveal beneath the

¹ There is an excellent edition of them in four vols., by Van Vloten, Leyden, 1857.

rough, and at times coarse and licentious exterior, glimpses of a nature of fine susceptibilities and of almost womanly sensitiveness.

It is not possible here to enter into any detail respecting the works of these great Dutch writers, or even to mention the names of many others of minor fame. But no sketch, however slight, which attempts to portray the leading figures of this remarkable period, must forget to assign amongst them a prominent position to the beautiful Maria Tesselschade Visscher. If but a fraction of what is said in her praise by the crowd of distinguished admirers who burnt incense at her shrine be true, she must be considered one of the most admirable and accomplished types of womanhood that the imagination of the poet or the pen of the romancer has ever devised,—a very vision of sweetness and light. She had indeed exceptional opportunities. Daughter of the celebrated Roemer Visscher, a poet, distinguished both for wit and learning, whose house was for many years the rendezvous of literary society, she daily met as a child under her father's hospitable roof all that were best worth knowing among the many gifted men who made Amsterdam their home in those brilliant days. Nor was this her only privilege. Her sister Anna, ten years older than herself, under whose fostering care after their mother's death her years of childhood passed, was a woman of unusual erudition, a poetess of no mean merit, honoured by her contemporaries, according to the fashion of the age, with the title of the Dutch Sappho. The young maiden repaid her for her motherly tenderness and solicitude by the quickness with which she imbibed her instructions, and the eagerness with which she set herself to tread in her footsteps. The pupil indeed was destined soon to surpass the teacher, and the fame of the wise Anna to pale before that of the beautiful Tesselschade.

All the first literary men of her time were, not figuratively only but often literally, among her admirers. Hooft and Huyghens, Barlaeus and Brederoo wooed in vain for her affections; Vondel and Cats with less ardour perhaps, but equal admiration, offered rich tributes of homage to her personal charms as well as to her almost incredible proficiency in every branch of art and culture. Her attainments were indeed wonderful. The greater part of her poetical works, including her much-praised translation of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, have perished, but amongst the scanty remains is found her "Ode to the Nightingale", a lyric bearing some curious points of resemblance to and not unworthy to be compared with Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark". She could play with skill upon the harp, and the beauty of her voice and the art with which she used it have been celebrated by all her contemporaries. She was moreover dexterous in tapestry and embroidery work, and in painting, carving, and etching upon glass. And with all this there seems to have been no trace of pedantry or affectation in her healthy and well-balanced nature. She never appears to have been carried away by the flood of flattery which surrounded her. She gave her heart and hand to none of the poets and courtiers who made love to her in polished stanzas, but to a plain sea-captain, with whom she passed a happy but too short married life in the seclusion of a provincial town, giving up for a time her literary and artistic pursuits for the sedulous discharge of her motherly and domestic duties. In widowhood she again fixed her abode in Amsterdam and, welcomed by the circle of her old friends, her bright and joyous presence once more became the soul of the society which continued to frequent the Castle of Muiden. Again the throng of suitors began to flock around her, but she remained faithful to the memory of the husband she had loved. She did not hold herself aloof from her literary friends,

and delighted to exercise her talents both as a solace to herself and for the gratification of others. Her heart however was in none of these things. Devotedly attached to her two daughters, her first and constant care was directed to their training and education; and when in their early youth they were removed from her by death, she found life no longer worth living, but, still in the prime of her powers, speedily followed them to the grave. The memory of a character so pure and flawless, in which the highest qualities of nature and art were so happily blended, should not lie buried in a forgotten tomb or enshrined in an unread literature. For no one can study the Dutch literature of the Golden Age without being struck by the wide and subtle influence which the captivating personality of Tessel-schade Visscher exercised over her contemporaries, or without himself feeling a thrill almost of affection for one who thus lights up the often dry and tedious records of a bygone time with radiant glimpses of "a perfect woman, nobly planned".

Dry and tedious a comprehensive study of the literature of any period must always be.

If we want (to quote the words of Mr. Stopford Brooke) to get a clear idea of any period, we must know all the poets small and great, who wrote in it and read them altogether. It would be really useful and delightful to take a single time and read every line of fairly good poetry in it and then compare the results of our study with the history of the time. Such a piece of work would not only increase our pleasure in all the higher poetry of the time we study, and the greater enjoyment of the poetry of any other time; it would also supply us with an historical element which the writers of history at the present day have so strangely neglected, the history of the emotions and passions which political changes worked and which themselves influenced political change; the history of the rise and fall of those ideas, which especially touch the imaginative and emotional life of a people and in doing so, modify the whole development.

To that marvel of history, the
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Holland of the first half of the seventeenth century, are these sentences especially applicable. The historian of European politics tells us of her achievements as one of the leading states of the day and of her weight in the councils of nations. The historian of commerce dwells upon her mercantile enterprise, her wealth, her East and West India Companies, her colonies, her banking system, the thrift and industry of her people. The historian of learning points to her with pride, as the chosen home of such world-renowned scholars, jurists and philosophers, as Lipsius and Scaliger, Barlaeus and Heinsius, Gronovius, Salmasius and the Vossii, of Grotius, Spinoza and Descartes. The historian of science records the discoveries and investigations of Christian Huyghens, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, to whose mechanical genius the astronomer and optician are so deeply indebted, and who was no less remarkable for the breadth of his theoretical generalizations than for his skill in the invention and manipulation of instruments. He tells of the permanent additions made to the science of mathematics by the studies of Simon Stevin; of the exhaustive and minute researches of Swammerdam into the habits and metamorphoses of insects, which form the basis of subsequent knowledge; of the life-long labours of Leeuwenhoek with the microscope, which resulted in the discovery of the *infusoria*, and in the amassing of vast stores of information concerning the circulation of the blood and the structure of the eye and brain; of Ruysch, Boerhaave and Tulp, anatomists and physicians of European reputation; of the discovery of the principle of the clock-pendulum by Christian Huyghens, of the telescope by Zachary Jens, of the microscope by Cornelius Drebbel; of the printing triumphs of the Elzevirs; of the maps of Blaeuw. And lastly the historian of art recounts the extraordinary fertility of this era in great Dutch painters, and enlarges with critical

discrimination upon the magical *chiar-oscuro* of Rembrandt, the lifelike vigour of the portraits of Van der Helst and Franz Hals, the delicate finish of Gerard Dow and Terburg, the landscapes of Ruysdael and Hobbema, the cattle of Paul Potter and Cuyp, and the varied and particular excellences associated with the names of Jan Steen, Wouvermans, Brouwers, Pieter de Hoogh, Ostade, Van der Velde and many others. Of the outward and visible aspect of the Holland of the Golden Age, of the appearance, dress, external habits and customs of all classes of the population, the walls of the Rijks-museum at Amsterdam and of the Mauritshuis at the Hague offer us a full and faithful portraiture. But we still need to know something more if we wish to penetrate behind this outer presentment of names and deeds and forms and achievements, and discern the hidden springs of action, the motive forces of this exuberant national life. The works of the writers of a great past age are to some extent a faithful mirror in which its spirit is reflected, and to him who readeth therein with his eyes open its image is revealed. The pictured narrative of the historian, nay even the pictured canvas of the painter supply us at the best with but a counterfeit representation of the vanished past; to the student of its contemporary literature alone is a glimpse of the living reality afforded. The memories of the great men of former days are but too often the object either of indiscriminate partiality or of indiscriminate prejudice. The same man is represented as saint or sinner, hero or tyrant, according to the prepossessions and bias of the writer. Not that necessarily facts are glaringly, or even consciously misrepresented; but the imagination plays so large a part in the arrangement and colouring that the general effect is transformed, and instead of being presented with a faithful and life-like portraiture of

persons and events, we have a narrative, which to use the expression of Bolingbroke, is nothing but "an authorized romance", and is generally attractive and popular in exact proportion to its faultiness. History at its best is but incomplete and unsatisfying. It tells us something, it makes us wish for more. The figures which move across its page are, after all, but puppets guided and informed by the hand of the showman. We do not recognize in them men of like passions with ourselves; we perceive the outward form and gesture but we know little of the inner searchings of the heart, of their strivings, ideals, sympathies and sorrows. No one indeed can adequately reveal these things to us; they must be sought by ourselves. And much, at least, that will interpret to us the spirit of an age, if that age were fortunate in the production of great writers, can be found in the intelligent study of its literature.

Such an age pre-eminently was that which we have been considering. The annals of Holland in the seventeenth century are strewn thick with the records of famous men and famous deeds. Never with smaller means did any people achieve greater results or win distinction in so many ways as did the people of the Northern Netherlands in the "glorious days of Frederick Henry", and the story of what they did, and still more of how they did it, is extremely instructive, as well as impressive and romantic. Yet it can never be told in its completeness merely by the study of protocols and despatches, or by comparisons of statistics or by researches among musty state documents. These are but the dry bones of history; and he who would lay sinews and flesh upon them, must study likewise, and deeply, the contemporary literature which has come down to us in rich abundance, as a part of the living tissue of the times themselves.

GEORGE EDMUNDSON.

SMALL DEER.

SMALL deer, in truth! The fisher for the lordly salmon will shoot out the lip: the happy man who has toiled (not in vain) the season through to lure the giant trout of Thames, will shake his head over my humble tale. But my little fish are sweet, and sweet is their dwelling-place.

It has been a glorious August day, and the sun is sloping westward through a cloudless sky as I leave the old Hall behind me. Leisurely I wend my way through the rolling park. On the high ground the grass is brown and sere; but in every little dale and dell the bracken grows thick, gladdening the eye with its fresh, bright, living green. Across the drive in front of me a rabbit glides noiselessly. A hundred yards to the right a branching antler rising above the fern shows where a buck is taking his rest in quietness and confidence, never broken by

The slow-hound's deep-mouthed note and huntsman's echoing horn.

Now stand on the bridge where the drive crosses, and gaze your fill on half a mile of open water, from the dark fir-wood to the beginning of yonder long spinney, that the stream threads from end to end in its devious course to the brimming river.

"Water, sir! there's not three inches. Stream! it's a ditch, I could hop across." True, that limber fly-rod and gorged pocket-book will do little service here. The two top joints, a yard of gut, and juicy worms are all we need.

Our tackle is soon put together, and we are at the end of the wood. Flashing over bright brown pebbles, the stream hurries forth, glad to escape from gloomy shades to light and air. Rushes grow thick on the high hollow banks, with here and there a fern

stretching its feathery fronds from side to side. You may set your fancy free, laugh, sing, whistle, shout, or swear, as the fancy takes you; but,—oh, lightly tread! for haply beneath your very feet the quarry lurks.

Here shall be my first cast! Noiselessly I drop the worm, and watch it with the eye of hope as it rolls swiftly down where beneath yonder hollow the stream runs like a mill-race in miniature, slightly coloured with the crumbling soil. Alas! no bite; and again and again the like ill-luck.

Aha, my friend, I can translate that vigorous ejaculation—rushes are not to be trifled with, and the graceful fern, with its serrated leaves, holds a gut-line like a vice. Put on another hook. I'll try my luck where the stream eddies round yonder mighty boulder, seven pounds if it is an ounce, that lies athwart its course.

A convulsive tug—the light rod bends like a bow, and with a turn of the wrist a pretty little trout in all the glory of his crimson-spotted livery is swung on the grass at my feet. The first fish, the first trout—there is magic in the word. What golden memories it conjures up! Memories of happy hours by lonely moorland burns in the sweet vale of Dove, of red-letter days in the lush water-meadows through which the Wind-rush winds its silent way. Keener than ever, I fish steadily down towards the bridge. Two more speckled beauties join their comrade in the spacious pocket of my old shooting-coat; a third shakes the hook from his mouth and leaves me sorrowing, but only for a moment. Is there not a noble pool just below the bridge; black, still, and deep, some three feet deep, into which the water pours, bubbling and foaming from a tiny cataract? Quickly my worm is launched into the rapids,

hangs for a moment among the stones, and then drops quickly into the tail of the pool. A bite indeed, the loose end of the line was almost twitched from my hand, and now to "do my spiriting gently."

Like lightning my fish dashes across the pool, seeking shelter under the roots of the old willow that overhangs the water. For one agonizing moment the line seems slack, but I feel him again, a mad rush down stream, a short sulk under the bank, and I

Take him up tenderly,
Lift him with care—

a half-pounder at the very least.

Pocketing my fish, I walk quickly on. There are few likely places in the remaining open space, and these my friend has fished with much perseverance. He has lost another hook, but two pretty trout have restored his self-respect and temper. Elsewhere the stream runs clear as crystal over a sandy bottom. Ever and anon, as I pass, a dark form flits through the water, as though in mockery; but I pass the challenge by.

Arrived at the edge of the spinney I pause a moment. Who ever

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

The west is all ablaze with tints that Turner would have loved to paint. The sun is setting gloriously. His last rays are lighting up the dark fir-wood, and the leaves of yonder giant oak glisten like burnished gold. Already there is a pleasant freshness in the air that tells of falling dew, and the gathering dusk warns me to lose no time.

In the fence, a hundred yards to the left, is a gap. Cautiously I scramble over, and work my way towards the stream, through a sea of fern breast-high. What a place for fairy tourists! It is the Wye in miniature; fern down to the water's edge, save where a stretch of mossy turf flanks some quiet little reach.

For the most part the banks are high and steep. Six feet below me the stream brattles along its rocky bed. There are a dozen tiny waterfalls, each with its duodecimo salmon-pool below it. The trees admit a solemn half-light. Not a twig stirs: all is silence, all is peace; save when my rustling footsteps startle a timid rabbit, or flush an old cock pheasant, who rises leisurely to settle again a few yards further on.

Slowly I stroll along, catching now a fish and now a stone, for the bottom is rocky, and has cost me much patience and hooks not a few. Half-way through the spinney the stream dives into a thicket of nut-bushes and is lost to view. In its hidden course is more than one fishy place, but never yet have I ventured there—with rod and line. To-day success has made me bold. Warily I grope my way; now thrusting the rod delicately through the tangled branches in front, now raising it aloft to elude the tenacious fern-leaves. Once, twice, I am caught and hung up, but reach the bank at last, unbroken.

Now, where the impetuous streamlet, dammed by a fallen log, swirls round all flecked with foam. Crawling to the edge I take the line 'twixt thumb and finger, and drop the baited hook, like a plummet, into the rapid just above. In a moment there comes a sharp twitch of the line. It is no place to dally with the prey. Keeping the point of the rod down, I draw the line sharply back, and trout the eighth joins his forerunners in my bulging pocket. There is no more to be done in the jungle, for the stream is literally smothered by the undergrowth. So I wriggle out of the thicket carefully, and keep a parallel to its course.

There is comparatively open ground again as I near the end of the spinney, and a complete change of scene.

The trees are sparse and stunted: tussocks of long, rank, tangled grass take the place of fern, and on many a patch of ground the silvery deer-moss warns me not to tread. Through this

dismal little swamp the stream flows between two flat banks with many a winding. Daylight is fading fast now; a white mist begins to rise, and great white moths flit, like ghosts, along the water-side. Not altogether a pleasant place to walk at dewy eve. But these few hundred yards of boggy stream have yielded me many a fish ere now.

My friend has come down the cross-side and joined me. He has made but one addition to his bag since we parted, and is inclined to be despondent. He will fish no more, but saunters along the opposite bank, watching my operations.

For some time the rod is plied in vain, and my friend, who has found more than one soft place, shows signs of turning tail. But I pick my way on to a little cape of firm ground, around which the stream sweeps with a strong current. Once more my fingers thrill to the electric twitch, and I swing a game troutling of some four ounces deftly on to the bank. In the next twenty yards another and yet another come to grass.

Then the watcher, roused to emulation, sets to work once more. But the ground gets worse and worse, and, thanks to the failing light, I have fathomed one moss-hole to the knee. There is a shout of triumph! My comrade has a fish, a good one doubtless, for his rod is bending double. But hapless wight, that careless step bewrays him! One mighty flounder, and he lies prone upon the moist earth. The point of his rod clutched in a convulsive grasp, flies upward as he falls, and he rises, mud-bedaubed, a sad and wrathful man, while his fish escapes with the hook and a yard of gut. Just one more cast with a new bait, my friend, and we will leave the treacherous spot, for we are a good

half-mile from the house, and shall scarce get back by daylight.

I lay my rod aside and, taking good heed to my steps, pursue a large moth, fluttering about hard by. He is soon caught, and fixed tenderly on the hook. Now to find a fitting place to essay his charms. Here is the very spot. Where that ancient alder, with roots thick grown with moss and fungi, flings its straggling branches over the slow sullen stream, eating its silent way through the rich, black crumbling earth.

Lightly the moth falls on the dark water and glides slowly down the sluggish stream. Its gossamer wings are soon draggled, and it begins to sink. I am on the point of taking it out, and seeking a fresh victim, when suddenly the calm surface is broken by a rise—the trailing line grows taut. A few convulsive struggles, and my fish is handsomely landed on the low, bare bank. He has taken the colour of his dwelling-place; dusky and dull of hue, he cannot compare in beauty with his brethren outside the spinney. But he is a gallant fish for all that, and, if my eye deceives me not, a good three-quarters of a pound.

Right loth am I now to quit the stream, though night is falling fast. But I tear myself away, regain the side, and we start at score upon our homeward trudge. The moon is rising, a crescent of pale gold, as we cross the park. Shapeless and dim in the twilight the great trees tower aloft like giant spectres. A late-feeding hare lurches leisurely away from our path; a bat almost brushes my cheek, as he flits by on noiseless wing. But no sound comes to break the solemn stillness of a world that seems mourning for the day that is dead.

CRITICS IN COURT.

It was Gray's opinion that a bad verse was a better thing than the best observation made upon it. The opinion is valuable, for Gray not only lives with the poets; he is in the very front rank of critics, though he published no criticisms. On the other hand, Johnson, who published much acute and just criticism, with much also that was foolish and ill-tempered, thought more nobly of the critical soul. To refine the public taste, he said, was a public benefaction, and so far no one probably will disagree with him. "If bad writers were to pass under no reprehension", he asked, "what should restrain them?" And again: "All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and improves judgment". That again is not to be gainsaid, but there is clearly much virtue in the *when*. The truth is that the Court of Criticism has no legal existence. It is a self-appointed tribunal working on no settled principles and bound by no precedents. Any one may practise in it. "Criticism", observes Dick Minim's biographer, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may by mere labour be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom nature has made weak and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a Critic". In this court no one conceives himself obliged either by courtesy or custom to respect, much less to uphold the decision of his brother, be he never so learned. Freedom is of course a blessed thing,

but too much freedom is not always good for every man, and its result in this instance is not seldom as ridiculous as it is confusing. The critic is indeed not so much a baron of the Middle Ages exercising power of life and death over his own feudatories, as a robber-chief levying war wherever he feels himself strong enough to do so with impunity, on his neighbour robbers as well as on the defenceless peasantry. Or if this simile be thought too robust for him, let him be likened to the pariah dog of the East, which turns upon its fellow beast when better prey cannot be had.

It is little wonder that a stand should have been sometimes made against this tyranny; the wonder rather is that it should not have been more often made. It is true that upon bad writers only will censure have much effect, yet it is only half a truth. Censure will not harm good work, but it may give the workman many an uncomfortable hour. Pope, the most sensitive, and Scott, the most sensible of writers, were both annoyed by censure; yet upon their writings censure has not had much effect. And after all how small a part of the irritable race can even this half-truth avail to console! It is only natural, then, that in an age when the Passion of the Past has ceased to work, or at most lingers only in a few withered breasts themselves soon to become candidates for its regard, when scorn of the beliefs and sentiments, the institutions and practices of its fathers is considered the first necessity of noble mind, when he who

From the shadow of the globe would sweep
into the younger day,

must ply his broom ruthlessly—at such a time it is, we say, but natural that

the divinity which once hedged round a critic should have gone the way of all other divinities. It is the age of æsthetical democracy as of political, and critics like kings must be taught to "ken there is a lith in their necks". The spectacle of another Byron paying compliments to another Gifford as the "monarch-maker in poetry", can be hardly more unlikely than—than the advent, shall we say, of another Byron? "Sire," said the French courtier to his king, when the Bastille was toppling down in flames that are not yet quenched, "Sire, this is not a revolt, but a revolution." Many a revolt has been headed against the critic's rule, and not always unsuccessfully; now there is a revolution, and a revolution by course of law. A second Daniel has come to judgment, and henceforth it is law in English land that the public good must not be benefited at the expense of the private individual.

To the ordinary lay mind, which has always found it hard to draw the necessary distinction between common law and common sense, this judgment has an almost boundless significance. Stretching far beyond the province of mere æsthetic criticism, it appears to embrace almost the whole social fabric, —and not to embrace it only, but to strike at its very core. Something of the same theory was indeed broached by that large-hearted senator who confided to an appreciative audience that they were not bound to obey the law beyond their own convenience. But between the interpretation of the law by an irresponsible member of Parliament and the law itself there is sometimes much difference. This member was in very truth no better than a critic, and, had any sufferer by his criticism chosen to seek redress, would probably have shared the critic's shrift. But if this interpretation of the law by one of its chief officers is to hold good, surely the end of all things is at hand. For what may it not involve? Take one instance, —a simple one, within universal comprehension. The policeman — is not he maintained

for the benefit of the public good? Yet how often must he justify his maintenance at the expense of the private individual! There must be many private individuals who would gladly see those uncompromising and incorruptible critics, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Monro, laid by the heels for preserving the public good at their expense; and really, if what is to be sauce for the æsthetic goose is also to be sauce for the political gander, it is hard to see why their wish should not be gratified. To take another instance, which will touch the law-abiding Briton on his tenderest side; it is for the public good that we should have an Army, a Navy, Ministers of the Crown, even Judges; they can only be maintained at the expense of the private individual,—of the tax-payer, to wit. But these are matters too high for our dim layman's vision. Allegorically blind herself, Justice is often the cause of literal blindness in others who seek to penetrate her mysteries with unanointed eyes. In the presence of this inscrutable goddess we can but murmur to ourselves those touching lines which Mr. Clayden has reminded us were written by Samuel Rogers:

They who watch by her, see not; but she
sees,
Sees and exults—were ever dreams like
these!

There are, however, other sides of the question on which it may be possible for a layman to reflect with less chance of foolishness, and which are perhaps of more general interest to those good souls who would gladly obey the law in all things, when assured of understanding her commandments.

The particular occasion of this judgment was what is known in legal society as a theatrical case. There has been more than one such lately, and in each the aggrieved party contrived to secure not only the sympathy of the judge, but the more practical sympathy of the jury as well. Without entering into particulars, which might be tedious, it may be broadly said that

in each case the judge laid it down that adverse criticism within certain bounds was fair, and in each the jury decided that these bounds had been passed. It was in the last of these—in which the proprietor of a music-hall had sued the proprietor of a newspaper for publishing reflections on the morality of his entertainment—that this distinction was drawn between the public interests and the rights of the private individual.

The precise legal interpretation of the word *private* puzzles us at the outset. In his relation to the State every individual is in one sense private. The public good is the good of the State, and the State is a mighty sum made up of many myriads of units. Yet surely no individual can plead the privileges of privacy who comes forward in person to solicit the suffrages of the public. The artist, in whatever form of art he works, who earns his living by his skill, is from a purely commercial point of view as much a tradesman and stands on the same footing as the greengrocer or the hosier. Both are ready to supply certain goods for a certain price; the question between them and the public is whether the goods are worth the price asked for them. Whether the goods be pictures or potatoes, socks or sonnets, matters nothing so far as the essential terms of the bargain are concerned; but a court of law takes cognizance of the greengrocer's failure to supply a proper quality of potato, whereas the defaulting artist is tried in the court of criticism. The critic is, in short, an inspector of æsthetic weights and measures, or we may call him a sanitary inspector, if we please, or an inspector of nuisances. His misfortune is that he has no official standing; he has appointed himself, at his own peril. Artist and greengrocer are both private individuals up to a certain point, and as such have rights common to every human being in a civilized state of society. Their customers are concerned only with the quality of their wares; with the greengrocer's

religious opinions the public has no more to do than with the moral character of the poet's grandmother or his own relations to the tax-collector. Moreover the artist has certain sentimental rights, as they may be called, peculiar not to the individual but to the artist. Good art has a glory of its own, supreme and imperishable; bad art, when it offends no moral law, is not a crime against society. It may provoke us by its folly, or weary us by its insipidity; but it is not to be treated with the severity due to him who violates the laws of social order or endangers human life. So far it is right to say that criticism must not perform its office of purifying public taste at the expense of the individual; but when an artist voluntarily submits his work to the tribunal of public opinion, it is idle to warn that tribunal that it must pronounce no sentence likely to hurt the interests of the private individual. Johnson, somewhat brutally, observes that "the diversion of baiting an author has the sanction of all ages and nations". It is more lawful, he says, than the diversion of teasing other animals, "because for the most part he comes voluntarily to the stake". It is at any rate certain that the practice of criticism is of venerable antiquity, and that the public has never considered the man who tries to sell a bad picture or a bad book exempt from censure on the ground that he is a private individual.

In the mind of the law the whole question seems to turn on what constitutes fair criticism. In an action for libel brought by a bookseller who had been accused of selling immoral and foolish books Lord Ellenborough delivered himself of this judgment: "Liberty of criticism must be allowed, or we should have neither purity of taste nor of morals. Fair discussion is essentially necessary to the truth of history and the advancement of science. That publication, therefore, I shall never consider as a libel which has for its object not to injure the reputation of any individual, but to cancel mis-

representation of fact, to refute sophistical reasoning, to expose a vicious taste in literature, or to censure what is hostile to morality." From the antithesis of the last sentence it would seem that the learned judge used the word *vicious* in an æsthetic sense, and if this be so his ruling goes far; but then comes across our path the "reputation of the individual". A badly written or foolish book is æsthetically vicious, and its exposure should therefore tend to the purification of taste. Yet the exposure must also inevitably tend to injure the artistic reputation of its writer. It must in short be obvious that there can be no adverse criticism, provided of course it be true, which does not injure the reputation of the individual against whom it is directed, and, so far as it is designed to warn the public that the work offered to them for purchase is not worth their money, is not intended to injure it. It is in a word impossible entirely to separate the individual from his work. The individual lives by the sale of his work; if that sale be injured, the individual is injured.

This separation of the artist from his work is more impossible, it may be observed, in theatrical criticism than in any other. This department of criticism appears indeed to be governed by certain laws of its own, whose motives it is not easy to fathom,—unless we agree with those who maintain that they may be fathomed much too easily. To the uninitiated it seems at any rate as though it were often content to accept an actor for some other sake than his work's. But we have neither the right nor the wish to go behind the scenes. It is, however, certain that in criticizing the performance of an actor you must more or less consciously criticize his physical capabilities for the part, which are in fact—though it is a fact which seems to be strangely overlooked—three-fourths of his qualifications. It must be obvious that an actor with a harsh voice, an awkward manner, and an ungainly figure, whatever his intellec-

tual powers may be, can never satisfactorily present characters associated with the idea of personal charm, such as Romeo or Prince Hal or Charles Surface. In only one of the three cases aforesaid was the plaintiff an actor; but the British jurymen, with all his good qualities, is not a very nice reasoner, and we suspect that in what is vaguely known as a theatrical case the critic will very rarely get the benefit of the doubt. Of all professions an actor's stands in the closest personal relation to the individual; adverse criticism seems as it were to strike at the very man himself. We must remember, too, that our theatre gives a great degree of pleasure, and on the whole of innocent pleasure, to an immense number of persons whose æsthetic senses are not likely to be very seriously offended by the defects which annoy a critic. It must be obvious that an infinitesimal proportion of the crowds which throng our playhouses can carry a critical mind with them, fortunately for them as well as for the playhouses; and the jury who cast a theatrical critic in damages are pretty sure to have the public on their side. The conscientious criticism of one's contemporaries must always be a sufficiently thankless task, and can rarely be an agreeable one. But the critic of the theatre has the hardest lot of all; and that editor of *The Times* was, we suspect, right who warned his critic that it was not worth their while to take the theatre too seriously. Assuredly the critic was wise in his generation who accepted the warning.

If baiting authors has been always a recognized pastime, the critics in their turn have not gone free.

Such shameless bards we have; and yet
 'tis true,
 There are as mad abandoned critics too.

From Horace to Matthew Arnold, all have had a fling at them, and they can hardly be said to have had the best of the game. The world has never been sorry to see a critic caught on the hip; partly

perhaps because he is, as we have said, a self-appointed censor. Yet there was a time when his censorship was, if not always accepted, at least thought deserving consideration. The judgment of certain men on every new work of art was eagerly expected by the public, and in even more eager if less acquiescent spirit by the artist. From many causes, some of which it were not easy, and others it were superfluous, to define, criticism has lost this general respect. Whether the critic had ever really the power with which he was often complimented, and perhaps sometimes believed himself to possess, must be doubtful. It is certain that he has it not now. At his best he is but the mouthpiece of the educated few; for the most part, as Goethe said, he but instils a sort of half-culture into the masses, teaching them to look alike for faults and for beauties which they cannot appreciate, and to ignore those which they can. But malice or ignorance never really injured a good work, nor did flattery ever succeed in permanently establishing a bad one. Criticism as a rule has done no more than give utterance to the taste of the time. In the days of our fathers fewer people thought it necessary to have a taste, there were fewer varieties of taste, and as a consequence there were fewer critics. Within the last generation the number of labourers in the great field of art has wonderfully increased and is increasing every day: the number of people interested in their productions, or who wish to be thought interested, has increased and is increasing in almost the same proportion; it is inevitable that the number of critics should also have increased. A critic is now as necessary an appanage of a newspaper as the printer or the editor, and the number of newspapers is beyond all power of guessing. In such conditions it is obvious that there must be a vast quantity of careless criticism, and not a little that must be ignorant, though with the best intention to be neither. Dishonest or spite-

ful criticism has of course always existed in more or less degree, but the opportunities for its exercise must at least be more abundant now than they have ever been before. It is idle to say that such criticism does not exist, or to throw the charge upon wounded vanity or disappointed hopes. It is natural that a young artist should attribute censure to anything rather than his own faults, and in the general cry against the critics this must always be taken into the account. But neither great age nor great experience is needed to show that in the current criticism of our press there is much at work foreign to what should be its true purpose. We are far from saying that it is always of an evil kind. The sweet influences of friendship prevail doubtless as often as the baser instincts of our frail nature, let us think that they prevail more often; but the one can be as inimical to the truth as the other. Indeed of the two, the foolish face of praise is probably more baleful than the "stare tremendous of the threatening eye". For the public, being persuaded that critics are as a rule ill-natured, pay little heed to any real or supposed confirmation of their belief; whereas the nauseous flatteries in which criticism occasionally indulges attract notice by their very unexpectedness, and the public is easily cajoled into taking the unexpected seriously. These things are of course no great calamity; they may be trusted to right themselves in time, for, as we have said, no reputation, for good or ill, has ever lasted, or will last, on such foundations. Still they exist, and 'tis pity that they should; and if criticism has to set its house in order, no corner should be left unswept. Many of the critics of our æsthetic journals are themselves producers. Is it humanly possible that they should view their fellow-workers with absolutely clear impartial eyes? Must they not, how honestly soever they may strive against the natural man in them, be somewhat in the position of the polite tradesman, thankful for past

favours and solicitous for their continuance? We have often thought it were a good thing that no editor should allow in his columns the review of a work done by one of his own contributors. To be sure this would seriously check the flow of criticism; but that were in itself perhaps no very bad thing.

There is no doubt something ludicrous in the thought of a British jurymen being required to decide æsthetic questions; but in fact he is very rarely if ever required to do so. In one of the cases we have alluded to, for instance, an actor sued a critic for finding fault with his performance of the part of Romeo, and won his suit. It is probable that the jury had no very exact idea of Romeo's character, but they learned that the dissatisfied critic had a personal grudge against the actor, and they very properly gave the latter the benefit of the doubt. It is at least possible that the plaintiff did not make a first-rate Romeo; it is a part very easily played badly. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the defendant said anything contrary to what he believed to be the truth, though the expression he gave to his belief seems to have been thought unnecessarily emphatic. But the moral of the case lies in the fact that he was considered by the jury to have been in a condition unfavourable to impartial judgment: he conceived himself to have been discourteously used by the actor whose performance he was judging, and the least intellectual rate-payer who ever got into a jury-box is as competent to see that criticism should not be exercised under these conditions as the best trained and most finely gifted nature. And with this decision at any rate no right-minded person, be he twenty times a critic, will be disposed to quarrel.

It is indeed possible that in these particular cases the critics have been playing the part of scapegoats, and that the blows apparently struck against their unpopular profession

were in reality aimed at the growing license of our newspaper press. There is undoubtedly a strong suspicion afoot in all classes of society that the freedom of the press is rapidly developing into something very like a tyranny. It is not only among the notoriously disreputable journals that this may be seen; even our well-ordered and well-written journals, the majority, let us be thankful to say, sometimes permit themselves a freedom of comment, to say nothing of a freedom of speech, which certainly appears to some people to exceed that fair discussion advocated by Lord Ellenborough. Newspapers are the voice of the time, and the time is undoubtedly to blame. The memory of no living man can probably recall any such scandal as our Parliament has lately exhibited in its comments on a case still before the judges, the most flagrant offender being moreover an individual whose knowledge of the law should at least have been sufficient to keep him from so wanton a breach of its first principles. Nor is it only in matters of such high importance that the offence is seen. It may be seen in a hundred different ways, not only in our desire to know all about our neighbours, but in our neighbour's desire to tell us all about himself. The newspaper appears now to be regarded not only as a court of appeal but also as the touchstone of honour. Nothing in the new order is perhaps more disturbing to the few and faded survivals from the old than the eagerness with which a correspondence which would once have been considered private is now forwarded to the papers, no matter how unimportant the subject or the correspondents,—for it is not only the King of Syria whose morning meditations must now be known of all men before sundown. Indeed it appears to be the last, and the unfailing, resource of those unfortunate individuals who have not yet attained the distinction of publicity—not even by imprisonment for conscience' sake—and are unable in any other way to gratify their consuming thirst for noto-

riety, to enter into a correspondence for the sole purpose of printing it in the newspapers. Whether the partner of their fulfilled renown be consenting or not, matters nothing ; he has put his hand to the pen, and may not look back if he will. We were mightily indignant, and justly indignant, at the trick played last year by an unscrupulous American upon our Minister at Washington ; but we could find as righteous subjects for our indignation many times without looking across the Atlantic.

Should this feeling, then, be at the bottom of this onslaught on the unfortunate critic, it may be suffered with some complacency. He might indeed congratulate himself, if he were both patriotic and modest, on having for once in his life been of use to his

generation. And if it be merely another proof that in an age of freedom no man has a right to say what he pleases, and any man has a right to knock him down, or, as perhaps we should rather say, pull him up, for saying it, even then no great harm will have been done. It is true that if this ruling be pushed to its logical conclusion the critic's occupation, so far as his contemporaries are concerned, will be for ever gone, unless he be content, unlike a departed poet, to praise the rose that all are praising ; yet even that result may be trusted not to imperil the safety of the nation nor to eclipse its gaiety. If, as we have heard it boasted, Christianity has been abolished by a novelist, we can surely endure that criticism should be abolished by a judge.

THE "POOR WHITES" OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

THE Blue Ridge Mountains, running nearly parallel with the Atlantic coast and at an average distance from it of about one hundred and fifty miles, divide the State of Virginia into two somewhat distinct portions. The larger and eastern one may be called the Virginia of history and tradition, of large planters, negroes, tobacco, everything in short that the popular idea connects with the name of the Old Dominion. The smaller and western division bears the impress of a much later settlement. A strong stream of Ulster and German blood flows in the veins of a thriftier but less generous population. Negroes are scarcer, cattle are more numerous: tobacco and maize give precedence to abundant crops of grass and wheat, while a colder climate and a more generally mountainous surface still further accentuate the differences of race and age. When Virginia stood alone as England's greatest colony, and presented to the emigrant of the seventeenth or eighteenth century a counterpart to the mother country in manners and customs such as could not be found elsewhere, political and social life was bounded almost as completely by the Blue Ridge upon the west as it was upon the east by the ocean. It was the first outwork of the Alleghanies, and civilization, after creeping cautiously to its base, halted for half a century before it gathered strength and courage to cross the mighty wall into the fertile lands beyond it. The Blue Ridge indeed may claim no small place in history, since for two at least if not three generations it was practically the western boundary of the civilized world. Upon the one side of it was the broad-acred Virginian squire as vestryman, magis-

trate, burgess, fox-hunter, champion of Church and King and all the rest of it, ruling benignly over a community of English and African dependants. Upon the other the hated Indian roamed through a trackless wilderness, dashing from time to time through the mountain passes in fierce raids on the frontiersmen whose shanties formed, as it were, an unpaid line of defence for the aristocracy of the eastern settlements.

Time has long robbed the Blue Ridge of all significance but the surpassing beauty of its form and colouring. Hundreds of miles beyond the blue peaks that were once the Ultima Thule of Anglo-Saxons have arisen some of the most populous centres upon earth; and the scream of the iron horse dragging its heavy freights eastward wakes strange echoes in wild upland glens whose solitudes have otherwise defied the march of civilization. The traveller of to-day on his way south by one at least of the great trunk-lines from Washington will for many hours see the Blue Ridge filling the horizon upon his right hand. He will pass innumerable streams that either bear the names or swell the waters of those eastern rivers that the civil war made famous. Rumbling Creek is one of these, and I mention it particularly for two reasons. The first is that, after crossing the river on a tressel-bridge, the train stops at the station of Tucker's Mills, from which I think the passing traveller gets the best distant view of the mountains to be had from the railway. The second, because it is upon the head-waters of this tortuous and noisy stream that I purpose to introduce the reader to that strange specimen of humanity—the Southern Mountaineer.

So far, however, as the station at Tucker's Mills and its surroundings are concerned, the mountaineer population might be in another planet. The river, it is true, races under the railway-bridge with something of the life that marks its earlier career as a foaming trout-stream in some dark ravine of the great Appalachian rampart that towers so wonderfully blue into the distant sky. But the landscape all around is of a lowland character; fat cornfields and green meadows and big farm-houses, half-hidden in apple-orchards and groves of oak and tobacco-fields just planted, and through all the roseate blush of the red soil from lane and fallow glowing against the rich greenery of crop or woodland. Perfect in outline, and of that marvellous hue which caused the simple name it still bears to burst naturally from the lips of the adventurers of two centuries and a half ago, the Blue Ridge rolls wave after wave along the western sky. It is full twenty miles away, though you would not think the distance to be half so great. The road leading thither is of the true old Virginian type, full in winter of mudholes that have absorbed, and absorbed apparently in vain, waggon-loads of fence-rails and tons of rock: in summer rough and bony, with ruts worn into chasms and slabs of freestone cropping up above the dusty clay. On the subject of roads even the patriotic eloquence of good Virginians remains dumb; though old man Pippin, who lives on the hill-top yonder and is a firm believer in the superiority of the district watered by Rumbling Creek to every other part of the known world, has been heard to maintain the advantages of even a really bad road: "I tell you, sir, them ar' 'cademized roads is mighty hard on a horse; when thar ain't no mudholes and no rocks a man don't know when to pull up, and is mighty apt to go bust'n his horse along till he drap under him."

There is no fear of any one pursuing such a reckless course between Tucker's

mills and the mountains. The road bristles with impediments over which an uneducated steed would probably "drap", though not from exhaustion, if he consented to face them at all. But upon a small active horse to the manner born, the traveller would be indeed hard to please who could not forget the ruggedness of the road in the beauty of the scenes through which it passes. If the pace be somewhat slow, and particularly should the season of the year be May or early June, who would wish to hurry through such an Arcady? The wheat on the hill-sides is just heading; the early corn in the low grounds is knee-high, and the negro labourers shout their queer spasmodic melodies as they drive their one-horsed ploughs along the rows. At one turn the road enters some forest of primeval oaks and chestnuts through whose tops the sunbeams shyly flicker on the fresh green leaves of shrubs and saplings. At another it will be separated from the ceaseless babble of the river by narrow clover-fields ripe for the scythe, or long stretches of clean red soil in which the young tobacco-plants are making their first struggle for existence. The log-cabin of the negro is ubiquitous, on the slopes of the hills, by the roadside, in the depths of the forest. Unpretentious homesteads, suited to the needs of the times, look peacefully down from wood-crowned hills, while here and there some spacious mansion, with its brick walls and pillared porticoes, stands among aged and branching oaks as a memorial of the days of slavery. Again and again the road plunges into the gradually narrowing river and, as your horse pauses in midstream to slake that unquenchable thirst which the Virginian nag so uniformly affects, rare vistas of wood and water opening to the sight cause you to encourage the bad habits of the cunning quadruped. All the familiar trees that love the banks of running streams are here. The sycamore and the beech, the ash, the alder and the willow, spread their branches above the stream, while un-

derneath their shade the kingfisher and the common sandpiper scud from rock to rock till they vanish over the white sunlit rapids beyond. Shoals of minnows race in the shallows under your horse's feet, and a big chub plunges in the still pool above. The deep boom of the bull-frog sounding from some rushy backwater beats time to the ceaseless chorus of the woodland crickets, and as the day wanes the tinkling of cow-bells in the lanes and woods answers to the musical summons of their owners from the hills above.

And in the meantime the massive outline of the mountains looms nearer and larger. The blue veil of distance is lifted and the mighty wall above us becomes one vast screen of rustling leaves. Houses of even a humble kind grow scarce. The stream gets steeper in its fall, and thunders in an angry fashion against the rugged cliffs and moss-grown rocks that hem in its waters. An old mill, its timbers black with time and weather, totters over an idle wheel. It is the last outpost of southern civilization. The sights and sounds of every-day Virginian life are left behind—the red fallows and the green maize-fields—the shout of the negro ploughman and the summer pipe of the quail. The mountains begin to close around, and the air is full of the noise of falling waters, the scent of cedars and hemlocks, and the steady moan of mountain winds sweeping softly over many miles of leaves. A change of scene more complete within the same short space it would be hard to find. The red clay road winding so lately through cheery rural scenes becomes a stony track painfully toiling upwards between the huge trunks of a dark and sombre forest to the now hidden sky-line three thousand feet above us.

Here is the domain of the mountaineer. Not the romantic, ornamental, somewhat glorified peasant that the word is apt to suggest, but merely one branch of that despised and outcast race of white men that Southern

slavery begot. The Southern "Poor White", of which the mountaineer is certainly the most interesting type, is not himself the outcast of a recent or a single generation. He is the descendant of those who in former days either sunk below the level, or as emigrants began life outside the pale, of those connected directly or indirectly with the domestic institution and the landed interest. Such men in the Free States in the natural order of things would have carved a road to competence if not to fortune. In the Slave States an emigrant without means or education may have done so, but the chances were that the odds were too much for him, and that his children were driven, not by violence or deliberate combinations, but by the force of circumstances, into the rough and waste places of the land. There they have multiplied and stagnated, illiterate, squalid, poor, unambitious, despised by whites and by negroes alike, clinging together, intermarrying and degenerating physically and morally. Not at war exactly with the world, but going through life with a kind of latent animosity towards it as if it had used them ill, and a vague idea that their lot is hard and their chance a poor one. And so it is. Not that a pair of stout arms and a stout heart will not still in America bring a labouring man at least competence; but though the stout arms are there, the energy and the brains to direct them have practically deserted this strange group of the Anglo-Saxon family.

When an American declares that in his country there is no poverty or want outside the city, he is talking nonsense, though nonsense of an honest kind free from all intention to mislead. Not one American in a thousand outside the South Atlantic States knows much more of the Southern Poor White than he knows of the Esquimaux. How can he? Of the mountaineer, the Southern people themselves know scarcely anything, unless it be those few who live right in the

very shadow of the great ranges. Even among the class in question, material prosperity and civilization varies considerably in different states and regions of country. But there is neither space nor need to examine such details. The mountaineer of Blue Ridge, who has been entirely surrounded by a lowland civilization for generations, is on that very account a more curious spectacle than the better fed hunter, for instance, of the vast highlands of West Virginia or the "Cracker" of the boundless back-country that lies behind the sugar and rice plantations and the orange groves of the far South.

It is a popular notion that the Poor or Mean Whites of the South are descended from the indentured servants that were shipped to the Southern colonies from England in the seventeenth and early eighteenth century. That there can be anything like uniformity in their origin is impossible. In the ups and downs of colonial and frontier life, men of all sorts must have been jolted off the track, and with the growth of slavery and the comparative contempt for manual labour that always existed in the South sunk out of the race and retired into the forests to live as illiterate hunters or idlers. The position their descendants occupy is at least unique. They are worse off in every respect, save fuel, than the French or Belgian peasant, while the latter in his turn has a harder struggle for existence than the average British labourer. The mountaineer of Blue Ridge cultivates his own land, or land so rough that its owners do not care to interfere with him. He touches his hat to no one. But even in a democratic country where hand-shaking is a mania and has no social significance, the plainest kind of country farmer does not much care about extending the hand of citizenship to the pariah from the mountains or the pine-barrens. The latter may starve when his meagre corn-crop and his scanty supply of bacon runs out in the early spring, for all the outside world

is concerned or is aware of; and if he does not actually die of starvation, he very often comes quite as near it as the perennial paupers of the Conne-mara bogs.

To look up at the Blue Ridge from its base you would hardly suppose that a vestige of life lurked beneath that vast green canopy of leaves. A familiar eye might detect here and there the corner of a clearing peeping above the shoulders of the hills, and in early spring clouds of smoke rising from some burning new ground proclaim to the dwellers in the world below that human life of some sort exists up in those wild woods. This indeed is about all the majority of the community ever see of the mountain man. There are exceptions, however, and Pete is an exception. Pete is a veritable chieftain among mountaineers, and at the same time is known in the low country for many miles round. His cabin stands upon the very frontiers of his dominion. At the very foot of the "big mountain" (as distinguished from the spurs and foothills), right in the angle where the north and south forks of Rumbling Creek tumble their respective waters together in a churning and boiling pool, stands the mansion of this illustrious man. Here, too, with the dividing stream the rough road divides also, and by the side of these stony tracks and on the banks of these rocky streams, reaching far away up to the highest gaps between the mountain peaks, are scattered at long intervals the isolated hovels of Pete's subjects. Pete's house, as I have said, stands as befits his autocratic position at the forks of road and stream, and no one can get up the mountain on business or pleasure bent without undergoing the scrutiny of his ever-watchful eye. The house is comparatively palatial, and the shoulders of the hills have receded sufficiently at this meeting of the waters to leave nearly two acres of flat ground around it, giving an air of ease, solidity and distinction to Pete's ancestral hall that the ordinary mountain cabin de-

cidedly lacks. Pete has sown the flat in clover, a wonderful concession to lowland ideas. He has even planted a dozen or two of young apple-trees, which mark him as a man far in advance of his race. The logs of his house, too, are squared and not merely round poles unbarked, like the architecture higher up the creek. The chimney is also a departure from other chimneys on Rumbling Creek, for it is of rocks, not of tobacco-sticks filled in with mud.

One other fact places Pete on a pinnacle in his community—he can write! This is the last letter he wrote to me :

DR. SUR,

Thars trowte in the Crick by a heap mo' nor lars yer. Cum orn rite soon. Thars tu walers in the hole at the forx.

Yrs respctly,

PETE ROBISON.

From this it may be gathered that my acquaintance with Pete and the mountain community on Rumbling Creek, an acquaintance renewed annually for many years, was due to a predilection for the gentle art. No strangers indeed but anglers (and they were scarce enough), unless it were the sheriff or an occasional cattle-dealer crossing the range by this rough route, ever penetrate beyond the forks of the creek where Pete's cabin stands. And few of these pass his door without alighting. Whether the subject in hand is trout or cattle, horse-thieves or whisky-stills, Pete's countenance and advice is almost indispensable. For our friend is not only an exceedingly smart man in his way, but an original and a character of the most pronounced description. What is more he is known as a "'sponsible mount'n man", a unique departure from ordinary rules and a much greater exception even than a responsible Ethiopian. Pete has never been suspected of stealing a steer or setting fire to a barn. When he has taken a contract from some lowland farmer for roofing-shingles, or from the miller for barrel-staves, he has been frequently

known to carry out his agreement within the appointed time. People have even been known to pay him money on account before the completion of contracts, which with an ordinary mountaineer would be a most fatuous proceeding. Old Squire Tucker, the big man of the country below the mountains and once Member of Congress, used in former days moreover to ask Pete down to play the banjo and tell "bar stories" to the fine folks from Washington staying in his house. For there was no one on the mountain, nor a negro below it, could "pick a banjer" like Pete. Many a night after assisting at one of those mountain suppers that nothing but lusty youth still further hardened by long days on the rocky streams or in the saddle could have survived, have I sat and smoked while Pete twanged at his banjo and crooned out his quaint medley of negro airs and Baptist hymns. Strange performances they used to be, with for audience a group of wild mountain men, drawn together by the rare news of a stranger's arrival, standing in the flickering fire-light, and beating time with their often shoeless feet upon the rough boarded floor; and outside the chorus of the frogs and crickets, the intermittent cry of the screech-owl and the cat-bird, the roar and the gleam of the white water, and the flashing of the fire-flies against the black gloom of the night and the forest.

The popular notion in Virginia of the mountaineer, a notion founded more or less upon fact, is that of an attenuated, neutral-tinted expressionless spectre. It is a favourite local pleasantry that the Southern Highlander has, through isolation, ignorance and apathy, so lost the human form divine, as to be indistinguishable at any distance in the woods from a cedar-stump or a fence-rail stuck upon end. Pete at any rate represented a very different variety. He was short and thick, with huge long arms. Everything that was to be seen of him, except his eyes, was covered with

black shaggy hair. If a human being could be like a bear, Pete was that man; while, curiously enough, if all the real bears on the mountain could have been polled upon the subject, they would most certainly have agreed that Pete was their wildest and deadliest foe. Pete was well-to-do. He had a young horse of his own, whereas most of the folks higher up the creek had to be content with a share in an old one. His house outside, as I have said, was a superior one. Inside you would have said it was absolutely luxurious, if you had begun to pay calls at the top of the mountain instead of coming up from the country below. The long Kentucky rifle that had slain many a bear, and underneath it the banjo were ranged above the chimneypiece in the living-room. In this apartment, too, was the family bedstead, resplendent with frilled pillow-cases and a patchwork quilt. There was an oak dresser which contrasted oddly with the smoke-blackened logs of the walls, and which Pete used to declare his great-grandfather had brought from "out thar"—a phrase expressing the mountaineer's very hazy notion of the mother country. Pods of red pepper and twists of home-grown tobacco hung from the rafters, while the decorative tastes of the family were displayed in a pedlar's coloured print of Washington on the verge apparently of an apoplectic fit, and a somewhat realistic representation of Lazarus emerging from the tomb. Pete also had a guest-chamber, where weary anglers and an occasional benighted traveller might dispose their tired limbs on straw mattresses of adamant texture, and resign themselves to tortures from unseen enemies over which memory entreats us to draw the veil.

For land, there were the two acres of clover and struggling apple-trees, and a clearing of twenty acres on the slope of the mountain above. In the latter Pete had grown crop after crop in succession, and declared that the shrinking yield was the result of the

wickedness of the times generally. Mrs. Pete, however, insisted it was a sign of the approaching end of the world and that carnival of flame and torture the anticipation of which so fascinates the mind of the illiterate Calvinist. Pete moreover had a cow and a heifer, and several thousand roofing-shingles and barrel-staves cut in the woods, and some hogs running wild on the mountain, that at this season of the year could almost have wormed themselves underneath his front door.

Pete had seen a lot of life for a mountaineer, for he had been through the war. He was the only man probably on the mountain that felt the least enthusiasm for the Southern cause, and had been more than once detailed with a sergeant's guard to hunt up deserters with which the gorges of the Blue Ridge swarmed. Pete knew every cave in the mountains and every trail. He still recounts with great gusto the exciting "stalks" his truant neighbours used to give him in those stormy days. Many a rifle-shot they exchanged is joked over between them as they huddle over the winter fire, as little influenced for good or evil by that great strife as if they were living in the Sandwich Islands.

Mrs. Pete is a typical mountain woman, gaunt of figure, and with a skin like dried parchment stretched over her projecting bones. If there is little of animation in her appearance, there is less in her manner, and her life is a dreary one indeed. A mixture of superstition and "mountain methodism" seems to dominate her existence. She will sit for hours before the fire in the broken rocking-chair, crooning out disconnected lamentations, after some such wise as this—"The Lord is good! The Lord is mighty good! We're too sinful, too bad to live! Even this yer mountain's too good for sich as us!" Poor woman, very little attraction there has been for her to wander off along the broad and easy road. Her greatest

thorn is the wickedness of Pete, who has never even "professed". That Pete is by far the most honest and virtuous man in the mountain will, from her peculiar religious standpoint, amount to nothing in the absence of the superstitious hysteria that she regards as salvation.

Following the winding of the narrow valley, sometimes clinging to the wooded hillside, sometimes descending to the level of the stream, toils upwards the rugged, stony track that is the highway of the mountaineer. Little clusters of cabins break at long intervals the rich and varied foliage of the forest. Rude houses enough for the second or third- or even the fifth and sixth generation of Anglo-Saxons in the land of phenomenal progress. The roofs are of riven white oak-boards, curled and twisted by the action of the sun and weather; the walls are of rough, unbarked logs, enclosing a single room; the chimneys are of sticks and mud. Round the house there is a small garden-patch fenced in with chestnut-rails, where a few common vegetables, such as peas and onions, testify to the richness of the loose black mountain soil. To each house there is probably a cow wandering in the woods, making in summer a tolerable living on the bushes and weeds, but passing every winter through a critical period of want and weakness, when the slender supply of corn-fodder begins to fail. Lean hogs stretch themselves in the sun among the warm rocks, lean as greyhounds, while their only chance of making bacon lies in the still unformed fruit of the oaks and chestnuts that spread their branches above them. The women around the settlement will be more conspicuous at this time of day than the men. Nowhere else in the world have the Anglo-Saxon race produced such unattractive and ungraceful females. The peasant girl of Europe may not be all that poetic fancy sometimes paints her, but she at least has health and comeliness, colour and a cheerful mien. The peasant of the

Southern mountains has health after a fashion, or at least a wiriness and tenacity of life; but she carries no sign of it in her bony figure and drawn colourless face. As for the men in this early summer season, when the rest of rural mankind, both North, South and West, in their very various fashions, are snatching the fleeting hour, they may be in the corn-patch on the mountain above, but are just as likely to be found loafing through the woods in listless Indian fashion, rifle in hand, or wandering by the brooks with their rough rods and tackle. Though trout, squirrels, an occasional turkey, with now and then a portion of a deer or bear in their various seasons are to be obtained, no dependence can be placed on such additions to the larder of the Blue Ridge mountaineer in the annual period of semi-starvation through which he generally passes. Game at that time is scarce and wild, and is not too plentiful in these narrow ranges at any period. If these cabins and clearings were in Montana or British Columbia, there would be nothing singular about them; they would be the common-place heralds of advancing civilization. The men and women might bear the outward stamp of poverty, but hope and intelligence would be written on their faces and the crudeness of their surroundings would be but a recognized and honourable phase in their career to prosperity. Here, however, it is all different; the squalor carries no hope with it, and is the outcome of the oldest civilization in the Western world.

And yet the goal of civilization and comparative prosperity through all these years has been within easy sight. There is hardly a bend in the road up the gorge of Rumbling Creek, from which if you turn in your saddle you cannot look down over the tree-tops upon the rolling plain of old Virginia, which means so little to the mountaineer. The very roofs of the plantation-houses, catching the sun ten or fifteen miles away, flash from

point to point as the eye ranges far over the rich and glowing stretch of field and forest. The white smoke of a train goes trailing northward towards Washington. Senators, congressmen, merchants, millionaires, tourists from beyond the seas, are there likely, watching with admiration the ever-changing outline of the glorious crags upon whose sides we stand. But of the race who inhabit them, their habits and customs, the senator and the foreign tourist have the same knowledge; for all that one or the other knows of the population upon Rumbling Creek they might be Digger Indians.

What life is upon the head-waters of Rumbling Creek, so with slightly varying conditions it is in the thousand other valleys of the Southern Mountains. Better land and more abundant game modify material conditions, but the four or five millions of mountaineers belong all to the same non-progressive class. They are out of touch with everything which the name of America suggests to the outside world. Books on Rumbling Creek are unknown, for there are no scholars. Pete can read, and the county paper once a week finds its way to that worthy, who transmits the news up the mountain. Nor is life absolutely without excitement. If wheaten bread is at a discount and hogsmeat at certain periods woefully scarce, there are weddings once in a while, when some buck from the north fork of the Creek crosses the mountain and brings back a barefooted bride from the further side of the range. There is a sound of the banjo then, and the mountain boys "patting" and dancing on the loose undressed planks of the cabin floors. And there is Pete to perform the ceremony if the wandering Baptist preacher from Juniper Creek, ten miles to the southward, cannot be found in time. A new cabin then runs up in some hollow even still more remote than the rough highway on which the old folks live. Another five or six acres of oak, chestnut, poplar and gum

are belted and killed, and become grim and naked skeletons in the great woods. And under these trunks and unsightly limbs another half-worked corn-crop will struggle with only partial success against bushes, squirrels and crows. As for funerals, that festival so dear to the negro, I had almost said that the people in these mountains never die. In spite of hard winters, when two or three weeks together both forks of Rumbling Creek go choking and gurgling under heavy crusts of ice; when the hemlock and the cypress are loaded with frozen snow, and the unwonted silence of the mountains is only broken by the fearful echoes of some forest monarch tottering under its wintry load and crashing down the frozen slopes; when the bears descend from their wild gorges near the mountain tops and print their tracks by night upon the very orchards and paddocks of the lowland homesteads; when the rude grist-mills on Rumbling Creek are silent, and what little corn there may be left on the mountain cannot be ground; and when the winter wind howls through the gaping chinks of the cabins, and drives the mountaineer close into his one luxury, a blazing hearth in which his shivering hide-bound horse and lean cow in the log-shed 'outside unfortunately cannot share,—in spite of these and many other annually recurring horrors, in spite of his lantern jaws, his parchment skin, his irregularly filled stomach, the mountaineer of Blue Ridge may be almost said to defy death. There are men of seventy in these mountains, wandering in summer time along the streams, who talk as naturally as possible about their "pa" at home; and there sure enough at the cabin in the woods above you will find the veteran himself, seated probably on a straw chair on the shady side of the house, puffing at a long pipe and shaking his head at the very mention of time, as if it had long past his reckoning powers.

The population in Rumbling Creek

live mostly in small settlements,—a cluster of half-a-dozen cabins more or less together and between them long intervals of forest. These settlements in great measure represent different families, or at least clans of the same name. Family feuds deep and bitter between clan and clan have not seldom agitated the mountains from top to bottom. The knife and the bullet have played their part many times within the memory of even the middle-aged, and the county sheriff could tell many a tale of pursuit, generally fruitless, over these pathless hills. On such occasions indeed it is upon Pete that the majesty of the law leans. The most determined officer, in such a wilderness, would have a poor chance unaided by local experience of hunting down a mountaineer. Pete feels his importance to the full on such occasions. It is pretty well known that it is he who decides beforehand in his own mind on the veniality of the "cuttin'" or "shootin'", and arranges for escape or capture as seems good to his judicial mind. Pete belongs to no sept, so may be supposed to be free from all personal bias. From the very rare occasions on which an offender has been actually brought to justice we may conclude that Pete is not rigid in his views upon the use of deadly weapons in dispute. Few Southerners indeed of any kind are decided upon that point, and certainly no mountaineers.

The nomenclature on Rumbling Creek is amazing. The surnames are of course common English or Irish ones, but the Christian or "given" names in which the local imagination has had full play surpass in extravagance those even of the plantation negroes. Pete's immediate neighbours consist of a father of eighty and three middle-aged sons. The former's name is Micajah, the latter are known commonly as Atch, Phil and Pole. Such familiar abbreviations might pass almost unnoticed, if you did not chance to find out that they were short for Achilles, Philander and Napoleon.

Co-operation of any kind has always been a difficulty on the mountain. A little way above Pete's house, by the side of the stream the uncompleted log body of a house stands and has stood for years. Pete at some former period, urged forward probably by his devout helpmate, decided that it was a disgrace to the mountain that its people had no regular church. Logs were cut and hauled, so many a-piece, by the various families. When it came to "raising" the house however, and a general gathering of the clans was necessary, every attempt resulted after a log or two had been put up, in what Pete denominates as a "fuss",—and a "fuss" in the South means a free fight. So the church, according to Pete's account—for it was a long time ago and the logs have got quite black and mossy now—had to be abandoned altogether, and the parson continues his monthly exhortations in Pete's living-room.

The trout of Rumbling Creek have always been a leading item in the general economy of the mountain. I do not allude to them merely as an article of food. There are no sweeter trout in the world than these, but the native as a rule has been satiated with them, and has to be exceedingly hungry before he has any relish for what his betters consider a luxury. Of fishing, however, he never tires, and if he ventures out of the mountain to the nearest village store, it is generally to exchange trout for whisky or ammunition. The sport itself seems to exercise a fascination over these rude beings, and there is considerable rivalry of skill among them. Until quite recently the art of fly-fishing was unknown, and even now it is only a very adventurous sportsman among the mountaineers who attains to that pinnacle of science. Worm-fishing, however, in clear water is, as all anglers know, something of an art in itself, and in this art the rude fishermen of Rumbling Creek excelled. Pete claimed always to be the best fisherman of the mountain.

Deep and almost bitter was the rivalry for pre-eminence between him and old man 'Lisha, who lived near the top of the pass. Through many a long spring day, when April showers have been driving the wild cherry-blossoms in clouds on to the river-banks, have these two champions, when they ought to have been ploughing their corn-land, wrestled for the biggest "string" of fish.

Trout in these latitudes cannot live away from the forest shade and the cool waters of the great mountain ranges. Before the war, with the exception of the mountaineers and an occasional farmer in the country adjoining, scarcely a trout-fisherman could have been found in Virginia. The mountaineers themselves appreciated the superiority of trout-fishing to the kind of angling for coarse fish in vogue in the lowlands, and prided themselves vastly on the accomplishment. It was a dreadful day indeed when the first fly was thrown on Rumbling Creek. Some gentlemen from a neighbouring city had come up to Pete's and camped in his lot. The mountaineers mustered round the camp-fire in force as usual. When Pete and uncle 'Lisha saw the "feathered hooks" of the city men, they "laffed", in those worthies' own lingo, "fit to bust theirselves!" Pete often talks of that never-to-be-forgotten day years ago, how the news went up the mountain "that thar war jinted poles cost hunderds of dollars and such fallals and fixins and such a rig as never had bin seen'd"! Pete declares that the mountaineers ran like sheep the next day when they saw old Jedge B. "wallerin' in the water, fixed up in gum pants, with a big dip net and swishin' his pole all over the crik like a crazy man". Old man 'Lisha said it "cum near makin' him mad, city fellahs comin' up thar to tell him how to cotch trout, who'd bin raised right thar on the Crik nigh a

hunderd yer ago he reckoned". The trout of Rumbling Creek, however, though highly educated to the hickory sapling and worm-hook, had never seen a fly, and they fell by hundreds before the onslaught of even these very elementary performers. The mountain was paralyzed; the faith of ages was upset; the natives felt that they had been made to look ridiculous and were inclined to attribute supernatural charms to the "feathered hooks". Pete, however, was not to be daunted. He took observation when he recovered the first shock, and got some flies from the Judge's book. Pete was a real sportsman, and in the midst of his chagrin could recognize the superiority of the new art to his own. I have fished with him many and many a day; he is now tolerably skilful with the fly, and has long been accustomed to declare that he would sooner catch one that way than two with bait. He is still apt, however, to strike his fish in the fearless old fashion, as he used to strike when he as often as not landed it in the top of a hemlock tree—on such occasions he justly says, "suthin's got to go," and it is needless to remark that it is generally the fly. Old 'Lisha took up fly-fishing, too, for a bit, but soon went back to the familiar worm. And I think he felt sorry he had been spared to see such a day upon the Creek as the one described. As for Pete no earthly cares, no failure of crops, no shrinkage in the meal-barrel, can keep him away from the river bank. The water has been of late years more fished both with worm and fly than of old. Pete shakes his head over the degeneracy of the times, but for all that there is hardly a spring or summer evening that you will not even now see him by the "hole at the forx" industriously flogging for those "walers" about whose conjectured dimensions he spins such tremendous fireside yarns.

A. G. BRADLEY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT ETON.¹

GREAT men, so Carlyle tells us, taken up in any way are profitable company: we cannot look, he says, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. Very imperfect, I fear, must be the glimpses I shall be able to show you of the great man on whom it is my privilege to address you to-night; but something at least will have been gained if they avail to send you to the biography written of Sir Walter Scott by his son-in-law Lockhart; a true and noble book, one of the best, perhaps the best of its kind in our language. There you will find the man himself, in his habit as he lived. No great figure in literature has ever been so clearly revealed as Scott's; and certainly none gains so much by the revelation.

Lockhart tells us that the most characteristic lines Scott ever wrote, those which give the truest index to the man, are the lines prefixed as a motto to one of the chapters of "Old Mortality."

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.

By nature Scott was really a man of action rather than a man of letters, and he himself would always maintain that to act things was greater than to write about them. The story of his life, when well considered, shows this: his writings show it. You can trace it in his novels; in his poetry the least critical reader cannot miss it. For what is it that we remember best in his poetry, that the idea of it brings most vividly before us? Not his descriptions of scenery or of the softer

moods and feelings of human nature, delightful as they always are. To find the genuine Scott we must not look for him in such passages as the description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, or of Edinburgh,—his "own romantic town",—as Marmion saw it from the top of Blackford Hill, or of Ellen Douglas in the fresh bloom of her young life, or of the old minstrel in his decay, tuning the harp "a king had loved to hear". These, and many more like them which you will readily recall for yourselves, are charming passages, full of genuine feeling both for nature and humanity, expressed in poetry as true as it is simple; but they do not really give us Scott at his best—Scott, as one of his critics said, "when his blood is up and the first words come like a vanguard impatient for battle." To find that we must turn to his scenes of action and tumult; to the midnight ride of William of Deloraine or to the march of the English powers against Branksome; to the chase that cost Fitzjames his gallant grey, or to the fight between Clan Alpine and the Saxons; to the scene where Marmion dares

To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall

and above all to the magnificent battle of Flodden, which for the very form and pressure of war it would be hard to beat in any language ancient or modern.

Horace, you remember, has warned the poet who would move his hearers that he must first show them that he is moved himself. Scott is so good in his battle-scenes because he loved to write about knightly deeds. The thought of a heroic action, whether done by Scotsman or Englishman, whether crowned with victory or de-

¹ It will be obvious, I hope, that this lecture was specially composed for the audience before whom it was delivered.

feat, stirred his blood, to use Sir Philip Sidney's famous phrase, as with the sound of a trumpet. The old fighting spirit of his ancestors was always strong within him, and just at this time it had been strongly roused. At the beginning of this century the power of Napoleon was at its height. Rumours of invasion were flying all round our coasts: it was the time of Henry the Fifth over again—"Now all the youth of England is on fire". You remember that fine scene in "The Antiquary" where the Scottish trainbands muster to a false alarm. A scene like this actually came under Scott's eye, and in the spirit which prompted it no one shared more keenly than he. The young men of Edinburgh had formed themselves into a regiment of Light Horse, and the life and soul of them all was Quartermaster Scott. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion" were both written under this influence; much of the latter was actually composed in the saddle. No wonder, then, that the note of war, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting," sounds so clear and true through these poems. And even when Scott, like his own minstrel, had grown "infirm and old", the flame flashed out as vigorously as ever when occasion stirred it. When some French general, conceiving himself to have been aggrieved by a passage in the "Life of Napoleon", began to mutter threats of satisfaction, the old war-horse, then in his fifty-seventh year, started at once to the sound of the trumpet. He wrote to a friend to engage his services should the affair come to fighting. "If the quarrel be thrust upon me", he said, "why, I will not balk him, Jackie. He shall not dishonour the country through my sides, I can assure him". And one of the last pieces of verse he ever wrote, when ill-health and misfortune were pressing hard upon him, was the immortal ballad of "Bonnie Dundee".

I have said that Scott drew this fighting spirit from his ancestors. His parents were of gentle blood, but plain

folk enough: his father a lawyer, his mother the daughter of an Edinburgh physician. But behind these two stretched a long line of old Border lairds, branches of the great house of Buccleuch, famous fighters and freebooters, most skilful in illustrating what Wordsworth has called,

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

And his earliest education was such as became a chip of this old block. His first consciousness of existence, he tells us, began in an old farm-house called Sandyknowe, on the borders of Berwickshire, nestling beneath the crags on which rise the ruined towers of Smailholm, the scene of his fine ballad of "The Eve of Saint John." He had been sent there from Edinburgh when little more than a baby, after a fever which had crippled one of his legs. He soon recovered its use, and, though he went more or less lame through life, in his prime no man on the Border side was a bolder rider or more untiring walker than Walter Scott.

Meet nurse indeed for a poetic child is that country, as some of you I dare say know. From that old legendary tower you look over a land where, as he himself has said, every valley has its battle and every stream its song. There are the ruined abbeys of Dryburgh and Melrose, circled by the silver-winding Tweed. Above Melrose rise the purple peaks of Eildon, cloven into that shape, so it was held in the dark ages, by the wand of the great wizard Michael Scott, and destined in a brighter age to be the favourite haunt of a far mightier magician of the same strain. Among those peaks is the fabled glen where Thomas the Rhymer met the Queen of Fairyland, and not far off is the roofless tower which was the earthly habitation of that famous seer. There is the field of Ancrum where Angus and the bold Buccleuch took their memorable vengeance on the English for the insult done to the graves of the Douglasses. There are

the smiling valley of the Leader and the bleak uplands of Lammermoor. There rise the ranges which mark the waters of the Ettrick and the Yarrow, streams not less famous in song than the Simois and the Tiber; while westward and southward stretches the long blue line of the Cheviots. Nature could have spread no fitter page before the opening eyes of the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels. Nor were the right interpreters wanting. About the farm were many in whose youth the memory of the wild riding days of the Border was still fresh; and many a story and song did they tell him of the old heroes who had forayed and fought over that fair country. If a lad so nursed into life was to be a poet at all, he could not well have been other than the poet this one was.

Of course his education was not all of this romantic cast. As he grew older he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh and to the College, and he had private tutors at home. In after life he used to hold himself up to his sons as a terrible example of idleness; but this, we know, is no uncommon habit of affectionate fathers, and one which we need not, and perhaps are not intended to take too seriously. Macaulay used to accuse himself of idleness, and I daresay he and Scott were idle in much the same fashion. No doubt his education would not pass muster in these very educated days. He was certainly not a scholar in any language ancient or modern: I doubt even whether he would now be allowed the somewhat loosely applied title of student; but of such studies as jumped with his taste—English literature, for example, and especially English poetry, and the history and antiquities of his own Scotland—he early acquired a mastery that the most laborious of modern specialists could hardly affect to despise. And what he once learned he never forgot. His memory was as prodigious within its own range as Macaulay's or Porson's. But, in fact, from his own writings we get the best idea of that part of his education which

he may be said to have found or made for himself. In the introduction to the third canto of "*Marmion*," and in the opening chapters of "*Waverley*" we see the process by which the little Walter of the Berwickshire farm-house and the young Walter of the Edinburgh classrooms became the great Walter Scott of the world.

For a few years Scott practised the law, but so soon as his father's death left him free to follow his own bent, he escaped from the drudgery of a profession towards which he has described his feelings as being much like those with which Master Slender consoled himself for the loss of Anne Page: "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance." However, Scott's acquaintance with the law was far from a barren one. It gave him two appointments—as Sheriff of Selkirkshire and Clerk of the Session (a position, I believe, analogous to the Registrar or Master of our English Courts), which brought him throughout his life a certain and by no means inconsiderable income; and it proved of great value to him in his work. Some of the most amusing characters in his novels owe their existence to his experience of the law-courts; and Scottish law is moreover peculiarly rich in its vestiges of the old feudal times which had so great a charm for Scott, and may be said to have in more or less degree inspired all his work. And useful as it was to him, his study of the law was not so absorbing as to leave no time for other studies which were more to his taste. He found time for instance to visit all the memorable scenes in his own country, both Highland and Lowland, and to learn their histories. It was in these rambles that he collected the materials for his "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*," which may be called his commonplace-book, the great storehouse of history and legend from which he drew the inspiration for nearly all his best work. Among the hundred volumes or so which stand to his name

these perhaps most abundantly display the various qualities of his genius. The passion of the past—which was with him no mere romantic sentimentalism but a genuine study—his love of brave deeds, his sympathy with all sorts and conditions of humanity, his untiring industry—for like another great Sir Walter, Sir Walter Raleigh, he could labour terribly when the labour was to his fancy—even his style, in its strength and in its weakness—they are all there, and there in their ripeness. The Scott of “The Border Minstrelsy” is not only the Scott of “Marmion” and the “Lay”: he is also the Scott of “Waverley” and “Old Mortality”, of “The Abbot” and “Redgauntlet”. His favourite companion on these rambles, and staunch friend through life, Robert Shortreed, has left a most amusing account of them, which you will read in Lockhart’s book; but there is one passage in it to which I would specially call your attention. “He was making himself all the time”, the good man told Lockhart; “but he did not know maybe what he was about till years had passed: at first he thought o’ little, I daresay, but the queerness and the fun”. In these words lies the heart of the matter: *he was making himself all the time*. If we keep this phrase in our memory, the marvellous fertility of Scott’s genius and his power of production will become intelligible. He had made himself so thoroughly in those early years that when the time came to use them the materials were all ready to his hand; and the hand was ready too.

Scott was twenty-eight years old when his father died in 1799; but before that time he had taken two important steps in life—he had published a book and married a wife. His book was a translation from the German; his wife was a young French lady, Charlotte Carpenter, who had escaped with her mother into England from the French Revolution: a pretty bright good-tempered creature, of no particular character or intellect, but

very fond and proud of Scott, and an excellent housekeeper—which is, of course, an extremely useful quality in the wife of a busy man.

Scott was at this time, and indeed all through his life, as unlike the conventional idea of the literary man as you can well conceive. “You will expect”, he wrote to a lady at the time when “Marmion” had set all England talking of him, “you will expect to see a person who has dedicated himself to literary pursuits, and you will find me a rattle-skulled, half-lawyer, half-sportsman, through whose head a regiment of horse has been exercising ever since he was five years old”. He was tall and well made, very strong and active despite his lameness, expert in all manly exercises, a keen sportsman, a fearless rider, delighting in his dogs and horses and in the hills and the open air—“If I did not see the heather at least once a year”, he told Washington Irving, “I think I should die”. A most charming companion, full of jest and story, of shrewd kindly wit, and sound good sense, too; an admirable talker, yet never talking too much. He was fond of quoting Swift’s pithy lines on the art of conversation—

Conversation is but carving :
Give no more to every guest,
Than he’s able to digest ;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time ;
Carve to all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff ;
And that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.

And no one, Lockhart tells us, could have observed them better. In his own house he was the perfection of hosts; and though Abbotsford in its most brilliant days was thronged with visitors from all parts of the world, many of them with no more title to be there than curiosity to stare at a great man under his own roof-tree can give, Scott received them all with the same placid good-temper and politeness. There seems indeed never to have

been such a lion as he was, and certainly never did lion roar so gently. Wherever he was, at all times and in all company, from the fashionable drawing-rooms of London to a peasant's cottage in Liddesdale, he was always the same cheery, honest, unaffected good fellow. The people about Abbotsford worshipped him: "He talks to us", they said, "as if we were all his blood-relations". "I have many friends", he wrote to one of the oldest of them towards the end of his life, "and, I think, no enemies". He was right. I suppose that no man who has ever attained such fame as Scott has ever been so free from the detraction which is a common part of what one, who knew it well, has called "the martyrdom of fame". No one grudged him his honours, not even—which is the strangest point about it!—his own brothers of the pen. Byron and Wordsworth and Southey, who were certainly not lavish in their literary friendships, admired and loved him as sincerely as the rest. No great man of letters was ever so completely free from the whims and affectations which seem by many to be considered the prerogative of genius, or from those ignoble faults which are commonly, and often, I fear, with too good reason, ascribed to members of what has so truly been called the irritable race of poets. None was ever more sincerely modest about himself, or more generous in his praise of others. In a word, he exactly illustrated the truth of Charles Lamb's famous essay—which every young aspirant to literary honours would do well to get by heart—the essay on the Sanity of True Genius.

I daresay you like dates no better than I do, and I will not trouble you with them now. But if we look at the chronology of Scott's writings we shall see that they fall into two nearly equal divisions of time: the poems lying between the years 1796 and 1814, and the novels going on from 1814 to 1830. It is true that he wrote some prose before and some poetry after that year; but 1814 may stand as

broadly marking the time when Scott lit, as though by accident, on what was to prove the truest and highest expression of his genius.

When asked in after years why he had given up poetry, he used to say it was because Byron beat him. And this was in a great measure true. His last poem of any length, "Harold the Dauntless", was published in 1817, by which time the two first cantos of "Childe Harold", and all the brilliant series of poems that followed them—with a rapidity as marvellous as Scott's own—from the "Giaour" to the "Prisoner of Chillon", had been written and read by thousands upon thousands. While this fresh new voice—a voice of far wider compass and deeper note than Scott's—was pouring itself out in such reckless profusion, the world could give ear to no other. But in truth Scott's work had been done in poetry before Byron's had really begun. The two first cantos of "Childe Harold" were not published till 1812, two years after "The Lady of the Lake", and with "The Lady of the Lake" the tale of Scott's poetry had been told. In all the poems that followed we find the same beauties and the same faults repeated, but the faults are greater and the beauties fainter from repetition. Admirable as Scott's poetical genius was within its own range, that range was narrow. He had what Matthew Arnold has well called *the balladist's mind*,—a mind in which a fresh and lively curiosity for the outward spectacle of the world is much stronger than the sense of the inward significance of that spectacle. Some, I believe, think that this was a hindrance to his novels: from that view I venture to differ; but it was undoubtedly a hindrance to his poetry. In poetry we cannot rest our souls on outward things alone. Scott, with his rare good sense and perception, saw this as soon as anybody. "Byron", he said, "hits the mark, where I do not even pretend to fledge the arrow". But if he could not fledge this particular arrow, he had another in his quiver which went

straight home. Like his own banished Douglas,

He bent a bow of might—
His first shaft centred in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.

As far back as 1805 he had written some chapters of a novel which he had shown to a friend and, on finding them not thought much of, had put away and forgotten all about. These were the first seven chapters of "Waverley". It is not certain what his original plan was: indeed he seems rarely if ever to have begun with a definite plan: he could not, he says in his journal, map out a regular plot, much less adhere to it; the idea had to come as he wrote. But it seems most probable that the success of Miss Edgeworth's *Tales of the Irish Peasantry* had suggested the idea of doing something of the same sort for his own country. As soon as he found that his poetical fame was on the wane, his thoughts turned again to these forgotten chapters; and one day, as he was ransacking an old cabinet for some fishing-tackle, he came upon them. He took them out, read them over, thought that perhaps his friend might have judged them a little harshly, set to work on them, finished them off in the evenings of three summer weeks, and on July 7th, 1814, the book appeared anonymously under the title of "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since". In the whole range of literary history there is nothing, I suppose, so astonishing as the casual haphazard manner in which this immortal series of novels was ushered into the world.

Until his misfortunes compelled him to declare himself, Scott, as you know, never publicly avowed the authorship of these novels. Many ingenious reasons have been discovered for this secrecy; but he has probably given us the real one when he said it was his humour. In the case of "Waverley", no doubt there was a natural unwillingness to risk a reputation already

gained on a new experiment; but with the others, the mystification, such as it was, both amused him and was convenient. It saved him from troublesome questions, and compliments he did not care for; and it amused him to watch the public puzzling itself over the identity of this Great Unknown. But with his familiar friends there was never any mystery; nor indeed would it have been possible for him to hide himself from those who knew him well. The comrades of his youth must have had a hundred memories of those merry days recalled to them; hardly a character he had met, a place he had seen, a story he had heard, but had set his fancy to work in one shape or another. In such tales as "Guy Mannering", "The Antiquary", "Redgauntlet", and "St. Ronan's Well", there was enough in every chapter to prove the identity of the author of "Waverley" with Walter Scott in any court in Christendom.

What puzzled the general public was the extraordinary rapidity with which the novels appeared. Perhaps in these days this might not seem so extraordinary, when we have grown used to seeing books springing up all round us like mushrooms; indeed I believe there is more than one novelist who claims to have beaten Sir Walter in quantity—though I have not yet heard any claim openly made to be his superior in quality. And there were voluminous authors, too, then—authors wonderfully prolific in that easy writing which, as Sheridan said, makes such uncommonly hard reading. But the least critical reader could not but see that this was an entirely new kind of writing, a kind hitherto unknown in English prose fiction. Scott's great predecessors in that delightful art, Fielding and Smollett and Richardson, had drawn the life around them that they knew, and drawn it with a master's hand. But here was a man who gave you all the pell-mell of life as none had ever given it before, save Shakespeare alone. I do not of course put Scott's genius on a level with

Shakespeare's: to do that would be to liken a bright, brimming river to the great ocean. For one thing, there is the immeasurable difference between poetry and prose: prose at its best is a fine thing: poetry at its best is the consummate expression of the human intellect. And then, one of the many moods of that myriad-minded man Scott never approached. He made no attempt to grapple with the mystery of life: there is no Hamlet in the novels. What Wordsworth has so beautifully called

The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,

Scott puts by—wisely, in my poor judgment, for such matters have not, it seems to me, their proper place in the domain of prose-fiction. However, we need not discuss this question here; but at least in the vigour and amplitude of his imagination, in the variety of his characters, in the fitness of their words and actions to their situations, in his broad and wholesome view of humanity, Walter Scott, it seems to me indisputable, stands second in English literature to Shakespeare alone. Nor are these qualities shown only in those novels in which he has painted the humours of Scottish life and character. No doubt he is at his best when his foot is on his native heath. There we get his richest humour and his purest pathos, and especially that blending of the two, when the tears are close behind the smiles—as in “*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*” for instance—in which again he has been surpassed only by Shakespeare, and equalled, I think, only by Cervantes. But when he goes farther back, into distant times and countries not his own, when he draws his materials mainly from books, his hand is no less bold nor his touch less sure. In high and low life he is equally at home. That great critic, Goethe, who had the profoundest admiration for Scott, was especially struck with this quality of sureness in him. “He is equal”, he said, “to his subject in every direction in which it takes him”.

That is so. His Covenanters in “*Old Mortality*” are as real as his Highlanders in “*Rob Roy*”: Claverhouse is as compact of flesh and blood as Rob himself. King James in “*The Fortunes of Nigel*”, Elizabeth in “*Kenilworth*”, Mary Stuart in “*The Abbot*”—they breathe and move and speak as surely as Jonathan Oldbuck or Meg Merrilies or Jeanie Deans. His history, too, is wonderfully sound on its broad lines. If what Carlyle has called the mean peddling details get occasionally in his way, so much the worse for them—as it is, you know, with Shakespeare, who makes Hector quote Aristotle and gives Bohemia a sea-coast. Scott was not going to spoil a splendid scene because Amy Robsart was never at Kenilworth, or because Prince Charlie was never in Scotland after he had lost his last stake at Culloden. But in the essential truth of the matter he is never out. And this it is which makes his historical romances something apart and by themselves in fiction, which makes them kin to the historical plays of Shakespeare. “Nothing is so tiresome”, he wrote in his journal—and it would be a good thing if some modern geniuses would condescend occasionally to remember this—“nothing is so tiresome as walking through a beautiful scene with a minute philosopher, a botanist or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture to look at grapes and chucky-stanes”. Life is not crushed out between the pages of the historian and the archaeologist, nor disguised in the scraps of the theatrical dressing-room; it is brought before us fresh

From the dark backward and abysm of
time,

in all its comedy and tragedy. We seem ourselves to move among those stirring scenes and stand face to face with those famous personages. We ride with Claverhouse through the red rout of Drumclog; we hear the trumpets of Montrose sounding the

charge amid the dark passes of Ben Nevis: we hold our breath as Elizabeth in her fury confronts Leicester with his wronged wife: the wild words of poor conscience-stricken Mary ring in our ears through the vaulted chamber of Lochleven: we see King Jamie grimacing and slobbering, as he cracks his jests with Jingling Geordie; and we watch with Rebecca from the castle-wall how the war gives way before the thundering blows of Richard Plantagenet. We get from Scott's novels, as we get from no others, a sense of public affairs: they are chapters, almost one may say, from the history of the world, full of all the colour and movement of life, of life not as seen in its fireside concerns, to use Lamb's phrase, but as acted on the broad public stage of the world.

How one man, and a busy man, who had moreover nothing of the hermit about him, could possibly produce all these wonderful books along with all his other work in the time that he did, may well, as you can suppose, have puzzled even those who knew him. Scott had of course a wonderful facility of composition. He wrote very fast, and when the subject suited him he undoubtedly wrote best that way; we have seen at what a white heat "*Waverley*" was composed: "*Guy Mannering*", again, in design and construction the best, I think, of all the novels, was the work of a Christmas vacation, by way of what he used to call refreshing the machine, when tired with the routine of the law-courts. He was also a man of very regular habits, and an assiduous observer of his favourite maxim, never to be doing nothing: he had no unconsidered trifles of time; every moment was turned to account, and thus he had leisure for everything. So long as his health permitted he used to work in the early morning, so that by breakfast-time he had, as he expressed it, broken the neck of the day's work. Often these were the only hours he could spare, when Abbotsford was full of company, as it commonly was; and however busy he

might be, when his guests had to be entertained, there was Scott, always ready for them, the gayest of the gay, as though he had nothing in his head but the amusement of the hour, and no more to do with writing books than the youngest and idlest of the party.

But the real secret of the way in which he managed to combine quality with quantity lies in that phrase I have quoted to you: *he was making himself all the time*. One of his friends said once to him, "I know that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen-work; but when is it that you think?" "Oh," answered Scott, "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up; and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking thoughts—and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off pretty easily". And in his journal there is a passage in which he contrasts his advantages over the host of imitators that his success had flooded the market with. "They may do their fooling with better grace", he says, "but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it more natural"; he meant that they had to get their knowledge to write their books, while he wrote his books because he had got the knowledge. He had long ago, in short, made himself so thoroughly that when he sat down to his desk the ideas flowed as freely from his brain as the ink from his pen. "It commonly runs off pretty easily": that it certainly did. I have seen some of his manuscripts, and they are marvels to look at—not exactly marvels of handwriting: indeed in that respect they bear a striking resemblance to certain other manuscripts you may perhaps have heard of by the name of *poenas*. But the wonder of these sheets is that they are written almost wholly without erasures. Page after page the writing runs on exactly as you read it in print. I was looking not long ago at the manuscript of "*Kenilworth*" in the British Museum, and examined the end with particular

care, thinking that the wonderful scene of Amy Robsart's death must surely have cost him some labour. They were the cleanest pages in the volume: I do not think there was a sentence altered or added in the whole chapter. And what is still more wonderful, he could dictate with the same rapidity. Three of his novels, and they are among his best—"A Legend of Montrose", "Ivanhoe", and "The Bride of Lammermoor"—were in great part dictated, the last entirely so, owing to ill-health; but his amanuenses declared that they could hardly keep pace with him. During the progress of "The Bride of Lammermoor" his pain was sometimes such that, strong man as he was, he fairly screamed aloud, but with the next breath he would continue the sentence as though nothing had happened. On one occasion his agony was so great that he was begged to give over till it had passed. "Nay", was the answer. "Only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work that can only be when I am dead."

And never did Scott speak a truer word. He never did give over work till life gave over him. It is probably known to you that he suffered a sad change of fortune in his last years. To explain exactly how it happened would need a clearer head for figures than I ever carried into our mathematical school. Nor is it necessary. It will be enough to say that Scott had himself been rash and extravagant, and had mixed up his affairs with men who had been still more so. His publisher Constable failed, and the failure involved the smaller house of Ballantyne in which Scott had been for many years a partner. He might have taken the advantage the law allowed him and declared himself bankrupt. But this he would not do: no man, he said, should lose a penny through him; if they would give him time the debt should be paid in full. The sum was close upon £120,000, and Scott was fifty-five years old; yet so

strong was the trust in him, so universal the affection and pity felt for him, that it was unanimously agreed to give him the time he asked.

The blow fell at a cruel moment. His wife was dying—she was dead within four months of the bad news; his own health was breaking; his children were no longer round him; the eldest son Walter was married and with his regiment; the second, Charles, had just gone to Oxford; one of his daughters, Sophia, was married to Lockhart and settled in London with children of her own; only Anne, the second girl, was left to comfort him. Yet this brave man addressed himself without a complaint or reproach to his tremendous task. His house in Edinburgh, where he had lived since his marriage, was sold: all the gay life at Abbotsford was stopped: his servants indeed he could not get rid of, for they all refused to leave him, working on diminished wages as happily as ever, and more than ever fond and proud of their master. Never was man in his adversity more amply repaid than Scott for the good deeds of his prosperity. Offers of assistance poured in on him from all quarters, the highest and the lowest, including an anonymous one of £30,000; but he refused them all. "Unless I die", he wrote to Lockhart, "I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one". And in the same letter he tells his friend not to think he is writing "in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune": "My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as ever you saw me, and working at 'Woodstock' like a very tiger". Figures, Lord Beaconsfield is reported to have said, are the most deceptive things in the world except facts; but facts and figures alike show that Scott had made no rash promise to his creditors. Within two years they were paid very nearly £40,000: when he died there remained only £30,000 unpaid; and within fifteen years this sum also was extinguished by the sale of his copyrights. It would of course be unfair

to compare the work done under these conditions with the work of his prime ; but we must remember that it included "Woodstock", "The Fair Maid of Perth", and the "Tales of a Grandfather".

This tremendous strain could not last. He had been suffering all through this time under a complication of disorders, and now his brain began to fail. Fortunately this brought also a merciful relief. The fancy took him that he had paid all his debts and was once more a free man. Then, and not till then, he yielded to his friends' entreaties and let them take him abroad to try what rest and change could do for him. They had pressed this on him often, but he could not bring himself to leave the hills and woods he had made his own. One can fancy that the lines he had put five and twenty years earlier into the mouth of the old minstrel must have often come back to him in those days :

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek.

Wordsworth, who had paid a last visit to Abbotsford on the eve of departure, wished good speed to his friend in this beautiful sonnet :

A trouble, not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple
height :

Spirits of power assembled there complain
For kindred power departing from their
sight ;

While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a
blithe strain,

Saddens his voice again and yet again.

Lift up your hearts, ye mourners ; for the
might

Of the whole world's good wishes with
him goes ;

Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror
knows,

Follow this wondrous potentate : Be true,
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope.

But it was too late. Not rest nor change nor the might of the whole world's good wishes could avail him now ; and in the next summer, the summer of 1832, they brought him back from Italy to Abbotsford to die.

It would be easy to draw a lesson from Scott's life. The old, old tale of the vanity of human things has rarely had a more striking illustration than that supplied by the sight of this great man, struck down in a moment, in the fulness of fame, wealth and honour, with the dearest wish of his heart destined never to be realized, and dragging out his years in sorrow and labour. And yet Scott never showed himself so truly great as then : admired and loved as he had been in the full blaze of his prosperity, he was never so truly honoured as in the dark shadow of his ruin. The stern moralist may shake his head and remind us that this ruin came from his own faults and from causes unworthy of him. That may be so ; but at least, if the fault was his, he met it and atoned for it with a courage and a sense of duty worthy of the highest and purest cause. Lockhart well said that those who knew and loved him would ever remember that the real nobility of his character could not have shown itself to the world at large had he never been exposed to the ordeal of adversity. Setting aside his genius, Scott's life, till the trial came, was but the life of any busy prosperous man with a generous nature, a warm heart and a keen relish of life. It was reserved for the dark hour to show the metal he was made of ; to leave for his own age and for all ages to come an almost unexampled assurance of that equal temper, to use Lord Tennyson's fine words,

That equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong
in will,

To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield.

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

THE clear, fine, spangled dusk speedily followed the setting of the sun. The night lay dark upon the sea before we had finished the meal to which we had sat down when the hot crimson light was still flushing the heavens. The discordant cry of the parrot ceased, with the multitudinous buzzing that had been going on all day; the melancholy wailing whistlings that had been answering one another down to sunset were hushed as if by magic as the last of the brief twilight glimmered off the sky. It was now the cricket's opportunity, and from every part of the island there rose up a very storm of bell-like chirruping, mingled with the sultry horns of the sailing beetles, odd whistlings and strange groanings coming from heaven knows where, along with the confused croaking of reptiles, and the wild, snoring call of the tree-toad. The fire-flies broke the darkness in small hovering constellations, little galaxies of yellow-greenish points of light that seemed to combine with the dust of the stars beyond them. The sea-breeze blew languidly, cool with dew and fragrant from the moist vegetation it breathed over as it floated down to our part of the island from the south and east. The wash of the light and lipping surf was as soft as the voice of a child; the sea

spread out black as ink from the ivory of the beach, touched at wide intervals with the gleam of phosphorus or the silver tremulous wake dropped by some particular bright star. The moon would be rising soon, and we waited for her coming; for the dusk, clear as it was, rendered movement uninviting and even menacing. It was impossible to tell what creeping thing might squirm to the tread in the darkness that blackened nearly everything but the sand. We had not, it is true, observed the least hint of snakes about throughout the day, but if any there were the night might tempt them forth to walk. The puff-adder loves to stalk in gloom, and the rattlesnake's delight is the forest-shadow. That we might not give anything poisonous a chance, we planted our camp-stools in the centre of the broad tract of sand that flowed fan-shaped to the creek betwixt the herbage, where in the starlight it glanced out clear as a ship's deck, so that anything that stirred upon it we should instantly perceive.

Happily for me I had a good store of cheroots in my portmanteau. The fragrance of the tobacco seemed to civilize the island.

"Even with a companion by one's side," said Miss Grant, speaking softly, "the loneliness, now that the dark has come, of such an ocean spot as this terribly oppresses the spirit. But to be alone—without hope of escape,

without the means perhaps of prolonging life beyond a little while—oh, Mr. Musgrave, there are some forms of human suffering of which the world can never know anything!”

“I should go mad if I were left alone in a place like this, after a bit,” said I; “imagination would prove too much for me. Even when all’s well I find myself ill-trimmed in that way. But to be alone here, without a chance, as you say, of escaping—I protest I would not give myself long to witness shapes as wild as ever the sailors of Columbus dreamt of, stalking out of the blackness of that grove yonder; to behold grotesque forms sliding out of the gloom of the sea into the gleam of the surf to have a look at me; to hear airy voices syllabing my name—well, fancy does make horrid fools of us certainly!”

It might have been the cold dew in the dark sea-breeze that blew with a little moan past us just then that sent a chill through me, but I must own to being possessed by a wild fit of dejection at that moment. It did not linger; it was like one of those giddinesses which come and go, but which, whilst on you, make you grip anything for support with your eyes shut. Doubtless it came to me out of the boundless surface of liquid blackness broadening out to the low stars. I could not see how we were to get away from this island, and the briefest mental look ahead shrunk up one’s very soul to the prospect of days passing into weeks, weeks into months, with God knows what in the far end for some newly-arrived people then to stumble upon as a memorial of nameless human suffering.

Presently the moon rose, with an icy sparkling upon the sea-line just under her, as though the edge of the ocean there were a long single breaker arching over into foam. Her mounting light soon grew so brilliantly clear that I could witness every varying expression in my companion’s face as plainly as if a shining dawn had broken; only that her beauty now took a spiritu-

ality which her charms were perhaps the richer for not discovering; by sunlight. When the time arrived for me to press her to seek rest, I found her reluctant. And small wonder! It was not that the hammock was uninviting. Indeed, nothing fitter could have been devised for the languid, dewy warmth of such a tropical night of pale golden splendour as this, than the airy couch that spanned the black pillars of the two silent trees. One thought of what was up *above*!—some scaly bailed thing, creeping down the dry bark with a clawing of its armoured feet like the pattering of a land-crab upon an uncarpeted floor, to awaken one by a cold pressure upon one’s brow—pah! The tropics are a glorious region to read about, to be sure; but give me an English summer evening dying out—with the lowing of a cow or two, the chiming of a distant church-bell, a drowsy chirrup stealing from the shadow of some sweet-blossomed orchard—into the delicious repose of night, unbroken by a note louder than the dim *cheep* of the grasshopper, or the faint midnight crow of an uneasy cock. Why here, now, as we sat, if we paused in our speech for a moment, the ear carried even engrossing thought away to the rickety chorusing of the million crickets; winged things as prickly as a cork stuck over with needle-points would sail into one’s cheek with a *hum* that was like a little trumpet-blast in its way, so near and sudden was the sound of it, while the snore of the tree-toad awakened an echo as of an innumerable croaking of frogs; and if ever this sultry and unwholesome concert sank a little, it was only, as it seemed to me, to give one a chance of catching more distinctly the thin, red-hot-wire-like singing of a mosquito at one’s ear.

Finding Miss Grant reluctant to go to her hammock, I proposed a little stroll along the glittering beach, and for over an hour, I think, did we measure to and fro some quarter of a mile of the sparkling shore, pausing often

to watch the curl of the little breaker arching black against the moon an instant ere seething into foam, or to direct a searching eye seawards for any inky spot upon the tremulous stream of brilliance, or any pallid shadow in the deep blue obscure on either hand of the showering moonlight, or to listen to some few brief, flute-like notes breaking from the inshore forest, or to mark a meteor of magnificence hurling westwards comet-like, and leaving a white, steam-coloured scar upon the sky long after it had burst into spangles and vanished.

At last she consented to "turn in." I dragged a trunk to the hammock to enable her to step to her swinging bed, and when her head was pillowed I made her snug with a shawl, and then enveloped her in the floating gauze of the mosquito-net, through which I could see her dark eyes watching me. The spreading branches of the trees screened her from the moon, but here and there a ray fell through, and one white beam rested upon the hammock. I doubt if any dream that ever sweetened man's rest was more enchanting than the vision of this girl's face under the moonlit, gauze-like transparency. Though no vision indeed, yet it affected me as with the unreality of one. I could see a smile in her eyes as I raised my hat with a little bow, and wished her good-night. One must go to sea for such experiences as this. Name me such a conjuncture ashore as could produce it. When I stole a peep at her again, the moonbeam had slipped off her, and the hammock was in gloom.

"I hope nothing will tease you on the sand," I heard her say.

"I hope not," I answered, looking at the branches overhead to make sure that the coast was clear up there.

I had now to make my own bed. The boxes were of unequal height, or I should have stowed them together into a couch. I stretched out a rug to lie upon, brought a small carpet-bag to the head of it to serve as a pillow, drew a mosquito-curtain over me, and

lay down, pistols in pocket within ready grasp, and covered myself with such another rug as I rested on. The dry sand yielded with a sort of spring in it, and I found it a very tolerable mattress. I lay extremely uneasy in my mind for some time, constantly imagining that something was stirring on one side or the other of me; but I was more wearied than I was sensible of, and presently felt a pleasing sense of drowsiness stealing over me. There was something now almost soothing to the ear in the myriad chirpings of the crickets, and in the subdued soft creaming of the surf. Just over my face hovered a swarm of fire-flies, and I watched them sleepily. The night wind sighing through the trees filled the air with a fountain-like murmuring of rustling leaves.

I was nearly asleep when I started, instantly broad awake, to hear the chimes of a bell rung swiftly! I listened breathlessly for an instant, believing the notes to be an illusion of my senses, but it was impossible to mistake. No village church belfry on a Sunday morning ever echoed a clearer summons to the faithful. The ringing suggested the sort of agitation you notice in the quick, eager pealing of a steamer's bell rung as a final warning to passengers to step ashore. It continued without cessation. I sat up, then clearing myself of the mosquito-net, leapt to my feet. I saw Miss Grant sitting erect in her hammock.

"Oh, Mr. Musgrave, what is that?" she cried.

"It will be some vessel," I exclaimed, "close aboard the island; perhaps ashore."

"No; it comes from those trees yonder," pointing to the little forest.

She threw the net like a veil off her head, sprang from the hammock to the box, and thence to the ground. "Oh!" she exclaimed, seizing my arm, "what *can* it be?"

The bell was no longer ringing rapidly; a sexton might now be tolling it. The slow, punctually-recurring

chimes came along like a knell ; they then ceased, and all was still. I paused a little to make sure if possible of the direction whence the sounds proceeded. On a sudden the ringing started off afresh—such a reckless, rushing, clattering of noise that my conviction was there was a madman at large upon the island, and that this was his way of killing the midnight hours ! The whole place seemed distracted by the clamour. Queer grunts rose out of the grass, hard snoring noises out of the trees, with a universal groaning of frogs far and near, the hoarse inquiring cries of parrots, whilst you caught a shriller edge in the minstrelsy of the crickets. The violent ringing of a bell in the dark hours of the night, even when one is as secure as a safe lodging and all the contrivances of civilization can make one, is, to say the least, an alarming disturbance. But to hear such a sound in this lonesome island, apparently amongst the trees yonder where they rose blackest against the moon, when it seemed as sure as sure could be that there was no living human being within God knows what distance of us, was such a trial to the nerves that I own to having hung in the wind for a space, amazed almost to a condition of semi-stupefaction.

The tumultuous harum-scarum ringing came to an end, and was succeeded by a melancholy tolling, as though there were a funeral somewhere under way. Bidding Miss Grant stop where she was a minute, I ran swiftly—I was a very nimble runner—to the head of the creek, whence in a few moments I had gained the beach on the north side of the island, a part that would have been hidden to us on the hummock by the forest. The pale golden light of the moon flooded heaven and ocean, and objects could not have been more visible at noontide. There was no sign of a ship hereabouts. The sea ranged with a bare breast to the sky ; nothing stirred along the platform of sand that went twisting out of sight in a pearl-like haziness round the bend of the island veering

westwards. All this time the bell was tolling, and now I could not doubt that it was being rung in some part of the island, for as at the creek, so here the chimes appeared to float directly from the black shadow of the central grove. I returned to Miss Grant, by which time the sound of the bell had ceased.

"It is no ship," said I, "be it what else it may."

"It is a real bell, though," she exclaimed.

"Ay, real indeed," said I, "too real for superstition to find a footing on it, though it is a chilly sort of thing to happen at this hour amid this wild loneliness. It needed to have been but a little less real to have thickened the blood with fancies of an enchanted island."

We waited, expecting to hear it again, but the ringer had apparently exhausted his merry-making fit for the time being, and all remained silent, saving the chirp of the crickets and the wash of the surf.

Had I seen some figure stalking towards us out of the wood, I don't think, armed as I was, and free from all superstitious stirrings, that I should have been wanting in courage ; but I confess I hesitated when it came into my head to penetrate the deep ebon shadow of the forest and search for the ringer and his bell. In the wide glittering open, with the moon riding high overhead, a man rendered desperate by such a condition as mine might find heart enough for any sort of search or encounter ; but the wood was as black as the bottom of a well. Here and there one could just catch sight of a faint oozing of moonshine into the dark blot which the trees made upon the land and against the sky ; but it was easy to guess that one's entrance into that heavy obscurity must signify a groping rather than a peering bout. Who or what might be there, who could say ?

"No," said I ; "I'll not venture it."

"Venture what?" asked Miss Grant.

"Why," said I, "I had a mind just now to explore for that bell."

"You would be mad to do such a thing," she exclaimed, with energy; "indeed, I should not permit it;" and she grasped my arm. "There must be a man in that wood," she continued, lowering her voice. "There must be human agency to set that bell going. Perhaps after all the island is inhabited, and there may be a nest of savages in that forest, who hid themselves on seeing us, and now dream of scaring us away by ringing a bell. Oh, I wish we *could* be scared away!" she continued, as with a shiver she glanced over her shoulder seawards.

I shook my head. "No," said I, "I'll swear there are no Indians hereabouts. Had they existence, we were bound to have met with some signs of them; a canoe—a wigwam, or whatever else their dwelling-place may be called—remains of fires—relics of feasting. I should like to have a good look round from the hummock. Will you stay here? I sha'n't be gone long."

"Certainly not. I would not be alone for—" she broke off, whilst she stepped to where her hat lay and put it on, and I saw the glint of her pistol-barrel in her hand. "It is wicked to feel nervous," she exclaimed, "but what could be so unnatural as the sound of a bell here?—and then not to be able to imagine what dreadful creatures may be hidden amongst those trees."

We walked to the hummock, thinking much more of the sound of the bell and of the hidden being that had swung it than of the noisome or venomous objects we might by chance tread upon, and, having gained the elevation, sent many a look round the sea and into the heart of the little island; but all this side of the ocean was as bare as the northern quarter, whilst not the faintest movement of dark substance or of black shadow could we see, scrutinizingly as we gazed, on any part of the land. The night breeze had died away; there

was scarce movement enough of air to breathe cool upon the moistened finger. South and east the ocean stretched, motionless as a surface of polished black wood, and the languid seething of the near surf was so delicate that it stole into the air like the moan of far-distant breakers. We lingered ten minutes, then returned.

It took me some time to persuade Miss Grant to enter her hammock afresh. I told her that I would keep watch; that there was really no more reason to be afraid now than there had been before we heard the bell; that if it had been rung with the idea of scaring us, it was plain that, whatever might be our alarm, we also were held in fear; that if there were Indians in hiding, treacherously disposed, they were not very likely to arouse us from the sleep in which they could have stolen upon and murdered or otherwise dealt with us as it pleased them.

"It is a puzzle," said I, "that we must wait for the daylight to resolve. Meanwhile rest is necessary to you, and you must please lie down. Trust to my vigilance, and sleep without misgiving."

Eventually she complied. I made her comfortable as before, carefully enveloped her hammock with the mosquito-net, then with a look at my pistols to see that all was right with them, I lighted a cheroot, swigged off a dram of brandy, and fell to pacing the stretch of sand, sentinel-fashion, close to the hammock, and keeping a bright look-out on the trees beyond, believe me.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PIRATICAL LAIR.

THE time slipped wearily and heavily away. The march of the moon was so slow that it was enough to make one think sometimes she had come to a stand. I paced the breadth of white sand till I was weary, then sat down, nodded, perhaps dozed, sprang to my feet again with a keen look towards the density of trees, which, as the moon floated westwards, stole out

black and yet blacker, till the whole block of them was like a great staining of ink upon the liquid silver atmosphere behind, and resumed my pacing. It was as if the night were bewitched, so hushed it was. I never witnessed a movement anywhere save the black shapes of turtle crawling up the sand by the creek-side, or on to the beach facing the east. At last having seated myself to rest after a considerable spell of walking, I fell asleep, and so lay till I was awakened by the rising of the sun, and opened my eyes upon his blinding stream pouring aslant from three or four degrees above the horizon.

I stepped to the hammock; Miss Grant still slept, but so sweet and fair did she look that I could not break away from watching her. My fixed gaze aroused her; she opened her eyes suddenly, and I backed a step, confused, and perhaps feeling a little mean at being detected. However, she awoke with too much wondering at her own situation and the strangeness of her surroundings to imagine my inquisitiveness, or to note the admiration which I doubt not would have been perceptible in me by her clearer vision. She threw the mosquito-curtain off her, and sat erect, exclaiming, "Thank God, it is daylight!" and looking in a restless way around her, with her hands clasped, her cheek with the hectic of slumber still on it, her beauty rich with the disorder of her hair, and the light in her eyes of transient bewildered thought.

However, she had slept for three or four hours, and was the stronger and fresher for it. For my part, I felt so jaded and stale that every instinct in me clamoured for a plunge, so I trudged away past the head of the creek to the north shore, and spent ten delicious minutes amid the surf there, venturing however no further than waist-high; for whilst undressing I had spied seawards, within musket-shot, a motionless black object, with a lean of it that made me fancy at first it was an empty bottle, but which, when it flashed

out on a sudden with a wet gleam, I very promptly accepted as the dorsal fin of a shark.

I returned to Miss Grant feeling years younger, and found her dressing her hair before an ivory hand-glass, which she had hung against the trunk of a tree. Well, thought I, marooning brings about strange intimacies! Perhaps it might be married people only that a scrupulous mutineering crew would think proper to set ashore. But it was no time for fastidious feelings of any sort outside the dictation of plain good sense, realizing accurately the conditions of the situation and admitting no other government than wholesome honest instinct. I was for turning away, with the idea of searching for the eggs the turtles might have laid in, the night, but she continued placidly brushing the long lengths of her glowing hair, with a smile on her face as she looked at me out of the mirror; so I walked straight on, and set about overhauling our provisions with the idea of preparing a little breakfast for ourselves. I had taken a view of the sea from the north side, and now I searched the horizon on this, but no sail broke the shining line. At a rough guess I reckoned that the remainder of our private stores, which had been set ashore with us by the men, might with great care be made to carry us through another fortnight, helped by such food as we should find on the island. Indeed, this question of provisions did not very greatly worry me, for there was not only promise of a bountiful supply in one direction in the shape of turtle, but there were cocoa nuts, also oranges in plenty, green or ripe, on the north-west side of the little forest, as I had perceived whilst I sat drying myself after coming out of the sea. We could count, too, on a good store of crawfish, which fortunately I knew how to catch. There were iguanas besides, delicate to the palate as spring chicken if properly dressed, though loathsome in their lizard form to the eye. No! the fear of starving did not visit me;

but mainly I believe because the mind resolutely shrank from the contemplation of the possibility of our imprisonment lasting long enough to render famine imaginable. The consuming thought was how, if no ship should approach the place, were we to escape? This consideration engrossed me even whilst my mind seemed busy in reckoning up the stock of provisions, and again and again I would find myself pausing in that work, with a dull sense of hopelessness that was a sort of distraction in its way, whilst I looked round the island wondering if it was in human ingenuity to manufacture out of it any sort of floating fabric to which we might commit ourselves without the certainty of perishing by drowning.

Miss Grant was full of the subject of the bell. She could talk of nothing else; and while we sat at our little repast of preserved meat and sweet biscuit, she was incessantly directing looks towards the wood.

"There may be people there," she said, "watching us all the time. I thought I saw something move when you had left me just now. We *must* find out to-day if this island is inhabited. The approach of the night will be intolerable if we are to expect that bell to ring again without knowing where it is, or what produces the sound."

"I shall explore those trees shortly," said I; "let me have your pistol. With mine it will give me three shots without obliging me to reload."

She drew it from her belt where it had lain all night with her. I thought I would try its quality, and taking aim at a leaf that stood in clear green outline against the sky, I pulled the trigger, and the leaf fluttered slowly to the ground. The sharp *ping* of the pistol was followed by many hoarse cries of paroquets, and a large bird broke like a shape of burnished gold out of a dense cover of leaves in the heart of the tree at which I had fired, and sailed away towards the forest, waking many hideous echoes with its discordant notes.

"An excellent little weapon indeed," said I, going to my portmanteau for a powder-flask, and reloading the pistol. "Pity it is not old Broadwater's blunderbuss though. The blast of that bell-mouthed engine would be the sort of hint one would like to give if there be ears yonder to receive such messages."

"I will accompany you," said she; "it is inaction and expectation that keep me frightened."

"Lord preserve you," said I, "look at that growth of grass! You would need to be dressed as I am to penetrate it."

Indeed it was only too plain that nothing in the shape of petticoats and skirts could be forced, short of one's wake after a plunge or two becoming a raffle of shreds and tatters, through the dense, coarse, bush-like herbage which stood to the height of a man's waist among the trees. Indeed, the better to equip myself for this adventure, I laced on a pair of stout leather leggings, whilst I buttoned myself up in a short pea-jacket so as to oppose the trimmest figure I could contrive to the stubborn dusky confrontation of bush and guinea-grass. Leaving her standing and watching, I walked briskly towards the trees, with the butt-end of a pistol projecting from either side-pocket, and Miss Grant's weapon in my hand. Piercing as the sunlight was, the foliage was so dense, the intermingling of boughs so thickly complicated, whilst the trees, moreover, stood so close together, that within half-a-dozen paces of the eastward opening of this little forest the green gloom lay heavy beyond belief. The obscurity brought me to a stand at least a minute, until the blinding glare of the open had gone out of my eyes, and I could see plainly. Climbers and creepers of all kinds, training and coiling like serpents, added yet to the dusk by filling the spaces between the trunks with a vague showering of crimson, star-shaped blossoms. After the heat outside, the atmosphere here struck almost chill; there was a sickly

smell of rotting vegetation, and nearly every tread was upon something pulpy that yielded to the pressure with an ugly juicy sensation as if 'twas soddened through with centuries of black miry damp; though maybe it was no more than a toadstool, or a frog, or a bunch of decaying fruit. Through a little cleft at wide intervals you'd catch a glimpse of the sea spreading brimful of soft blue light to the sky, with a wild buzzing of insects coming in through the opening on a gush of hot air. I moved with a vigilant eye, crushing warily through the quickset understuff, gazing at every tree-trunk as though another step should open a figure behind it watching me. I need not deny that I felt very timid. The mere cathedral-gloom made by this dense interweaving of greenery was almost preternatural in its way, when one thought of the dazzle that was just outside. Then again, even if there should be no human beings here to suddenly let fly at me with a spear, or arrow, or fusil, how was I to know what savage beast lurked in this wild tangle of shadows? Sometimes there fell a smoky, golden haze of sunbeam, but it only deepened the obscurity of the leafy aisles; though had I had an eye for such matters at that time, I must have found something lovely beyond imagination in these dashes of soft radiance, bringing out some bunch of huge leaves, some cluster of green fruit never maybe to ripen, some scarred and ragged elbow of bough, forking black through a drapery of runners and white-hearted flowers which looked to be falling like a cata-ract of green waters flecked with foam from the confused darkling roof of branch and foliage. Whether the sight of my moving figure alarmed the scores of birds amongst the trees, I know not; but the cries, pipings, hoarse parrot-like bawlings which broke from them, fell tormentingly upon my nervous ear that longed for peace that it might hearken for any signal of danger.

I had been pushing my way. for-

wards for seven or eight minutes without catching sight of anything more than the flickering plumage of some strange bird, when on my left, just past a couple of trees whose trunks rose to their branches with a twist in them which made one think of a pair of petrified boa-constrictors, I caught sight of a bell hanging from under a cover like the lid of a box, supported by two stout stanchions, the whole as green as the wooden piles of a pier washed by salt water. "That's it!" thought I. "Come! here is discovery number one. It is a real bell anyhow!" and somewhat marveling at the sight of such a thing, I made for it. The frame that supported it might have been a hundred years old, and the bell itself twice as ancient as that. The metal was green, and bronzed with time and weather. I made out some faint lingerings of what had been an inscription upon it, but the characters were indecipherable. I opened my knife and put the blade of it into the wood of the frame; it was like sticking a cheese, for the timber was damp and tinderous as soaked matchwood. A piece of grass line was attached to the clapper, and hung a foot below the mouth of the bell. It looked rotten, though I gave it a tug without parting it. To make sure that this was the same bell we had heard in the night, I struck it two or three times. The tone satisfied me. I also knew that Miss Grant, by hearing the notes, would conclude that I had discovered the bell. But who on earth could have rung it? I sent as penetrating a gaze as the twilight of the forest would permit in all directions, but nothing approaching human shape or sign of human life was to be seen.

It was clear enough that this bell was seated in the very heart of the little forest, and, as I was resolved that my overhauling of the place should be thorough, I pushed on to the western extremity of the trees, till I could see the sea opening like a great blue eye over the slope of down to the ivory of

the sand ; and then worked my way with a fight for every foot I advanced, so dense, spike-like and briary was the tangle. Again and again I paused, always with Miss Grant's pistol ready cocked in my hand, and gazed earnestly right and left and behind me, till I presently came to where the opening trees gave me a view of the smaller of the two hummocks, with the herbage and trails of sand rounding north-east to the spot where we had passed the night. The daylight here lay broad, and, after walking a little, I came to sheer sand, with patches of grass sprouting out of it, and a clump of cocoas flourishing beyond, which made me wonder again, for I could see no sign of soil.

I halted a little while to recover my breath, and cleanse my face of the sweat that poured down it. I could no longer doubt that the wood was as untenanted as the rest of the island. What hand then had rung the bell ? There had been no draught of air to stir the weight of metal in the night. The alighting of some heavy bird upon it might indeed have caused it to sway, but there was nothing living with wings the wide world over to account for the several sorts of peals which had rung forth—the dirge-like tolling, the quicker beat, then the mad helter-skelter clattering, and then the solemn *requiem* chimes again. It was enough to put the wildest thoughts into the most prosaic brains that ever mortal head carried ; and I must confess to looking backwards into the dim twilight from which I had emerged with a sort of shrinking feeling in me, and with a bit of wonder, too, that I should have found heart enough to carry me through the exploration with so much stoutness.

I started to walk afresh to join Miss Grant, when, having made three or four steps, forgetful perhaps of preserving the shambling gait I had used in the high grass, the point of my boot struck something in the sand, and down I went, measuring the whole length of me, the pistol I grasped exploding as I fell. I jumped up, not

a little flurried by this unexpected capsizal, and on looking to see what it was that I had kicked against, I observed a large iron ring lying black upon the sand. I thought to pick it up, but on grasping it I discovered that it was fixed to an eye screwed or bolted into either wood or masonry buried in the ground. I was busy in scraping away the sand lying round about the ring with the sharp of my foot when Miss Grant arrived.

"What have you seen, Mr. Musgrave ?" she cried. "At whom or what have you fired ?"

"Oh," said I, "I tripped over this ring just now, and the pistol went off as I fell."

She barely glanced at the ring ; her thoughts were elsewhere.

"I heard the bell ; did you ring it ?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What else did you see amongst the trees ?" she inquired.

"Nothing else. It is some old ship's bell," I replied, "hanging at a kind of scaffold that might be a hundred years old, perhaps more."

"No man ?" she asked.

"Nothing in the faintest degree approaching one, black, white, or yellow," I replied.

"But, Mr. Musgrave, *who* could have rung the bell then ?"

"We may yet find out. At present I have not the faintest notion. But see here, Miss Grant ; what is the meaning of this ring ? It is a fixture. There will be some sort of trap down here, or I am much mistaken. If I had but a spade now !"

She looked again at the ring, and her interest came to it. She stooped and pulled at it, and then finding it fixed, recoiled a step or two and said : "We had better not meddle with it. The bell is wretched enough as a puzzle. Don't let us seek fresh adventures, Mr. Musgrave."

I mused a bit. "At all events," said I, "there can be no harm in seeing to what sort of arrangement the ring is secured."

There were shells of many kinds

strewn about the beach, some of them as big as dishes, sharp-edged enough to cut a man's head off. I picked up three or four, and fell to scratching and digging with them, Miss Grant helping me. The shells spooned up the sand plentifully, and after working a little we laid bare what had unquestionably been some small ship's hatch-cover about four feet square. On scooping yet a little at the lap of the edges, I found that this cover rested upon a timber frame, which in its turn was doubtless steadied by piles driven into the earth under the surface of sand. I tugged with all my might at the ring, but could not lift the hatch. I had no mind, however, to be balked, and after considering a while what I should do, I pulled out my knife, and opening the saw-blade, swarmed up a tree to a stout, straight, marline-spike-looking bough that had caught my eye, and putting my knife to it, worked away patiently till I had cut three-quarters through it, after which I sprang on to the bough and came down with it in a fall to the ground. It was as good as a hand-spike. I reeved it through the ring, using it as a lever, and pressing it upwards with my shoulder, I so jarred and shook the hatch-cover that it was presently loose enough to lift.

On removing it, I found that it had concealed a tunnel which vanished after a gradual slope of a few feet into utter blackness. Three or four rude steps fell in a flight to where the slope began, so that on descending a man needed but stoop his head to move clear of the roof of this strange cellar. I kneeled down to peer sideways into the obscurity, but saw nothing for the blackness there. An old faint, damp sort of smell arose.

"We had better put the cover on and go away," said Miss Grant; "there may be something horrible hidden in that grave."

"Nothing alive, at all events," said I; "it is some old freebooter's lair, some ancient piratical hiding-place, or I am very much mistaken. That secreted bell yonder is a part of the

equipment—set up to serve as an alarm, and to signal with, and perhaps to tell the hours as well. I must probe that hole; there may be a discovery under our feet worth making."

"Mr. Musgrave, you will not be so rash! What can you hope to discover—that can be, I mean, of the least use to us?"

The sense of our helplessness seemed on a sudden to smite her as a shock; she drew a quick breath, and sent a yearning glance along the ocean-line, almost unconsciously, as one who looks up to heaven in a prayer. I thought to rally her with a stroke or two of idle fancy, and said: "Time was when many of these Bahaman Cays were the haunts of the picaroons; swift and tidy little schooners, loaded to their ways with the treasure of plundered galleons, came sailing to these secret verdant islands; the treasure was brought ashore by the beauties who had stolen it, and buried. Occasionally a black man was murdered, that his ghost might haunt the sepulchre in which the booty lay, and sentinel it against other marauders. Maybe it was the ghost of a murdered black man who rang that bell last night. Miss Grant, I give you my word I am speaking the truth. The Goodwin Sands themselves have scarce gorged more wealth in their time than the pirates and buccaneers have buried in the islands and *costa firme* of these waters, though I don't say there," said I, pointing into the square hole that looked like the mouth of a well. "Yet when we have made our escape from this place, and are safe and snug in civilized quarters, should I, on recalling this secret vault, endure to think that I had wanted spirit enough to explore it? Conceive of our coming across several chests down there crammed to the lids with golden doubloons, crucifixes of the precious metal sparkling with gems, chalices which might make a Jew kneel to the Sacrament for love of the beautiful workmanship!" She smiled; I burst into a

laugh. "No," said I, "my expectations are not so high-pitched. Nevertheless, I must take a view of that interior."

"Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed, with a little pout and some warmth of feeling in the look she shot at me, with a droop of the lids instantly afterwards—the most womanly touch that could be imagined, with its flash of reproach and the pleading of the averted eye that followed,—“pray do not forget that if anything should happen to you, *I am alone.*”

I hung in the wind, for it grieved me to give her a moment's anxiety. But unless a ship took us off it was certain that we must regard ourselves as prisoners for life, if we failed to devise some fabric for making our escape in. It was impossible to know but that we might discover something in this cave which should prove of inestimable value to us, even as a step towards our deliverance, and on my dwelling upon this and assuring her that I could not imagine there should be any risk in my taking a view of the interior, her face cleared, and she seemed to agree with me; but I could read in her that though she had the heart of a lioness, it fell short of prompting her to offer to accompany me. I doubt if there was ever yet a woman who would have found courage to have entered that black hole, even though her refusal should have cost her her lover. For my part, I felt no reluctance whatever; and yet Miss Grant was so much more heroic than I, in the truest sense of the word, that recollection of the disparity tempts me almost into egotism in illustrations of my own humble doings.

I had a parcel of sperm candles in my portmanteau—useful articles to carry to sea in those, as perhaps in these, days. I fetched and lighted one of these, and slinging it by a length of tape, lowered it into the square to test the atmosphere below. It burned brightly. Indeed my nose had given me sufficient assurance of there being nothing wrong in that way. Then

bidding Miss Grant to remain where she was, and not to feel uneasy, I descended the steps, and, holding the candle up, took a look ahead. I found myself on a shelving floor of hard sand and mould, walled on either side with stanchions and pieces of timber, running athwart into a slender passage, which however opened rapidly into an apartment, the roof of which was about a head higher than my full stature. This room might be about nine feet square. Beyond it, led to by a doorway that had in its time been screened by a curtain, as I gathered from the sight of a small metal pole bracketed athwart it, was a second room, black as any tomb, as you will suppose. The flame of the candle burnt bright, yet it was but a feeble light for the illumination of such an interior as this, and I found it difficult to distinguish objects. On the left-hand side of this first room in which I stood was a low structure of bricks, which, on approaching it, I found had served in its time as a furnace for cooking. Over against it, suspended by nails driven into one of the beams which formed the transverse supporters of the wall, were several quaint, extremely old-fashioned cooking utensils, such as saucepans, frying-pans, a kettle, and the like. Two or three articles of a similar description lay under them upon the ground, whence they had dropped through rottenness of the spikes or timber, like over-ripe fruit. On the right stood a queer rustic-looking table very rudely made, the legs branching out like open compasses. I had seen such tables with villagers drinking at them outside old rural public-houses in England. On either hand were a couple of high-backed chairs. I approached the opening conducting to the inner apartment somewhat timorously. I was never a superstitious man, but there was something in the aspect of this dim, mouldy underground haunt that, affected as the imagination might also be at such a moment by recurrence to the mystery of the midnight bell-ringing, might

well have set the hair of a stouter-spirited man than mine creeping upon his head. I listened attentively; the stillness was unutterably deep, something to make one think of the silence that a man interred alive might *hear* in his coffin. However I had talked somewhat big to Miss Grant, and perhaps was in no temper to be dismayed by my own fancies; so breaking from my posture of hearkening, with a look round at the shadows flitting to the movement of the candle in my hand, I advanced to the threshold of the second chamber and peered in, holding the light in advance of me.

There was some furniture here, and consequently objects sufficient to excite a passing emotion of consternation by the dark flickering, so to speak, of several kinds of outlines. I stood staring, and presently made the chamber out to have been a bedroom. A four-post bedstead, the uprights of which however had been cut short to admit of their erection in this low-ceiled apartment, stood opposite the entrance. The candle-light seemed to find a dull reflection in the legs of it, and on drawing near I saw that they had been gilt. It had been a very magnificent bedstead in olden times, no doubt. The feet were richly-carved figures of mermaids, the posts of ebony with traces of a once gaudy inlaying. There was a mattress upon the bed and a great bolster, along with a huge, coarse, dark rug. Slung by straps to the wall were several firelocks of the pattern the buccaneers of the seventeenth century were wont to level, and the like number of pistols, all nearly of the dimensions of a fowling-piece of our time. There was also a small array of broadswords and hangers, some fallen, having rotted from the straps by which they had hung. I spied a small chest of black oak in one corner, and walked to it, having by this time got rid of my timidity. I opened it—let me admit, with a pulse accelerated by expectation—and holding the candle close, looked in; but alas! instead of massive treasure, the

chest contained nothing more than a quantity of fish-hooks of various sizes, a ball or two of rotted cotton thread, and three or four parchment-like rolls, which proved to be charts, of which the tracings were rendered indistinguishable by dirt and mildew. The side of this cavernous chamber where the chest stood was papered as it were with a sort of loose hangings. I had not noticed this but for their swaying to the little current of air wafted by my moving the lid of the box. This drapery was of yellow silk, covered with strange devices wrought in black, but time or damp had obliterated so much of the figuration, whilst my candle gave forth so uncertain a light, that it was impossible to make a guess at the nature of the designs. Here, too, were a couple of black wooden stools, the legs showing traces of gilding, and a circular steel mirror cut in facets, so tarnished that I viewed it for some time without knowing what it was. Whilst I was gazing around me lost in wonder, but with a tolerably clear conception of the character of this subterranean dwelling-place, my eye was taken by a faint reflection directly amidships of the roof, and on elevating the candle I observed that a large frame of glass had been let into the ceiling, every pane lozenge-shaped. It was indeed like a skylight on a ship's deck. I passed into the first room, and observed the same contrivance there. The sight of these windows gave me an idea, and I at once stepped into the shelving corridor and mounted the steps, blinking like an owl at the brilliant morning blaze.

"Oh, Mr. Musgrave," cried Miss Grant, "I was afraid you would never return! I have been expecting every instant to hear the report of your pistol. What have you seen? Oh, something, I *do* hope, that will explain that bell-ringing last night."

"What I have seen you shall presently see," said I. "It is as snug a two-roomed dwelling-house as one could wish, a bit mouldy perhaps, but a tidier lodging than a tree anyhow.

There will be two windows under the sand here. How will they bear now?"

"Two windows!" she exclaimed; and there was little to wonder at in her surprise, for the sand trended smooth to the dense thickets of herb-age where the trees went huddling into the forest; and it needed something more than imagination to enable one to conceive of such a thing as a window having anything to do with this surface of almost powdery softness.

After pondering a minute, I walked to the spot, shells in hand, where I reckoned the window of the kitchen underneath to be situated, and fell a-scraping; and when I had made a hole about a foot and a half deep, the edge of the shell scratched crisply over something polished. This proved to be a frame of glass. Miss Grant stood beside me, looking on, scarcely understanding what I was at, whilst I shovelled away with a couple of big shells, tossing the sand aside as a child digs for sport on the sea-shore, until I had laid bare a good space of the skylight. It was easy work, for the admixture of soil was too trifling to give much density and weight to the sand; yet it took me near an hour to lay bare the first window. I found it formed, as I had previously conjectured, of the frames of some vessel's skylight, but of a vessel that had been afloat in an age when, as I supposed, shipwrights were found willing to embellish the fabrics they launched with lozenge-shaped windows in the deck-fittings. The frames lay flat, like the cover of a hatch, solidly overlapping the edge of a timber casement. With the help of the handspike I had manufactured, I prized one of the frames out of its fixings, which had been tautened by wet running sand into a kind of cement, then with my hands tore it bodily up. The high sun struck full through the opening; Miss Grant peered down.

"It is a room!" she cried.

"Yes," said I, "and it will furnish us with the sort of asylum we stand in

need of until the moment of our deliverance arrives."

"You do not intend that we should sleep down there?" she exclaimed, flushing to the startling thought, whilst her eyes brightened with the dread in her.

"You shall judge for yourself, presently," said I, laughing.

"Sleep in such a hole as that!" she cried, with her white forefinger dramatically pointing downwards, and a fine imperiousness in the pose of her figure, springing as it were out of a sort of passing indignation at my suggestion. "Why, Mr. Musgrave, supposing the man that rung the bell last night should discover that we were underground; he might put the covers on these holes, and then—and then—"

"We should be buried alive," said I; "only there is no man here, so I am not afraid."

"Who rung the bell then?" she asked.

"No man, I'll swear," I answered, "unless he be endowed with some mystic power of converting himself into a bush or tree at sight. Indeed I hope we may not be able to find out who did ring the bell," I continued, sending a look at the ocean, "for I should like to be taken off at once, at this very minute indeed. But if we are forced to tarry we shall solve the mystery, depend upon it. There's another window somewhere to be cleaned, Miss Grant," I continued, speaking cheerfully; "and when that's done I'll show you so quaint and surprising a curiosity in the shape of a piratical lair, that if I had it within reach of the millions of Great Britain I should make a fortune in a month by exhibiting it at a shilling a head. But how goes the hour?" I looked at my watch; it was after eleven. "It is time," said I, "to take a peep at the sea from the hummock. Pray God some gleam of canvas may be showing!"

She refused to remain until I returned, and so we went together. I must own to finding her most fasci-

nating when she was most timorous. In her fearless moods she seemed to be withdrawn to a distance from me, so to speak; but her manner grew tenderly clinging when she was nervous. She passed her hand through my arm as we walked away, giving a glance over her shoulder at the dark square of hatch upon the sand, with an unconscious pressure of her fingers upon my sleeve. It was strange that she who had sat calm in the presence of the body of the murdered mate, who had confronted with wonderful composure the most threatening and malignant experiences of the voyage, should tremble at a black hole in the sand, and at my proposal to tenant a lodging which would protect us at least from the dews of heaven, from the sting of the mosquito, and from the jaws of the land-crab. But may not one read of a field-marshal fainting at sight of a mouse? It might not have needed more than a spider on her petticoat to wring a wilder screech from Joan of Arc than ever the stake extorted. One is sorry to say it—but it is true, nevertheless—that it is in the weaknesses of human nature that one finds its loveliness.

There was nothing in sight. I searched with a shipwrecked eye, but the brim of the ocean ran in an unbroken sweep of blue to the mirroring of the sun. The heavens were cloudless; not the faintest feather of vapour in the whole spacious dome from its azure at the horizon to its brassy central glare. The heat would have been unendurable but for the shelter of the wide umbrella under which we both stood. The faintest draught of air was stirring, sometimes expiring to let the fiery buzzing of the island swing tingling to the ear, then floating afresh, hot as a breath from a furnace, driving the sound of the feverish concert back. The atmosphere trembled to the drawing of the sun; branch and tree and every spear of grass, the slim length of the cocoa to its tufted head, the plumed arch of the palm, the great drooping leaf of the wild cotton-tree,

faintly writhed upon the sight, till you thought you could *see* the mass of tropic vegetation growing—with many a crackling noise as of growths rent by the roasting glare, cleaving the shrill, fierce humming with a strange and startling edge of sound.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNDERGROUND LODGING.

By two o'clock that afternoon I had entirely cleared the second window of the sand that rested nearly two feet thick upon it. I prized open a casement that the apartment beneath might obtain purification from the air as well as from the sunshine, and I then asked Miss Grant to step below with me and view the rooms. She had seen enough by peering through the skylights to excite her curiosity, and moreover to reassure her mind; and so she now let me hand her down that black hole from which she had shrunk with her eyes ashine with dismay in the morning.

The coolness of the atmosphere in this cavern was nigh as refreshing as a bath after the roasting glow up above; and the softened light of it fell soothingly upon the eye, fresh from the blinding whiteness of the sand and the blue brilliance of the ocean. Miss Grant looked quickly about the place, advancing to the doorway of the inner room with a hurried survey of the chamber, and then her manner lost its restlessness.

"Do you know, Mr. Musgrave," she said, "I expected to find that you had missed some secret way of getting out of this place. I felt almost certain that this was the haunt of the person who rung the bell last night."

"You are satisfied, I hope?"

"I see two rooms, and only one entrance. Yes; I am satisfied," she said, continuing to look round her penetratingly. "Have you lifted that faded silk hanging?" referring to the yellow drapery against the wall in the inner apartment.

"No," I answered, "but I'll do better than lift it," and so saying I went and pulled it down. It was like dragging at a cobweb. No stagnant flag rotting in the gloom of an abbey's roof over an aged stall would have parted more easily to a pull. The wall the stuff had concealed was like the others, soil and sand, solidified and shored up by a great number of stanchions and transverse beams. Miss Grant now behaved as if she were in a museum. Her face was lighted up by curiosity, and she peered at everything with the liveliest interest. The daylight lay bright in each room, and the damp and mouldy smell was fast yielding to the aromatic air gushing warmly in, laden with the island's multitudinous voice, through the open casements. I overhauled the contents of the old black chest afresh, in the hope of meeting with some hint of the story of this queer dwelling-place, but found nothing to suggest an idea even. The charts, so far as I could make them out, were buccaneering maps of the Antilles and the Panama main, with here and there a rude, ill-digested, most deceptive outline stealing out of the grimy thickness of dirt and mildew. I stretched the silk to the light, but the figurations were as vague as they had shown by candle-light. The fire-arms were crumbling, rusty old pieces, great curiosities no doubt in their way, as were the pistols and the hangers, and indeed every piece of furniture in the place.

"And you think," said Miss Grant, coming to a stand after the narrowest imaginable inspection of everything in true womanly style, and gazing around her with wonder no longer mixed with apprehension, "that this was many years ago the home of a pirate?"

"Ay, no doubt of it," I responded. "A hundred and fifty years ago I dare say this was a very glittering and sumptuous interior. Look at the legs of that bedstead. Saw any one the like of such carving, I mean on so prosaic a piece of furniture? It was the princely decoration of some rich

galleon's state-cabin, I dare say; and one need not shut one's eyes to realize the idea of a head like Cervantes'—who, by the way, was an exceedingly ugly man—snoring on a pillow there, the figure concealed to the throat by some exquisitely-worked counterpane of silk. Here is enough to set the imagination off into a brisk trot. The high-sterned polacre, striking the glory of the westering sun from her windows into the dark blue beneath, is riding within musket-shot of the beach; her captain, mate, and boon companions of the crew are here carousing. See them in their great flapping hats, their yellow belts, their big jack-boots, their spiked beards, and moustaches curled to their piratical eyes, roaring out some song of old Spain, with goblets before them filled with a vintage of which we, a debased posterity, can never know the magical qualities. The old villains! they drank all the fine liquor, and left us the gout!"

"Your picture wants a heroine," said Miss Grant, laughing.

"Oh," said I, "I have not forgotten her. She must be yellow-haired; some Saxon sweetheart captured out of an English ship, bound, shall we say, to Rio, Miss Grant? She has exhausted the language of entreaty, wept her glorious eyes dim, and grief, as she sits yonder, is eating away her trembling little heart as she listens with a loathing ear to the deep-throated chorusing of the black-browed roysters, as they sit clinking their silver flagons at that very table there, perhaps! The Lord preserve us! what a brush has fancy—to one's own intellectual eyesight, I mean—when her pigments are such realities as yonder bedstead, those high-backed chairs, those queer-looking frying-pans, in which many a hearty turtle-steak has hissed, many a Friday's absolving fare of fish has spluttered! But to be serious, Miss Grant, will not these rooms yield us the accommodation we require?"

She shook her head a little dubiously. "If we could remove that gloomy old bedstead—" she said.

"Oh, certainly," I interrupted. "A little hammering of it with one of those muskets should render it portable. Your hammock will take its place excellently. Then, with the skylight casement a bit open for the fresh air it would let through, and a shawl swung from that metal rod over the doorway, the room would provide you with as snug a retreat as any hotel could offer; whilst I should make my bed here"—we were conversing in the room which I must call the kitchen—"ready at a moment's notice to interpose, pistol in hand, betwixt that entrance, which your presence beyond will render sacred, and the villainous bell-ringer, whoever he may be."

"You do not think of sleeping here to-night, at all events," she said.

"No, since I see how reluctant you still are. But your health is precious, and mine also is precious for your sake. A few nights of exposure to the damp of these moonlit heavens would, I fear, tell upon us both, breed a fever, afflict us with the ague, disable us by some sort of sickness, and leave us in a very bad case indeed. We have to get away from this island, you know; and if we design to achieve our deliverance we must keep well."

Her good sense came to her rescue; she perceived the truth of my words, and said she would do as I wished, only—not to-night. When that terrible bedstead had been removed, the place would look more wholesome.

"Whatever I propose," said I, "is with thoughts of your comfort, your health, your security. 'Tis a bitter, hard experience for you, and would to God I knew how to soften it, better still how to end it. But the thing looks us in the face, and we must meet it as bravely as we can. My part is that of a protector. If I know myself I shall play it dutifully."

She glanced at me a moment as if she would speak, then hung her head to hide the tears which filled her eyes, whilst she extended her hand,

saying, "I thank you—I thank you, Mr. Musgrave," just above her breath.

I never recall this strange wild time without asking myself whether I acted as a true, upright, high-minded gentleman should towards this lady, situated as she was, forced by stress of ocean into intimate association with me, at the mercy of my feelings and instincts as a man. I did my best. I know that my one whole-hearted desire was, she should never suffer an instant's pain, be sensible of a moment's grief, of the lightest stir of uneasiness, through this obligation of bare unconventional companionship with me. I could summon no better government of thought for my behaviour than this resolution. But then her own frank, fearless, beautiful nature helped me. Her very purity was like a meeting of my efforts half-way. A little too much of modesty in her would have constrained me with a constant sense of embarrassment by which I might have been led into blunders. Indeed I have to thank her own heroic, honest nature for the successful accomplishment of my desire, that our association on this island should be as painless to her woman's modesty as though the formidable conditions of our isolation, which forced us close and bound us, so to speak, together, had been as stringent as they were indeed relaxing.

I devoted the rest of the afternoon to dismantling the underground rooms; again and again however intermitting the work to repair to the summit of the hummock for a view of the sea, but without beholding the least sign of a vessel, though never could despair have rendered human gaze more strenuously eager and searching than mine. The task I had set myself distracted my thoughts; yet it was extremely depressing. It was as though we felt there was no help or hope for us, and that there was nothing for it but to reconcile ourselves to our miserable lot, and effect the best settlement upon the island that could be contrived

by persons who were almost wholly without resources. I caught Miss Grant eyeing the old saucepans and frying-pans with an air of mingled doubt and thoughtfulness, and then she presently made a little collection of them, and was going up the steps. I asked her what she intended to do with the things. She answered that she meant to clean them; they were not fit to use as they were. I looked at her delicate white hands with a movement of remonstrance in me; but then I reflected that occupation of any sort was good for people situated as we were, and that the soiling or coarsening of her hands would be but a very small matter indeed side by side with the desperate needs which might presently grow upon us. But it was with something almost of a laugh of bitterness that I turned from her handsome form as she mounted the steps to the open, and resumed my work. "A pretty leveller is the sea!" thought I. "To think of this stately and lovely lady, who ought to be drawing close to her sweetheart, and to the comforts and refinements of a sunny and pleasant home, scouring old pots and pans upon a desert island; with myself, a gentleman at ease, forsooth! a Piccadilly dawdler, knocking an old bedstead to pieces, as though he had bound himself apprentice to some old rag-and-bone merchant, and furbishing up a residence which even a mole might eye with distrust!"

Nevertheless, denuded of my coat and waistcoat, and my shirt-sleeves rolled above my elbows, I continued to toil manfully, making very little account of the gloomy thoughts that weighed on me. With the stock of one of the muskets I speedily demolished the bedstead, carrying it piecemeal above, where I found Miss Grant seated, shaded by an umbrella, polishing the saucepans and other contrivances with a wet rag and sand. One showed bright to her scrubbing, and she watched me with a well-pleased face as I inspected it. The fact was,

there had come to my mind the story of a party of shipwrecked people who had been poisoned by eating food cooked in utensils which they had found in an old house hard by the spot where they had been cast away, and I considered our sufferings already too lively to demand the supplementary punishment of a deadly stew-pan. However, the kettle was of iron, and the other things of stout block tin, and so I went back to my work, leaving her to go on with hers.

I remember I was sufficiently silly, as I cleared this cavernous retreat of such grimy furniture as we did not need, to continue in some small hope of meeting with something unexpected. Must I confess it? I was weak enough to suffer myself to be haunted by a little dream of treasure. I was but a young man, with much of the boy still clinging to me. After all, this was a sort of adventure to make even an older heart than mine feel virginal with romantic fancy. A cave into which the light of day may not have penetrated for above a century—as true a copy of a piratical lair as the most ardent imagination could body forth—into which the dullest eye could not have peered without peopling it with a score of spectral things vital with the colours of imagination, and gathering a character of substantiality almost from the odd fantastic surroundings of dim silk and drapery, of a bedstead that carried one's thoughts to the great galleon with its bristling broadsides and its mast-long pennons; of cutlass, matchlock, and hanger charged with suggestions of the *Tortugas*, *Panama*, the train of mules laden with silver, bracelets of gold on arms of ebony, and the citadel guarding store-houses of ingots built roof-high—why, I say, it was impossible for me, with such young eyes as I then carried in my head, man though I was in years, to dismantle such a retreat as this without the sort of hope that must have set me laughing had it been told to me of another. But I explored to no purpose. Floor

and wall were solid; no hint of a trap-door, no sign of a secret hiding-place. Whether the discovery of a chest of bullion, or a sack full of ecclesiastical furniture in precious ore would have served to reconcile us to being marooned, I don't know; but on looking back I cannot but think that we deserved some such reward, and am still weak enough to imagine that had I hunted more diligently I might have met with it.

There was no chimney to the kitchen, but on making up a fire of wood, dry grass, and the sweepings, so to speak, of these rooms, in order to test the furnace, I found that the smoke passed out freely through the open skylight, whilst despite the apparent want of draught, the fire burnt briskly enough to roast us a leg of mutton, had we had such a thing. I should have been glad to take up my abode that same night in these secret chambers, for I could see my way to as comfortable a bed of leaves and grass, with a rug for a sheet and another for a coverlet, as I needed to lie on, with promise besides of escape from the mosquitoes and the cold clip of the land-crab's jaws. But Miss Grant's soft shake of the head determined me to say no more about it. It was her humour to sleep another night in the hammock under the trees, and it was my duty to be near her. I thought to myself, should the bell toll to-night, her mind may come more willingly to the underground shelter to-morrow. For my part it seemed like mocking luck to lie all night with nothing but blue atmosphere betwixt the trembling stars and one's body, when there was as good a roof for one as old mother earth could supply close at hand. But he must be a clever man who can even dimly guess at but a portion of what goes to a woman's timidity and reluctance.

I was mightily glad when sundown came. After the fierce glare of the day the evening fell upon us sweet as a blessing, with its dewy richness and coolness of air and the hush of the discordant voices of the island.

We sat or strolled, as on the previous night, till the moon was high, talking of Rio, of what my cousin would be thinking, of the probable fate of the Iron Crown, of our prospect of escape, and a score of such matters. Once, on the sheer rim of the sheet of glory lying under the moon, we both thought we could make out a black speck, and I never could have imagined how wildly passionate was the desire for deliverance in us both—so smoothly would we talk of our rescue, so quiet was the face we had put upon our distress—until, as we stood gazing with our hearts in our eyes at the extremity of the silver wake with the purple gloom lifting like the banks of a river to it on either side, I felt her hand trembling in mine, while my breath came and went as thick, dry, and difficult as though a poison worked in me. That it was a ship we neither of us could say. Sometimes we fancied we saw it, then it would go, then seemed to blacken out again into a tiny spot. So dead was the calm the lightest craft could scarce have floated the distance of a fathom in an hour. There was something almost of a physical burthen in the profound, stirless tranquillity that seemed to come weighing down with the fine clear dusk of the night. You almost blessed the crickets for their bell-like chirping, and bent the ear to the delicate ripple of surf for the relief you got out of its soft simmering noise. But let it have been a ship or fancy, 'twas all the same to us. The spangled blue of the heavens went down with its stars to the lustrous sea-line, smoothing it there to a flawless rim; and Miss Grant let fall my hand with a deep sigh, and a sudden look of grief at me in the moonlight, for which there was no answer but silence.

However, partly with the wish to distract her mind, and partly because of the necessity for such a thing, I thought I would see if there were any craw-fish to be obtained; so first of all I cut a bough from a tree which I had previously observed to be of a resinous

nature, and on putting fire to it found that it made just such a torch as I needed. I then fashioned a shawl into a sort of bag, which I requested Miss Grant to hold, desiring her also to take her stand close by the wash of the water on the beach, ready to pick up and pop into the shawl such fish as I might have the luck to capture; then turning up my trousers to above my knees, I waded a little distance into the sea, not without some anxiety regarding my toes, for I knew there would be plenty of crabs hereabouts, big and powerful, with the jaws almost of a young shark in their gripping and cleaving qualities. The smoky flame of my torch threw a yellow illumination through the water to the bottom of it, and after waiting a little I was rewarded by the sight of several black objects crawling like lizards to my legs out of the darkness. I dipped briskly, and in a few minutes had chucked a good round score of craw-fish on to the beach, and as fast as they fell Miss Grant picked them up, till the improvised bag writhed to the movements of the creatures as though it were something living in her hand. There was some labour in the occupation; but the water circled cool to my knees, the breath of it floated refreshingly to the face, and flinging away the smouldering remains of my torch I waded ashore, brisk as though from a bath, and lighted a cigar with immense relish of the fumes of the tobacco. I dropped the bundle of craw-fish down the hole that led to the underground rooms, and sat for a long while with Miss Grant; our camp-stools in the heart of the ivory whiteness of the tract on which I had slept last night, and on which I was again to sleep. Occasionally my companion would look a little nervously towards the forest. Now that the silent night had come, thoughts of the mysterious bell-ringing troubled her afresh. Since it was impossible for the bell to ring itself, she said, it must have been tolled by human agency of some sort. No bird or beast alighting upon or

thrusting against it could have produced the varied ringing we had heard, and consequently she was certain there was a man hidden in the wood.

"Why should he hide?" said I, wanting to reassure her, for some hours of moonlight and gloom yet lay betwixt us and the daybreak.

"For fear of us, perhaps," she answered.

"If that be so," said I, "would not he be mad to make his presence known by ringing the bell?" She could not answer this. "Besides," continued I, "where would he hide himself? I searched the forest pretty narrowly. 'Tis true he might have a lodging in the hollow of a tree; but you can't reconcile any motive that a man would have in concealing himself, with his lusty ringing of a bell at midnight—raising about the most alarming clamour that human ingenuity could hit upon."

"Then, Mr. Musgrave, you wish me to believe that the bell rang of its own accord, or that it was struck by some spirit-hand?"

This silenced me in my turn. For my own part, I could not make head or tail of the matter, though, spite of the clear expression of human agency that I had found in the changes of the performance of the mysterious bell-ringer, I would have been willing to bet all I was worth that I was the only man on that island, as Miss Aurelia was the only woman. But it was not a thing to bother ourselves too much about. It was an odd ocean-puzzle, which grew a bit wild with the deepening of the night and the thickening out of the dusky shadows of the little forest to the westerly drawing down of the moon. But my mind was too greatly worried with other considerations to give it heed enough to render me restless on its account.

Whilst we sat conversing I spied the black shape of a turtle creeping out of the creek, with the moon sparkling on its wet shell. "I must have that lady," said I; "she looks

but a tortoise, and a small one at that." I fetched the handspike I had manufactured that day to prize open the skylight in the sand, and then waiting till the creature had got a good distance from the water's edge, I made for it, and, with more dexterity than I should have believed myself capable of, slipped my pole fair between the flippers, and with a hearty spring turned the thing fair on to its back. I then opened my knife and cut its throat, feeling as remorseful through the horror of the needful operation as a conscience-stricken murderer, despite my perceiving how needlessly inhuman it would have been to let the poor creature lie all night in the torment of its capsize posture, only to decapitate it next morning after all. It was a small hawk's-billed turtle, I believe weighing less than one hundred pounds, or I should never have been able to deal with it single-handed. I returned with a guilty feeling of blood upon my head to Miss Grant, and told her what I had done.

"How shipwreck—to call our condition shipwreck," said I, "forces one's hand! I should have thought myself no more capable of murdering yonder creature than of slaughtering an ox. How much of what is ignoble, of what is purely animal comes out of one in stresses of this kind! A man, to remain only a little lower than the angels, should be luxuriously fed and housed, I think. His vileness grows with his needs. The nature of beasts remains the same in essentials, whether they be pury with food or mere ribs of famine. But bring human nature down to such destitution as an open boat, for instance, expresses, without a crumb of bread or a thimbleful of fresh water, and how base it will show in its instincts!"

"And all this," she exclaimed, smiling, "because you have killed a turtle! Yet I dare say your appreciation of the god-like qualities of man in you would not suffer through your chasing a hare in company with twenty horsemen over miles of ground,

or killing a long afternoon by shooting at harmless little pigeons." She rose. "It is too late to provoke you to an argument," she continued; "what is the time, Mr. Musgrave?"

I brought the face of my watch to the moonlight. "Twenty minutes past twelve," said I.

"Have you my pistol?"

I had it in my pocket. I loaded, primed, and handed it to her; she adjusted it in her belt as on the previous night, then removed her hat, and gave me her hand, as her manner always was ere retiring to rest. I pressed my lips to it in the old-fashioned salute, grieved to the heart to think of the hardships that had befallen this brave and beautiful girl, and deeply moved by the pathos I found in her uncomplaining acceptance of our sorrowful and seemingly hopeless condition.

When she was fairly in her hammock, I rigged the mosquito-curtain over her, and turned away from the beauty of her face, showing marble in the transparency under which she lay, with a feeling that made me almost wild at heart for a little with a sense of betrayal of the trust whose obligation, confound it! grew more imperious in proportion as it taxed my weakness. I threw a rug upon the sand, rolled up a coat for a bolster, saw to my pistols, threw the mosquito-net over my head, and lay down. This was our second night on the island. I felt the solitude of the place and the dismalness and melancholy of our look-out far more keenly than I had on the previous day. There was something of novelty about our situation during the first few hours which worked with a little quality of buoyancy in the spirits; but that was gone, and there was nothing now between the heart and the crushing burden of imprisonment. The fire-flies swarmed in brilliant constellations, the tingling horn of the mosquito sounded shrill against my ear, odd midnight notes of dreaming fowl broke into the silence out of the inland dusk, down upon the ivory of the creek-side lay

my slaughtered turtle, with a look in it of a great stain of ink upon the moon-whitened sand that importunately and unpleasantly sent my thoughts straying away to the murder of Bothwell and the ugly blotch on the cabin-floor. The brig, the mutineers, the loss of Gordon and the men, Broadwater's mysterious disappearance—why, these were things already growing dreamlike, so heavy was the thrust this last experience of ours gave even to the freshest memories, sending the latest incidents reeling back into a sort of antiquity, till, on my oath, it seemed as long as twenty years ago since we had embarked on the Iron Crown in the Downs.

I was restless and hot, and was in the act of sitting up with the design of lifting the mosquito-curtain high enough to bring a cigar to my lips, when the bell hidden away in the blackness behind us began to toll.

"There, Mr. Musgrave! There it is again!" cried Miss Grant, almost hysterically, and in a breath she had sprang from her hammock and was alongside of me, with her hand on my shoulder, listening. The ringing was much the same as on the night before—first a slow and solemn tolling, making one think of some mortuary bell timing the melancholy pacing of a funeral winding along a cyprus-shadowed path to an ugly rent in the earth; then after a pause, as though the ringer had halted to refresh himself with a drink, a hasty clattering, a most alarming clamorous vibration; then the dirge-like chiming again, followed on by all sorts of beatings, fast and slow.

"Will you say *now*," cried Miss Grant, holding my hand tightly, "that there is no man there?"

"Be it man or devil," I exclaimed, "ghost or goblin, it is a riddle we must solve for our peace' sake. Wait you here."

"What do you mean to do?" she cried, still clinging to me.

"Why, since it is impossible to see, to let drive in the direction of the sound

anyhow, and listen for some squeal to follow, that we may know the ringing is not an hallucination, for I protest to Heaven, the incredibility of such a thing is enough to make one think one's self mad for hearing it.

She dropped my hand, and I walked towards the trees with a pistol in either fist. She followed me, holding her own little weapon, but the dense tangle, I knew, would stop her presently. I had no intention of penetrating the wood by the road I had taken when the morning sun shone brilliant. If it were dark then, it would be blacker than thunder now, which necessarily increased the astonishment I laboured under at hearing the bell; for unless the thing that rang it lived within a pace of it, its power of being able to find it amid that blackness was as astonishing as the sound itself. Yet all this while the chimes continued. Whatever the ringer might be, its mood seemed merrier on this than on the last night. It rang heartily, with a curious suggestion of enjoyment in the sound produced. The disturbed birds sent a hundred remonstrant cries, yells, and whistlings from the trees, which apparently merely increased the appetite of the ringer for his labour, for 'tis not in mortal pen to express the preternatural wildness, melancholy, and I may say horror, of the sound of that secret ringing echoing through the island out of the central midnight fastness, and dying away in ghostly tones far out upon the silent sea. I was as angry as I was bewildered. The character of the sound staggered my doubts of there being a man there. It seemed impossible that anything but a human hand should produce such noise. Closely followed by my companion, I skirted the trees to that thin scattering of them whence I had emerged after my morning's hunt, and where I had tripped over the ring in the sand, from which point I thought that I could better collect the bearings of the bell. Miss Grant soon came to a stand, her clothing rendering the growth impenetrable to her.

"Oh, if I were only dressed as you are, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed, in a voice so charged with bitter vexation that it was almost like hearing her sob. "Do not venture too far. Be cautious for my sake. What shall I do if I am left alone here?"

"I will not go far," said I; "stand you in this black shadow. In the haze of the moon you will be able to see anything that may run this way. Let fly at it, will you, should it come. Only please take care not to shoot me."

With that I left her, and drove with trudging steps through the coarse, wiry undergrowth, helped somewhat by recollection of the road I had taken in the morning, and aided also by the sound of the bell. However, I had not advanced fifty paces when I found further progress impossible. There was no question however that the chimes came from the bell I had inspected in the morning, so I levelled a pistol at the blackness in the direction whence the sounds were coming, and fired. The trees all about me glanced out yellow to the flame; the bell instantly ceased; but one had to listen to make sure, so

deafening was the noise among the branches of the terrified creatures roosting up there. I levelled a second pistol and fired again, with a renewal of the distracting outbreak overhead, rolling in a wave of discordant uproar, so wild that the effect upon the hearing defies language. I waited a little, eagerly hearkening. The ringing had ended. The forest noises died away, and in a few minutes you heard nothing but the familiar croakings and chirrupings, chiefly out in the open. There were too many trees in the road to render it likely I had hit the ringer; indeed I had not fired with that idea. But I thought that whatever it was that rang the bell might come sneakingly my way, and I strained my hearing for any sound resembling the rustling of the coarse growth pressed by the foot; but nothing of the sort was audible, so I returned to Miss Grant, and walked with her back to where the hammock was.

Well, it was a mystery not to be solved by wondering at it. I own I slept but little that night through thinking of it, whilst Miss Grant next morning confessed that she had not closed her eyes.

(To be continued.)

FATHER DAMIEN.

No golden dome shines over Damien's sleep:
A leper's grave upon a leprous strand,
Where hope is dead, and hand must shrink from hand,
Where cataracts wail toward a moaning deep,
And frowning purple cliffs in mercy keep
All wholesome life at distance, hath God planned
For him who led the saints' heroic band,
And died a shepherd of Christ's exiled sheep.
O'er Damien's dust the broad skies bend for dome,
Stars burn for golden letters, and the sea
Shall roll perpetual anthem round his rest:
For Damien made the charnel-house life's home,
Matched love with death; and Damien's name shall be
A glorious benediction, world-possess.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

AUSTRALIAN POLITICS.

It has been said that Australian politics are the politics of great questions and little men. Like most generalisations this is hardly accurate. Sir Henry Parkes, of New South Wales, and Sir John Macdonald, of Canada, are men of equal calibre to many who have made for themselves names in English history. Mr. Gillies, Premier of Victoria, has a parliamentary skill and experience which would fit him to lead in any deliberative assembly; while Sir Samuel Griffith, of Queensland, has a genius for practical legislation which has made the statute-book of his colony a model. Among many younger men, the names of Mr. Deakin of Victoria, Mr. Barton of New South Wales, Mr. Sabre Mackenzie of New Zealand, and Mr. Inglis Clark of Tasmania, would all, if there were any unity of sentiment between Australia and England, be known to everyone who takes an interest in public affairs.

Nor is the standard of Australian legislatures generally low. It is a mistake to suppose that the majority of members are either disorderly or corrupt. Personal corruption is, I believe, entirely unknown. Such improper influencing of votes as does occur takes the form (not altogether unknown in the case of dockyard-towns in England) of pleasing the member by spending public money in his constituency. Members may also occasionally use their position to obtain early information of projected public works; but those who act in this way are much fewer than the too suspicious public is ready to believe, while their conduct has rarely, if ever, any reference to their votes. Upon the whole, our Parliaments are a fair reflex of Australian life; and if they are not better, the fault does not lie with the

constituencies. These, in the absence of some disturbing local feeling, will as a rule choose the best man that offers himself; and they prefer an educated man to one who is uneducated.

The fault of our Parliaments is inexperience. Members are anxious to do well, but they do not know the business of legislation. Most of them are entirely untrained in the management of public affairs, having no knowledge of English Parliamentary history, and being without that instinct for government which is the heritage of tradition of the English leisured class. In most of the Colonies this defect is remedied by payment of members—a policy which must in time create professional politicians, who, like professionals in any other walk of life, do their work better than amateurs. Partly as a result of this inexperience, and partly owing to the small number of members, there is a considerable waste of time in aimless motions and long speeches. There is none of that intolerance towards bores which is a feature of the House of Commons, so that every member can rely upon making himself heard for any number of hours together. The chambers are too small and the number of members too few to admit of drowning a member's voice by noise. The Speaker will at once detect any one making this attempt and silence his interruptions by a call to order. In the House of Commons, where several hundred men are crowded in a small room and under dark galleries, organised expressions of the general disinclination to listen to a tiresome speech can easily be made, which would be quite impossible among the smaller numbers scattered sparsely on the benches of a Colonial Assembly.

In consequence of this inability to make itself felt, the public opinion of an Australian Parliament is not the restraining force upon the conduct of an individual member that it is in England. On the contrary, systematic defiance of the opinion of the House is a common and (if the offending member represent an Irish constituency) often a necessary step towards eminence and notoriety. Disorderly scenes, when they occur, are made the most of by the Press; and, though some things are left unnoticed, many things are brought into undue and unnecessary prominence. There are episodes in the House of Commons career of Mr. Disraeli during his last premiership which would have formed the theme of flaming paragraphs in Australian newspapers, but which the English papers passed over in silence; while the particular weakness which endeared the O'Gorman Mahon to an English House of Commons would be regarded with different eyes by an Australian Assembly. Members who are positively disorderly are very few, and generally either belong to the Irish race or represent an Irish constituency. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, where disorder does occur, it goes further than would be permitted in the House of Commons, in consequence of that inability of public opinion to make itself felt which has been already noticed.

It is true that the casual visitor to an Australian Assembly will not carry away a good impression. The explanation is a simple one. For the reason already given, every member thinks he is entitled to speak on every question, and if the question is one of any importance his constituency will probably expect him to speak. In the nature of things most of these speeches must be bad and dull. There are few subjects which cannot be threshed out by the leading men on either side. The rank and file, if they insist on making themselves heard, must expect to fail as makers of speeches. If they become as sensible of their own dulness

as their hearers are, they may be tempted to enliven their remarks with personalities. A stranger resents these; but the most legitimate discussion of most of the subjects of debate would be equally distasteful to a stranger.

One consequence of the small numbers of an Assembly and of the sparse population of a Colony is not altogether unsatisfactory. The saying that no man can be a hero to his own valet strictly applies to Australian politics. In Australian public life a man cannot pose; owing to the smallness of the community and the narrow circle in which he lives, he is speedily found out. It would be impossible for many men who pass in England as representative Australians, and who even get returned upon the faith of their profession to the House of Commons, to win the confidence of any Australian constituency. The attempt has been made and in vain. It is impossible for a man to get into office upon the credit of qualities he does not possess. He may not be the best man for the position; but his strength and weakness are known to every one. It may be questioned whether this is always the case in England. Judicious mediocrity loves a crowd.

The fear of being thought an impostor often leads to another extreme, especially on the part of those who have most reason to fear being found out. In every Colonial Parliament there are one or two members who strenuously endeavour to create a reputation for honesty by an affectation of blunt speech. But they do not always succeed. In every Parliament, too, there are men who, in their anxiety to be plain and practical, neglect all forms and graces of style, even to ignoring at times the ordinary rules of seemly behaviour.

In spite, however, of these drawbacks, public life in Australia has several great advantages. Not only are the questions of policy large and far-reaching, but the influence of the individual in their decision is very great. Nowhere, whether in public or

in private affairs, does the individual count for so much as he does in Australia. There is no helpless fluttering against the iron bars of class or tradition; every stroke of work tells: a man can use his strength in Australia, whether it is strength of muscle or of brain. The daily victory over the forces of Nature in the material world gives confidence in other struggles. This feeling of energy and hope cannot fail to be strengthened by an experience of office. So much in a new country depends on good administration, and so little of administration is as yet settled into a routine, that much more responsibility and power attaches to a minister of the Crown in an Australian Colony than is the case in England. There are here no official traditions handed down from one permanent secretary to another: there are seldom precedents in important matters: whatever is done must be done upon direct and ministerial responsibility. Fortunately, considering how short-lived most Australian ministers are, the Civil Service is singularly efficient, and no minister need go wrong for want of competent advice. The Service, it is true, has been overcrowded in the exercise of political patronage, and contains many drones; but I believe that in all the Colonies the responsible officials of the departments are men of high character and great ability. It has recently been my fortune to be a member of a Board of Inquiry into the condition of the Civil Service of New South Wales; and in the performances of the duties of that office I have many times wondered that the State should be able to secure the services of so many able and educated men at the low salaries which are paid in the Colonies to Civil Servants.

A general election has lately taken place in the three largest Colonies, New South Wales, Queensland, and Victoria. In each of these contests the Irish vote has played an important part. In New South Wales it was given as a block vote in favour of

Protection. In Victoria, where the fiscal question was not in issue, it was given as a block vote to the publicans with a pious opinion in favour of Free Trade. In Queensland it was given as a block vote in favour of "Nationalism". Through all these inconsistencies there is one guiding clue; in every case the vote was cast against the Government. The explanation of this is partly connected with religion and partly with politics. The Irish priesthood, in strict obedience to the teachings of their Church, desire to get control of the public schools, while the Irish laity, who are not guided by the priesthood, desire to get control of the public offices. Public opinion however (possibly owing to prejudice) is not inclined to assist the Irish in realizing either of these wishes. In Australia, as in America, the Irish have always formed a party by themselves; and it cannot be said that the illustrations which they have given of their power to govern have been entirely satisfactory. Twice in the history of Victoria the Catholic party has been in power, once under Sir John O'Shaunnessy, and once under Sir Bryan O'Loughlan; and the lesson which was then taught has never been forgotten either in Victoria or in the other Colonies. With an instinctive capacity for political organization, eloquence, industry, and administrative power, Irishmen in office, when they are supported by an Irish majority, have (in Australia at all events) shown themselves entirely without a sense of responsibility in the expenditure of public money. The administrations before referred to, like the succession of administrations which ruled in New South Wales by the support of the Irish party from 1883 to 1887, are pre-eminent in Australian history for their reckless extravagance in public works. Whatever Government may be in power, the Irish are the great billet-hunters: five applicants out of every six for any Government appointment, however poorly paid, are certain to bear Irish names. The desire

therefore of the Irish as a party to get the control of patronage into their own hands is very strong, and partly explains the solidity of the Irish vote. But the tie which binds the party together is more religious than political. The educated Irish, who unfortunately form an insignificant minority among their Australian compatriots, together with the few English Catholics, who in Australia are almost invariably men of the highest attainments and character, are of course in no degree influenced by the mere desire for power. They cannot, however, ignore the religious basis upon which their party rests. In every part of the world the Catholic Church is making an effort to obtain the control of primary instruction. In Australia this attempt has been for the present effectually foiled, and the wisest Catholics recognize that for the present at any rate it cannot succeed, while many of them are even being convinced that their fear of secular education was ill-founded and their hostility mis-directed. Nevertheless, whatever may be the feelings of the laity, the priesthood cannot let the matter rest. They cannot, except in flagrant disobedience to their vows, assent to the education of the rising generation passing into other hands. For many years they kept up a vigorous assault upon the national system of education. Within the last five years, however, they have changed their tactics, and for many elections past the Education Act has not been mentioned. This policy of ominous silence has at last attracted general attention. It has been noticed that the Irish clergy—for in Australia at the present day the Catholic clergy are mostly Irish, and of a very different stamp from the men who laboured to assist Bishops Wilson and Ullathorne, or that powerful and most gifted son of the Church, Archbishop Vaughan—are as active, and the Irish vote is cast as solidly, as in the most stirring times of previous contests.

It has been noticed, too, that the political sympathies of the clergy are

wide and incalculable. Only two years ago in New South Wales the Protectionists were a small body of Sydney artisans, most of whom were Protestants. Since that time Sir Henry Parkes, the author of the Education Act, pronounced strongly for Free Trade, and in two years every Irish member, with only one exception, has become a Protectionist, and nearly every Irish vote in the Colony is cast against Free Trade. In Victoria, where there are signs of a revival of Free Trade, the majority of Irishmen oppose Protection. In New South Wales the Irish clergy, under the influence of Cardinal Moran, are supporting the cause of temperance. In Victoria they have ostentatiously espoused the cause of the publicans. In Queensland the Irish party were the noisiest Nationalists; in New South Wales the only Imperialists we have are the leaders of the Irish Protectionist Party. The explanation of these suspicious alliances is easy. They are in every instance connected with the fight that the Catholic Church is making to upset the educational system. Nothing is any longer said about the Education Act; but the vote of the Church is given in every Colony in favour of whatsoever policy may chance to be that of the Opposition, in the hope that under the cover of silence a large number of members may be returned dependent upon Catholic support. Of course it is not denied that there are many Catholics, as there are many non-Catholics, who believe in Protection, or object to Local Option. What *is* held is, that it is contrary to all probability that Irishmen should give block votes upon these questions unless there were some ulterior object. As "The Age", a newspaper which has the largest circulation in Victoria, said in one of several leading articles on this subject:

It is not Catholicism as a form of the Christian religion which has to be guarded against, but the Roman Catholic Church as a political organization, employing

political modes to achieve a political end. That end is the acquisition by the Catholic priesthood of something like a million and a half of public funds, to be employed by them for educational purposes. If candidates would honestly declare to the electors that they sought admission to Parliament for the purpose of achieving that end, they would be listened to with respect, although the four-fifths of the people who are content to release the State from the duty of imparting religious instruction to their children and to assume it themselves would emphatically testify by their votes that they would not tolerate exceptional claims on the part of any sect. But a number of the candidates have not, we believe, honestly declared their sentiments, and are trying to creep into Parliament on the strength of popular issues, about which they themselves care very little.

This attitude of the Irish and Catholic party, which is also that of a section of the Anglican Church, foreshadows a great struggle with Clericalism. The wealth of the Catholic Church in Australia is enormous, and the Propaganda at Rome appears to be acting upon Canning's principle and really calling into existence a new world to recompense the Church for its declining power in Europe. Within the last seven years churches, schools, colleges, seminaries, nunneries, sisterhoods, and monastic orders have been founded or established in all the Australian Colonies, and are many of them under the control of Frenchmen, Italians, and Englishmen of exceptional ability, who present a marked contrast to the illiteracy of the ordinary country priest. In addition, large sums of money have been raised in Australia and granted by Rome for the purchase of land and the erection of buildings; and all this increase of power and improvement of organization has taken place while the other religious bodies are inactive and declining in authority. Nowhere is it more difficult than in a young country to forecast the future; but it seems plain from present indications that, unless some new and modifying influence asserts itself, the scene of the struggle between Church and Liberty

will be changed from France to Australia.

To turn however from speculation to the questions of the day. These are, in their order of importance, the settlement of the land, the preservation of commercial freedom, and the political relations between Australia and Great Britain. Some years ago I ventured to assert in these pages that the future of Australia for the next thirty years rested with the engineers. The recent discoveries of underground rivers in the most arid portions of the continent have given those words a greater significance. The difficulty of Australia has always been the fear that the land will not support a large population. These discoveries of water dispel that fear. It now appears that the volumes of rain which fall about once in five years over the greater part of the Australian continent, covering with floods the plains which for four years previously have not known more moisture than might be given in England by a good fall of dew, find their way through the porous soil into channels and chambers beneath the surface, where, at a depth of one or two thousand feet, they provide an inexhaustible store of the most precious commodity known to the Australian squatter. It is impossible to say at present how the use of these underground supplies of water may change the face of the Australian continent. The overflow from one bore, at a place called Kerribree, has already cut a channel of several feet in depth through the sand, and now forms a permanent river of several miles in length in what used to be an absolutely waterless country. It is only to be expected that as more water is brought to the surface, the clouds will take up more moisture by evaporation and the rainfall will increase. Then, with regular rainfall and inexhaustible tanks and creeks, even the Australian squatter might begin to be contented.

One effect this discovery of water is certain to have, and that before very

long. By opening the interior of the continent it will render possible direct trans-continental communication between Sydney and Port Darwin. If this road were constructed, what is virtually a new continent would be opened to English trade; while the trade between India and Australia would assume vast proportions. It is not even unreasonable to suppose that, when the line to Port Darwin and the line through the Euphrates valley are constructed, direct communication between Sydney and London could be made in eighteen days. Even at present, while the English syndicate that shall construct these lines is yet playing in the cradle with other toys than scrip and tools, the possibility of such developments suggests much to those who follow Australian affairs, and tends to lift our politics from the provincial category. The Land Question, in one form or another, comes up in every Parliament. How to reconcile the conflicting interests of the pastoral and agricultural classes, how to encourage settlement in the dry districts, how to provide for the extermination of pests both vegetable and animal, how to secure that the profit of State expenditure shall not pass entirely into the pockets of a few fortunate land-owners—these are all questions which would tax the highest administrative skill, and which have a true and permanent social importance.

Nor should the second of our great public questions be without attraction for all students of public affairs. New South Wales and Victoria have furnished the world with a great lesson in the merits of the rival fiscal policies of Freedom and Restriction. Starting together as Free Trade Colonies, Victoria, after twenty years of Freedom, adopted a policy of Commercial Restriction. At the time she made the change in 1866, she had every advantage over the older Colony. She was 200,000 ahead in population; she had 1,000,000*l.* a year more revenue; her external trade was 8,000,000*l.* a year larger; her area of cultivated land was

larger by 150,000 acres; she was the equal of New South Wales in shipping and far ahead of her in manufactures. Since 1866 the two Colonies have pursued their courses along the same lines in nearly all respects, except as to their fiscal policies. If anything, the conditions have been more favourable to Victoria than to New South Wales. The former has a compact, well-watered territory, with fertile land close to the sea-board and to the markets. New South Wales has a wide expanse of territory exposed to periodic droughts, with nearly all the good land lying at a distance of two hundred miles from the sea-board. Victoria had a political disturbance in 1876, but since that time has been singularly well governed. New South Wales has been exposed to the worst and most protracted drought known in this century, a drought which has lasted with varying degrees of intensity for seven years, and during which eight millions of sheep perished from starvation in a single year. These two disturbances may fairly be set off one against the other. In other respects the Colonies have had the same means of progress, though Victoria was able to use them earlier. Taking the period between 1866 and 1888 there is no great difference between the two Colonies in the expenditure on public works of monies received from the sale of Crown lands and from loans; for, although in the totals New South Wales seems to have received from these sources about eight million pounds more than Victoria, she has not had over the whole period the use of so much as her southern neighbour. Victoria both borrowed money and sold her lands earlier than New South Wales, and so has had the same advantage over her of using a larger amount of public money that an individual would have, who had borrowed 100*l.* a year for ten years, over another who in the tenth year borrowed 1,500*l.*, having in the preceding nine years borrowed nothing. Further, Victoria has had the advant-

age in the character of her population, which has always been marked by greater energy. This may be owing to climatic influences, but is more probably to be attributed to the fact that the gold-fields attracted to Victoria the flower of British youth and energy. In mineral produce Victoria has out-paced New South Wales, the gold yield alone being greater by many millions in value than the total quantity of minerals of all sorts, including coal, produced in New South Wales. This state of things is now being altered and New South Wales is beginning to pass Victoria in mineral production.

The conditions of the comparison are thus considerably in favour of Victoria, yet what is the result? Victoria, who when she was a Free Trade Colony was in everything which indicates material progress ahead of New South Wales, has been steadily falling behind in the race since she adopted Protection. In 1866 the Victorian revenue was one million *more*, in 1888 it was one million *less*, than that of New South Wales. In 1866 the imports into Victoria were valued at five millions more than those into New South Wales: last year the imports into Victoria only exceeded those into New South Wales by one million. In 1866 the exports from Victoria were valued at three millions more than those from New South Wales: last year they were seven millions *less*. In 1866 under Free Trade Victoria had already a considerable manufacturing industry, whereas New South Wales could hardly be spoken of as a manufacturing Colony. Yet in 1887 New South Wales employed in her manufacturing industries 45,783 hands out of a population of a million, with a machinery of 26,152 horse-power, while Victoria employed 45,773 with a machinery of 21,018 horse-power, showing a surplus in favour of New South Wales—small it is true, but still a surplus. In only one respect has Victoria advanced more rapidly than New South Wales—namely in agriculture. In this respect she has increased the lead over New

South Wales which she possessed in 1866. She has increased her cultivation five-fold, while New South Wales has increased hers barely three-fold. But in the face of the protracted drought in the latter Colony, and the superior adaptability of Victorian soil to agriculture, increase in this respect cannot outweigh the testimony of decline given by other facts. It is impossible indeed to resist the conclusion that the progress of one Colony has been hampered by Protection, while the progress of the other has been furthered by Free Trade. Should good seasons return, and the affairs of the country be carefully and economically managed, there is no fear that New South Wales will give up the policy under which her progress has been so phenomenal; and should there be any reaction in England in favour of a restrictive policy, she may yet play the part of the nurturing daughter and keep alive the mother of her Freedom by the support of her example.

The third great question in Australian politics is that which has come forward for the first time at the last general election in Queensland, namely the relations between Great Britain and the self-governing Colonies. For the first time in Australian history Nationalism has become a party cry. The precise aims of the Nationalists and the actual modifications of the existing relations which they desire have not been clearly defined, and it may be questioned whether the party really represents anything more than a vague sentiment of opposition to the extravagant claims of the Imperialists. It is quite certain that as a party it owes its existence in Australia to the noisy demonstrations of delight in England over the despatch of the Soudan contingent, and to the exaggerated estimate of the political significance of the Naval Defences Bill. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the wisdom of despatching a military force from Australia to the Soudan, all parties

seem agreed that such an act will never be repeated ; while it is certain that no responsible ministry of an Australian Colony—not even that of Victoria, where the Imperialist feeling is strongest—has taken the same view of the Naval Defences Act which has been taken in England. That measure, which Lord Carnarvon, Sir Charles Dilke, and the British Press regard as an expression of the determination of Australians to contribute to the support of the naval power of the British Empire, is universally regarded in Australia simply as a measure of coastal defence. The several Australian Parliaments have consented to contribute to the expenses of the British squadron, because they have been led to believe that this is the most economical method of preserving their own shores from hostile attack. It is probable—at least the speeches of prominent English public men give colour to the idea—that the intention of the British Government in submitting this bill to the Australian Parliaments was different, and that the British-Australian squadron may be used in time of war for the protection of British sea-borne commerce. If this be the intention of the British Government, it cannot be too plainly asserted that the Australian tax-payer regards the sea-borne commerce of England as an English concern, and believes that in time of war his wants could be supplied by other nations, and his exports carried safely under the shelter of a neutral flag. When such sentiments are prevalent in Australia, it is surely injudicious on the part of Englishmen who value national union to over-estimate the importance of the recent legislative sanction to the contribution of Australian money to the maintenance of an English squadron on the Australian coast. It is certain that the view taken in England of this transaction had a marked effect in raising opposition to the measure in

Queensland. The Colonies are not prepared to enter into “a partnership with England in the toils and glories of empire”; and the less the obligation to do so is spoken of or enforced, the better the chance of preserving national union. It may be perfectly true that as a part of the British dominion we cannot escape bearing our share of national burdens ; but it is highly undesirable to remind a mass of unthinking and ill-informed voters of this disagreeable fact until one is prepared with a practical plan of relief. The appearance of the Nationalist party in Australian politics will not be without benefit to England, if it serves as a wholesome warning against injudicious and fantastic schemes of union. Organic questions ought not to be raised except in cases of necessity ; and the doctrinaires and busybodies who force them before the prosaic and peace-loving voter in Australia are doing more harm to the cause of union than they can be aware of. No doubt the motive of such persons is good, and it is therefore perhaps ungenerous to criticize their conduct harshly. Let them confine their efforts to making Australia and other Colonies known to Englishmen and they will be rendering a real public service. The way to consolidate the scattered dominions of the Queen is to diffuse information, so that the importance of every part may be universally appreciated. It cannot be expected that Englishmen should follow Colonial affairs with close interest, but they might know more about them than they do. They ought to recognize that Australian politics are worthy of attention, not only because of their bearing upon English interests, but because of their intrinsic political importance. If this article should help in any way to that end, its purpose will be amply realized.

B. R. WISE.

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THE NEMESIS OF SENTIMENTALISM.

SAINTE-BEUVE, it is well known, signalized "Madame Bovary" as the herald of a new spirit in literature. Of this spirit he thought he detected symptoms all around him; science, the spirit of observation, maturity, strength, a touch of hardness; "Anatomists and physiologists," he concludes, "I meet you on all sides". That was thirty years ago. The world has had enough and to spare since then, in fiction and elsewhere, of anatomy and physiology. Among other manifestations, what Lord Tennyson has called Zolaism has gathered to a head, soon to burst, some hope, and pass away. Flaubert is still by many regarded as one of the high priests of Zolaism, or rather perhaps as one of the prophets to prepare the way for the full revelation of Zolaism, who desired to see the things that we see. M. Zola was a personal friend of Flaubert, and claimed for his own work the benefit of the prestige of Flaubert's name and fame. He has found Flaubert worthy of a place in the apostolical succession from Stendhal down to himself, the reigning pope.

Flaubert himself protested, so far as it lay in his proud and reserved nature to protest, against this enforced consecration. While recognizing and encouraging the early promise of his younger friends, M. Zola, M. Daudet and the brothers Goncourt, he resented George Sand's labelling them as his "school". These friends of his, he pleaded, laboured for what he despised, and were at small pains about that which with himself was the object of tormenting search. The word is not a whit too strong for what Mr. Pater has called Flaubert's martyrdom for style. For himself, he regarded as of very secondary importance technical detail, local information, in short, the historical and literal aspect of things.

His supreme aim was beauty, for which his fellow-workers displayed but scant zeal. It is interesting to know, and to know from his own lips, that he shared with Tourguéneff neither his severity towards "Jack" nor the immensity of his admiration for "Son Excellence Rougon": one, in his opinion, had charm, the other strength, but neither one nor other was mainly pre-occupied with what for him was the end of art—with beauty. He muses rather sadly, how difficult it is for us to understand one another. Here were two men, whom he was very fond of, both, in his judgment, true artists—Tourguéneff and Zola. Yet all the same they in no wise admired Chateaubriand's prose, and still less Gautier's. They saw nothing in phrases which filled him with rapture.

In a word, then, so far from regarding himself as the founder of this new school, Flaubert in his own eyes was rather the last of the Romantics. In his letters to George Sand he was fond of calling himself *votre vieux romantique*. Hugo, Chateaubriand, Gautier were gods of his idolatry. He couples himself with Gautier as a survivor from an earlier age. In those sad days after 1870, Gautier in Paris, if still a god, was a god in exile. There were new religions in art. "Poor Théo", sighs Flaubert, "no one now speaks his language. We are fossils stranded and out of place in a new world". We find him again in those later years complaining that men of letters were so little men of letters in his sense. There was hardly any one save Hugo left, with whom he could talk of things that interested him. One day Hugo quoted to him some passages from Boileau and Tacitus; it was as if he had received a present, Flaubert said, so rare had the thing become.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this, Sainte-Beuve being a looker-on, perhaps

in some sense saw best how the game was going. Flaubert had undeniably more in common with this new world than he would seem to have been himself aware. If he was a Romantic, his Romanticism was at all events not the Romanticism of 1830; he wore his scarlet waistcoat with a very decided difference. There is more science, more observation, in a sense more maturity; there is none of the froth and exuberance of 1830. But with the exuberance are gone also the *élan* and the charm of youth of the early Romantics. It is Romanticism grown old, which has outlived not only the follies of youth, but also its *insouciance*, its vigorous spontaneousness, its faith and enthusiasm. There was only one thing he wanted, he said, but that was a thing not to be had for the asking—an enthusiasm of some sort. In playful seriousness, he signs one letter *Directeur des Dames de la Désillusion*. Disenchantment is the secret at once of his bitterness and his force. If the beautiful Aladdin's palace of romantic art be only a phantom palace of magic, he will steadfastly fix his disenchanting gaze on the barren site, left more barren by the flight of the past splendour. But his soul still yearns for the beauty of it, and the old enchantment has thus much sway over his imagination still, that the remembered glory dwarfs and makes drearier the natural landscape. Disenchantment is the Nemesis of the tricks which romance is apt to play with fact. There is a beauty which includes fact, which is beyond and above fact. That is the sphere where Shakspeare dwells—not alone. But there is also a beauty which lies by the side of fact. The weaker impulse of romance is tempted sometimes to shrink from the roughness of the way and to turn aside into By-Path Meadow; and thereby fails to attain to the Beulah of poetic truth. Rightly enjoyed, By-Path Meadow need prove no primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. Like that other meadow which lay upon the banks of the river of

water of life, the meadow beautiful with lilies and green all the year round, where Christian and Hopeful lay down and slept, its sunlit flowers may afford rest and recreation from the dust and heat of the main road of life. But those who mistake it for the highway may find themselves astray. Vain Confidence seeking by this path the Celestial Gate is apt to fall into the deep pit which is on purpose there made by the prince of these grounds to catch vainglorious fools withal, and to be dashed to pieces by his fall. Some nobler souls the path may lead, as it led Christian and his companion, as it led Flaubert, to a sojourn in the dungeons of the Giant Despair. A strong Shakspeare absorbs and supersedes the weaker romance, gives us poetry, which is at once more real and more romantic than the romances in vogue before his day. Yet even Shakspeare, before attaining to the ripe graciousness of Prospero, had perhaps his fleeting mood of Timon. And from his great contemporary Cervantes the romances drew a spirit, which was only not bitter irony, because it was first of all pitying humour. In the case of Flaubert the spirit of observation, married to his early Romanticism, begot, alas! no Shakesperean offspring, no radiant romance of reality. The offspring is disillusion, with bitter and mordant irony.

For all but the strongest natures the romance which is primarily picturesque is a delightful playground, but a bad school. Naturally so, because it was never meant for a school to learn the discipline of life in. For the experienced, for the worker, for the weary, romance is pure blessing. For inexperience and youth the blessing is not without its danger. Thus much foundation at all events Plato had for the severity of his famous judgment. After the glowing colour and deep shadows of picturesque romance, the work-day world is in danger of appearing too dull and gray; after its passions and heroisms and

adventures the common round is in danger of appearing stale and unprofitable. "My life," wrote Flaubert when about eighteen years old, "which I had dreamed was to be so full of beauty and poetry and love, will be like the rest, circumscribed, monotonous, reasonable, stupid. I shall read for the law, I shall get admitted; and then, for a fit sequel, I shall go and live in some small provincial town like Yvetot or Dieppe with a post of *substitut* or *procureur du roi*."

Emma Ronault's girlhood was nourished on sentimental religion and romance. Her first dream was of a life of ascetic ecstasy; her next, a dream of a life of love and passion. The actual life that destiny had in store for her was a life to be dragged out by the side of poor blundering Charles Bovary in the blank monotony of Tostes and Yonville l'Abbaye. Emma's sentiment was false; how false, is pitilessly shown once for all in the awed reverence she accords to the senile and slobbering Duc de Laverdière because he had been once the lover of a queen. Yet there is pity in the breast of the reader, more pity, as Sainte-Beuve observes, than is in the breast of the author, for the beautiful sentimental girl set in this prison of stupidity and humdrum. Her life is the tragedy of disillusion, from unhappy marriage to unhappier sin, from sin to suicide. In spite of disillusion Emma is Emma to the last. Her suicide is as much a bit of sentimentality as her sin; and under the very shadow of the great final disillusion, she presses her dying lips to the crucifix with the most passionate kiss of her whole life.

For a generation Romanticism had been dreaming sentimental dreams of passion set free from the prose of ordinary restraints. The novel of "Madame Bovary" was the cruel, inevitable awakening. Flaubert's irony was the appointed scourge for the immoral sentimentality of French romance. This is the justification, if justification

there can be, for a nakedness in certain scenes which is abhorrent to English taste, abhorrent to all true taste. It is not only, as even in his rebuke Sainte-Beuve admits, that the picture of vice is not alluring, that the author neither sympathises nor condones. The true plea is that the stripping of romance from vice is an essential part of the artistic motive. Circe's swine must contemplate in the unflattering mirror of truth the naked deformity of their swinishness. Thus only were the bewitched to be disenchanted. It was one of the humours of the Second Empire to greet "Madame Bovary" with a criminal prosecution. It was whimsical, and yet a course not difficult to understand, to spare Circe and to punish Ulysses.

Emma Bovary entered upon life with all the illusions of romance. She visited the bitterness of her disillusion on the head of her doting husband, who anticipated Mr. Casaubon's trick of making a noise over his soup.

Flaubert, who had entered upon life in the glow of Romanticism, visited his disenchantment upon the provincial life about him. With a touch of pathetic comedy he has told us in his preface to his friend Bouilhet's "Dernières Chansons" of the dreams of himself and his companions in their college days; of their superb extravagance, the last waves of Romanticism reaching them in the provinces, and making the more violent commotion in their brains, because hemmed in by the barriers of provincial conventionality. They used to be mediæval, insurrectionary, oriental; carried daggers in their pockets and so forth. Foolish enough, no doubt, and in no wise laudable, Flaubert admits, but what hatred of commonplace! what reverence for genius! how we admired Victor Hugo! From sheer disgust with the contrast of plain existence, one of his companions, he tells us, blew his brains out, another hanged himself in his neckkerchief. Flaubert took another way; he wrote "Madame Bovary". He avenged himself at one blow on hated

commonplace and betraying Romanticism.

His aim, however, was neither to satirize nor to moralize. Dissection, even, was in his judgment a form of vengeance, and he conceived that he had no call or claim to be a minister of vengeance. His aim was simply to present the truth, to get to the soul of things, to reach and abide by what is essential in life. Of set purpose he turned his back on the accidental and dramatic. *Pas de monstres*, he exclaims, *et pas de héros*. No monsters and no heroes, that is a far cry from 1830 and Victor Hugo. Looked at closer it is not so far as it at first appears. It is really the next step, the step of reaction. After a certain amount of them, the mind fails to take seriously the theatricality of monsters and heroes. Then for a season the only reality that can pass itself off for real is the normal, the average, the unheroic. Flaubert's aim was simply to present life as it is. He succeeded to a miracle in presenting life as he saw it with eyes from which had just dropped the coloured glasses of Romanticism. Life, unhappily, is only too full of monsters and monstrosities; the boon of a free Press does not allow us to forget them for a moment. Life has, too, Heaven be praised for it, its heroisms beyond the skill of romance to surpass, its heroes from Gordon to Alice Ayres. No monsters and no heroes,—that is not reality. It is but the reality visible in the reaction from romance. It is the art of disillusion.

But with Flaubert it is art. That is the important point for literary criticism. It is not "naturalism". It is not the complacent copying of commonplace; nor is it a scraping with a muck-rake for the muck's sake. We know from M. Guy de Maupassant, who served a literary apprenticeship with him, that Flaubert, in spite of his great friendship for M. Zola and his great admiration for his vigorous talent, never forgave him his naturalism. Flaubert, caustically remarks

his talented disciple, was no mere Realist because he observed life with care any more than M. Cherbuliez is an Idealist because he observes life badly. Art, ideal as it necessarily is, cannot do without observation, but its kingdom cometh not with observation alone. It penetrates to the spirit and reveals the significance of the things observed. "Madame Bovary" is art by its intensity of vision, by its inevitableness, by its style. It is a vision of a certain order of life, penetrating, essential and complete, told in incomparable language. So unerring, so convincing is the truth of the vision, so entirely is it without the ornament, the surprises, the bending and trimming of fact, which had been customary in romance, that it is little wonder that the cry has been raised, whether for praise or blame,—"This is not art; this is life itself." The cry is intelligible, but it is a very ambiguous piece of praise. In "Anna Karenine," there is an episode, which according to Mr. Matthew Arnold, turns out to import absolutely nothing, and to be introduced solely to give the author the pleasure of telling us that all Levine's shirts had been packed up. "Look," says Mr. Arnold in effect. "It leads to nothing. That is how things happen in life. This is not art; this is a piece of life itself". No, it is not a piece of life itself. It is only rather poor art. It falls between the two stools of reality and real art. Between life and a book there must always remain a great gulf fixed. To merely copy in art the apparently meaningless, anomalous, or unintelligible things of life, on the plea that such things do actually exist, is to mistake the whole aim and scope of art. Many able writers, no doubt, in order to cheat the reader into taking their story for matter of fact, have employed the device of putting in bits of unnecessary information. It is a trick as old as Defoe. Flaubert's method is the exact contrary. He is real by piercing to the essence of things, by selecting the necessary and inevitable in life.

No ordinary life to ordinary eyes was ever so natural as Emma Bovary's, so free from surprises and accidents. It is life, but life pictured in the seer's vision of fate. The dulness and humdrum of life are so seized by art that they are no longer dull and humdrum, but have become poignant tragedy, searching our hearts with pity and terror. And with all its accuracy of observation, and all its science, the heaven of Romanticism is present and active. Thence that wonderful prose fashioned by Flaubert with incredible effort out of the resources bequeathed by Chateaubriand and Gautier, with its sound, its colour, its fastidious use of an abounding vocabulary, Thence the vivid beauty of the pictures which detach themselves from the narrative and have the distinction and distinctness of fine painting. Thence the perpetual beating as of an unresolved discord between experience and aspiration, every dissonance in the inevitable progression of suspended discords gaining its poignancy from its suggestion of the full romantic chord.

Sainte-Beuve quarrels with this persistent poignancy of dissonance as at once a flaw in art, and a failure in truth. That it is not the whole truth has already been insisted on. No doubt even Tostes and Yonville l'Abbaye might have yielded something better than the uniform unloveliness of Emma's surroundings, some beautiful soul, some charm of first love or glory of self-sacrifice. George Sand, who with consistently Rousseau-like sentiment had passed from singing the woes of the *femme incomprise* to painting village idylls, was likewise offended by the unvarying bitterness of Flaubert's tone; and urged him to turn his unrivalled vision in a similar direction. Flaubert admired George Sand's work heartily, unaffectedly, without reservation. But these idylls he must leave to her. She charmed, but she did not convince. He must convince, and he felt that he could never convince with the rose-coloured

village idyll. He was a critical master of method. He divined that happy accident, convenient coincidence, consoling conversion of character, all the things which go to make up the very essence of the charm of romance, are out of place in that novel of ordinary life, which as the fundamental element of its artistic effect seeks first of all to convince. From his standpoint and for his purposes, they were part of that accidental and dramatic on which he must resolutely turn his back. It was not enough that his incident might have happened, he must tie himself down to the things that must have happened. Balzac has somewhere a saying to the effect, that the actual happening of unlikely things is the only excuse for their unlikelihood; and that accordingly in fiction where there can be no actual happening, unlikely things are without excuse. This is a saying that has no application to romance. Romance convinces by pleasing; in it the wildest improbability justifies itself by beauty and imaginative propriety. But "Madame Bovary" must please by convincing. Of the axiom of art contained in Balzac's saying, "Madame Bovary" is a more perfect illustration than any story of Balzac's own, more perfect even than "Eugénie Grandet".

Flaubert, too, coming quite at the end of the stir of Romanticism, was addressing an audience which had been glutted with the romantic. Beauty, strength, prowess, heroism, striking incident and intricate situation had all come to be regarded as so much stock-property of romance; and, to a taste grown critical and scientific after a surfeit of romance, were tainted with something of romantic unreality. Art less inexorable than "Madame Bovary" would have been in danger of appearing sentimental, or merely pretty or picturesque. So Flaubert denied himself things beautiful and engaging in themselves. The solitary exception is the physical beauty of Emma; and this exception is as significant as the rule. In

romance the beauty of woman is a spell and a power. It dominates, bewitches, maddens, consoles, inspires, glorifies. It is a counterpoise to the power of princes, stronger than the policy of statesmen. Kings kneel to it, heroes live and die for it. That is the kind of sway Emma would love to dream of; and her beauty served but to procure for her two heartless and vulgar intrigues with a soulless libertine and a pusillanimous sentimentalist. Through all her life the shadow of sordid evil is on her beauty; and after the dreadful death, we are forced to sit beside the corpse through the watches of the night, to mark that this beauty, too, was an illusion that must pass, and with shrinking eyes to observe it under the befouling touch of dissolution.

So again in the matter of incident. After the intoxicating wealth of incident in romance, Flaubert is temperate to the verge of total abstinence. In romance the seemingly most trivial occurrence leads infallibly, through devious and delightful ways, to death or victory. A face seen by chance in a crowd is certain to reappear in the crisis of your fate. One glance from a pair of bright eyes, and you find yourself entangled hand and foot in inextricable and far-reaching threads of crime or conspiracy. A hasty word to a stranger in a tavern, and your humble destiny is interwoven with the plots and passions of queen and cardinal. Wanderings about strange streets and into unknown houses always lead to something fateful,—a glimpse of a girl to be followed and sought thenceforward amid danger and intrigue through mazes of entrancing mystery, or the awakening of some malignant enmity never thereafter to cease to haunt your path. And the infinite delight of it all! Only unfortunately things do not happen so at Tostes or Yonville l'Abbaye; or if they did, the critical reader would want for it something better than the bare word of the novelist. When Emma goes to the

ball at the Château, the scent of the old romance-reader sniffs a plot at last. When she enters with alacrity upon her first flirtation, his nose is down on the trail,—to come to a prompt check, however. The aristocratic admirer of the night before rides by as she is on her way homeward; and they never meet again. That is not how meetings end in romance. Yet in this meeting there was a fatefulness so awful in its implacable necessity, that beside it the fate of romance is but a playing at fate. The man who flirted with her perhaps never gave her another thought; perhaps recollected his passing attentions as a meritorious act of good-nature to the pretty woman who seemed to know no one of all the company. And he had given a human soul the little determining push over the edge of the inclined plain, down which it must slide through sin and degradation to the self-inflicted death by poison. So it is with the rest of what we must call the incidents of the novel, such as the removal to Yonville, or the first platonic philandering with Léon. This is the only species of incident that Flaubert allows himself. Striking incident or coincidence would savour of the accidental, would awake suspicion of arrangement of artifice. His incidents must be necessary and inevitable. They can therefore have no decorative or romantic beauty; their interest is purely tragic; they are but moments in the unfolding of fate in the soul of Emma Bovary.

It is assuredly a sombre and pitiless story; but the truth was that for Flaubert's epoch the satisfying charm of the simpler cadences had been lost by over-much familiarity. No idyllic prettiness of presentation could bring before the mind with the force of Flaubert's irony the romance and passion possible to the dullest human life. Upon her return from the famous ball, the stamp of middle class which was on her husband and her home, the total lack of the style for which she yearned, were to Emma irritating,

intolerable, nauseating. And by her side her fond, awkward husband is rubbing his hands with satisfaction at finding himself at home again. Or again later, when Emma has fallen lower, Bovary, returning in the middle of the night from a visit to a patient, is afraid to awake his wife. By the flickering light of the china night-lamp he sees dimly the closed white curtains of his little daughter's cot by the bedside. He thinks he hears her light breathing; and straightway falls to making plans for her future. He sees the little thing gradually growing up into a girl, into a woman. He will save money and take a little farm in the country. How happy they will be, they three together! When she is fifteen she will be beautiful like her mother, and will wear large straw hats in the summer, so that the two will look like sisters in the distance. And then some good fellow will be found to marry her; he will make her happy; it will go on like that always. But Emma is not really asleep; she, too, is dreaming her dream. She has fled with her lover to some strange, new country whence they will never return. They wander and wander silent, entwined in each other's arms. From mountain tops they catch glimpses of foreign-looking towns, with domes, and bridges, and ships, and forests of citron trees, and cathedrals of white marble; or they stand amidst the mingled sounds of bells, and the neighing of mules, and the murmur of guitars, and the splash of fountains, with statues gleaming under their veil of water, the spray sprinkling the fruit piled at their feet; or they are entering a fishing-village in the evening, where the brown nets are drying in the wind along the cliff in front of the huts—somewhere away from this home and this husband in the picturesque realms of romance. And romance, which would have been no dream, lay at her feet in poor Yonville l'Abbaye, only blinded and perverted by the false romantic, she passed it by, and could not see it.

With motherhood might have come the real bliss and glory, which only begin where the romance of art leaves off; the village idyll is no fiction of literature. Nay the climax of the husband's blundering incapacity, the day of his deepest humiliation, might have been the wife's supreme triumph. There was amongst the Bovarys' acquaintance in Yonville l'Abbaye a man named Homais, an apothecary, a typical specimen of the provincial scientific smatterer. He gets his opinions and his knowledge ready-made from Parisian journals; and finds a vent for his self-importance in writing letters to the local prints. He reads in a medical paper of a new surgical operation for club-feet. There was a stable-boy at the village inn with a club-foot, and forthwith he scents a promising scheme of self-advertisement. He writes paragraphs to air his knowledge, hinting that Yonville l'Abbaye is not so far behind Paris in matters scientific and surgical as it is the fashion to suppose. He understands that their clever townsman, M. Bovary, is likely to undertake this famous operation. Unhappy doctor! unhappy cripple! they shrink both equally from the experiment. The boy, having been club-footed from birth was accustomed to his lot, and dreaded the pain and danger; Bovary knew in his heart that he was but a bungler in far less critical operations. Both victims flutter against their fate in vain. The boy is taunted with cowardice, cajoled with flattering promises of straight limbs and maidens' smiles. Bovary, sick at heart with nervous dread, is urged forward by Homais and the talk Homais has evoked. But it is his wife who binds him to the stake. Her romantic sentiment is aroused; if her husband were to become a celebrity, she might almost like him. The operation is performed. After a deceitful appearance of success followed by a sickening interval of suspense, mortification sets in. Another surgeon has to be sent for, and the limb has to

be amputated. Bovary dares not cross the threshold of his house ; he cowers inside, his head on his breast, his hands clasped, his eyes fixed ; the screams of the boy reach him from across the narrow street. In his misery he turns to his wife for comfort, and she repulses him with passionate contempt. The pain of it all is almost more than we can bear. But with what force the dissonance suggests the might-have-been, the glorious harmony of a true home and true wifehood ! Picture the scene with a pitying, comforting, loving wife : the world outside indignant, contemptuous, cruel ; inside, husband and wife and love. If, even after her struggles and temptations and sins, Emma had had that grace of womanhood and wifehood left in her to be stirred by this bitter suffering and had flung her arms about the man, and bidden the bruised spirit sob itself to rest upon her bosom ; even then the seven devils had come out of her, and she had won a crown of everlasting glory. Love had turned the mean surroundings, the stupidity, the suffering, to "a blaze of joy and a crash of song."

The episode of the club-foot has been put in the fore-front of their objections by friends and foes. It has been criticized as a piece of naturalism, as mere ugliness, as but an occasion to indulge in description of painful and unnecessary detail. Flaubert's method of setting everything before the reader as distinct and vivid as language will make it, is, of course, open to serious criticism, when he has to treat of things which are physically or morally revolting. Whether in this episode

the artist has wrung music out of the dissonance, whether out of the strong he has succeeded in bringing forth a strange, new, bitter sweet—that is a question upon which taste may be expected to always differ. But it is not naturalism, it is not mere ugliness. It is an integral part of the spiritual tragedy, the fatal triumph of half science and false sentiment ; it is the revealing instance to exhibit Emma's heart, that was a living heart once, morally paralyzed by indulged sentimentality. And it is a turning-point in the action. It is this last revelation of her husband's uninteresting incapacity, which urges her tottering soul to its final plunge to perdition.

"Moralist, you know everything, but you are cruel." It is in these words that Sainte-Beuve apostrophizes the creator of "Madame Bovary." Cruelty there is in his unrelenting irony, cruelty born of the bitterness of disillusion towards the commonplace, but cruelty chiefly towards sentimentality and ignorant self-conceit. And knowledge there is deep, wide, minute. And a moral there is, as there must always be in any true picture of life ; a moral, guiltless as Flaubert is of seeking to enforce a moral, almost painful in its force. But first and last, there is art : art in the intensity of vision that pierces beneath the surface of fact ; art in the note of tragedy, the inevitable march of fate ; art in the scrupulous avoidance of everything not essential to the idea ; art in the impersonal directness of presentation ; art in the style.

W. P. J.

THE HILL-TRIBES OF CHITTAGONG.

THE military expedition sent by the Indian Government against the tribes who dwell in the hill-country between Chittagong and Burmah has made an effective beginning of its work. It has opened roads into the hills, and established fortified posts at the dominating points of communication. The column has advanced into the enemy's country and has destroyed the stockades of the chiefs who were specially inculpated in the late raids on the plains of Chittagong. The avenging force has now stayed its hand for the present. A proclamation has been issued exhorting the hill-men to submit themselves to British authority, and they have been told that whatever happens a military expedition will be despatched in November to march over the hills into Burmah. It is very much to be hoped that the tribes may see the wisdom of tendering their submission before it is too late. They have neither the strength nor the heart to resist the British power. I will now venture to record something of my own experiences with these mountaineers dating back more than forty years ago, to show that they have not always been unmanageable or unreasonable in their dealings with us.

I will try to dispense as much as possible with hard Indian names. The Bengalis, who dwell in the plains, used to call all the hill-men by the name of Kookees. On further acquaintance we learnt to distinguish them as being divided into Kookees, Looshais, and Shindoos. But these distinctions were, I think, devised by the tribes as much for their own convenience as for any other way else. If there was any raid or foray from the hills, and we taxed the Kookees with it, they said, "Please sir, it was not our doing; it was some of those wicked Looshais": and then

if we asked for satisfaction from the Looshais, they replied that it was none of their doing, but that the Shindoos must have been the offenders. To my fancy, these hill-tribes were all very much tarred with the same brush. If this had not been so, we might have been able to employ one tribe to punish the other; and we might have decimated the warriors of the contending tribes by some such policy as that which led to the immortal combat between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele.

My first introduction to the hill-men was in this wise. In December, 1845, there had been a Kookee raid on one of the villages in the south of Chittagong, when twenty persons were killed, and as many more men, with numerous women and children, were carried off into captivity in the hills. One morning on going to the little court-house, where I sat as an assistant-magistrate, I found a large crowd at the door. They were staring at four big hill-men, heavily fettered and handcuffed, and guarded by policemen with drawn swords. I found a letter from the district-magistrate directing me to hold the preliminary trial of these men, who were charged with having been concerned in the raid just mentioned. The police reported that the prisoners had been apprehended by a friendly frontier-chief as they were returning to the fastnesses of their native hills.

The four men were placed before me, and I wished to get them to plead guilty or not guilty. But they did not understand a word that was said to them. The language of my court was Bengali, and my native clerks knew no other tongue. There was a court-interpreter who spoke Burmese, which is called Mughee in Chittagong,

but the prisoners did not understand what he said. At last we got hold of a man who knew both Burmese and the Kookee language, and so we opened communication with the prisoners. It was a tedious process. I took notes in English of the questions put and answers given. I spoke Bengali to my clerk, and he passed it on to the Mughee interpreter, who could not understand my classical Bengali: the interpreter communicated it to the Kookee, whom we had impressed for the occasion; and so eventually it got to the accused, whilst their answers came back through the same round-about channel. I was very young and zealous, and in the intervals of interpretation took sketches of the prisoners, with their broad faces and flat noses and Tartar eyes, and masses of hair rolled up on their heads, like the Thracians of Homer. Eventually it came out that these men had been sent in as having confessed their guilty share in the raid, and they were expected to repeat their confession to me. But meanwhile something had happened; the special interpreter, who had been sent in with the prisoners, had been taken ill on the journey and could not appear. It would have been his business to interpret the prisoners' statements as confessions of guilt, and we should not have been able to detect him. But the improvised Kookee interpreter who talked Burmese, not having been primed for the occasion, very innocently repeated what the accused men really said, which was that they did not know anything about the crime imputed to them.

This was a grave interruption to the course of justice, according to the ideas of the native police. When I examined the Bengali witnesses for the prosecution, who were supposed to be the survivors that had fled from the village when it was raided, I found that they all deposed, with perfect confidence, to the identification of each of the prisoners, although they had never seen them before in their

lives, and never stopped for a moment to look at them. Of course, inexperienced as I was, I was not to be misled by such incredible evidence; and after a long day's work at the case, I sent up my notes with a report to the magistrate recommending that the accused should be released. The magistrate had left his office, so they had to be taken to jail for the night.

The next day the magistrate ordered the prisoners to be released; and as I had taken so much interest in the case I went to the jail to see that their fetters were knocked off and their handcuffs removed, for the police had suggested to me that this could not be done with safety until these formidable savages had been returned to the frontier-chief who had apprehended them. But when the poor fellows, who had never before seen a white face, found that I was taking an active part in their deliverance, they soon showed that they valued my kindness, and made several attempts to say something. I again got hold of my Kookee interpreter and, after a long struggle with our linguistic difficulties, I elicited the story that these men were Kookes, who had come down to trade about an elephant at Bunderaban, the residence of the Mugh frontier-chief, styled the Phroo. They had first been plundered by the Phroo's people, and then found themselves put in irons and sent in to Chittagong, with the intimation that they would be hung without benefit of clergy. The Phroo thought he had thus done a great stroke of business, for he had first plundered his Kookee enemies, and had then offered them up as a peace-offering to the English Government, who wanted to punish some one for the raid. I tried to make some compensation to the poor men for what they had undergone; and though I never set eyes on them again, I believe that they went home with the impression that a white man was not such a demon as they had been told. It may be that the sons or grandsons of these

men are among the hostile tribes who are now arrayed against us. I can only remember their ugly but smiling faces when they had been brought to my house that my wife might see them. They went away delighted with the present of some tobacco and some paltry strings of glass beads for the adornment of their wives and children; and for some reason or other unknown to us there were no more Kookee raids in the south part of the district for some time.

Two or three years afterwards, about 1848, I had temporary charge of the district of Chittagong as magistrate. One afternoon as I was leaving my office there was a great hubbub among the people, and I found that some policemen had just arrived with six corpses, which were the headless bodies of some villagers who had been killed in a Kookee raid, at a place only about thirty miles due east of the station near the banks of the Chittagong river. The raid had occurred two days previously, and the native police-inspector had sent in a long report that he had been to the village and found the dead bodies, and that the rest of the inhabitants—men, women, and children—had been carried off by the Kookees up the Chuktai-Nullah, a tributary of the Chittagong river. I consulted the officer commanding the native troops at the station, but he was unable to let me have any of his men without orders from the general of division, which it would take several days to obtain. So I determined to set off at once with such feeble forces as I could raise, six men, to wit, armed with old Tower muskets from the jail-guard and my own guns and rifles, to see if we could rescue any of the people who had been carried off. We embarked in the guard-boat, and a strong tide carried us rapidly up the river to the raided village, which was a scene of misery and desolation. Then we pushed on as far as the tide would serve us, until a dense fog compelled us to stop for the night. The next day we rowed

on again till we reached the mouth of the Chuktai-Nullah, where we came upon traces of the raiders, as they had left behind them the decapitated bodies of a young man and a girl, who had either attempted to escape or had broken down with fatigue. My companions were rather dismayed at the unpleasant sight, and would gladly have stopped. But I insisted on going up the Nullah for the chance of finding some others of the captives who might have escaped into the jungle. The water in the Nullah was so shallow that we had to leave the guard-boat and proceed in small canoes or dug-outs, which we impressed. We made very slow progress over the boulders and shallows, and again a heavy fog came on and stopped us altogether. This was perhaps fortunate for us, for when we began to creep on the next morning through the fog, we heard voices, and suddenly found ourselves close to the raiders and their prisoners, whom they were dragging along up a steep path over the hills. I use the word dragging, because each of the poor captives was secured by a sort of rope, made of jungle-creepers, which was passed through a gash cut under the *tendon Achilles* of the left leg; and as the wound must have been very sore, the captives could only hobble rather slowly whilst their captors goaded and dragged them along. I should not omit to state that at that period the Kookees had no guns, nor any knowledge of the use of fire-arms. Great therefore was their surprise and terror when we fired a volley at them, and kept up a hot fire as fast as we could reload. I do not know if we hit any of the Kookees, for they instantly fled into the jungle and disappeared, leaving their captives to their fate. These poor creatures were almost as much terrified at the firing as the Kookees had been, and tried to hide themselves in the jungle. When the firing had ceased for some time, my men began to call out in the Bengali language, and at last two of the captives—a woman and a girl—

peeped out of the jungle and came to us. The rest of them remained in hiding, but eventually found their own way out of the jungle to their homes. We lost no time in getting our canoes down the Nullah, and only felt that we were safe from any reprisals when we got out into the big river again. I believe, however, that the Kookees never thought of making any resistance, but fled away as fast as their legs could carry them to their own strongholds. It was a great piece of luck that we were able to recover any of the captives and to make the Kookees abandon their prey. The firing of our guns must have had a good effect, for the Kookee raids in this quarter ceased for a considerable time.

Many years passed, and I was employed in other parts of the country. In 1861 I returned to Chittagong as commissioner of the division, and had an opportunity of renewing my dealings with the hill-men. In the mean time, however, great changes had occurred. The Government had sent a military expedition into the hills and had destroyed some of the Kookee villages. The legislature had passed a law by which a large slice of the hills was formally annexed to British territory; and an English officer had been appointed as superintendent of hill-tribes, with a strong military police to support him—their stockaded outposts being advanced deep into the hills, so as to control the movements of the hill-men if they showed any disposition to raid. A school, and a jail, and a dispensary had been established so that the hill-men might enjoy the humanizing influences of civilization if they pleased. The superintendent of the hill-tribes was always ready to hear their complaints and administer a simple form of justice to them. By this time we had also learnt to distinguish more nicely the three chief tribes—the Kookees, the Looshais, and the Shindoos. The Kookees, as nearest the frontier, had been brought well into subjection. Next behind them

came the Looshais, and the Shindoos were further off, towards the south.

In 1861 our difficulties lay chiefly with the Looshais. Their chief was named Ruttun Pooiya, and it must be admitted that he had gained such an ill report for his misdeeds that his name was a terror to all the Bengalis of the plains, and quite a bugbear to almost all the English officials in Chittagong and Calcutta. But the superintendent of the hill-tribes, Major John Moore Graham, was no ordinary man. Tall and handsome, with a kindly heart and a sound head, he devoted himself to his lonely duties over his savage subjects. He went among them, and listened to their troubles; he doctored them in their accidents and illnesses, and was a general favourite with men, women, and children. He was a great sportsman and an excellent shot, and often astonished them by his prowess against the tigers and wild buffaloes. Gradually he so far gained the confidence of the men that he was able to enlist several of them in his military police. But Ruttun Pooiya, the great Looshai chief, still held aloof, and studiously avoided the interviews which Graham sought to hold with him.

At length an opportunity arose by chance. One of the wives of Ruttun Pooiya met with an accident when she was on a visit at her father's village, and Graham was instrumental in helping to restore her to health. When she returned to her husband she naturally spoke warmly in his praise, and after a while Ruttun Pooiya agreed to go to our outpost at Casalong to see Major Graham. The ice once broken, he soon took a liking to the Englishman; and the latter, without hurrying or alarming him, gradually led him on to consider the advantages of placing himself on friendly terms with the British Government.

Major Graham, as superintendent of the hill-tribes, was immediately under my authority as commissioner of the division. He came to Chittagong to consult me, and we agreed

that I should go up with him to Casalong to see Ruttun Pooiya and enter into some amicable agreement. There was a steam-launch, or small gun-boat, at our disposal, which enabled Graham to go up and down the river at his convenience. No doubt this gun-boat, with its steam-whistle and its brass three-pounder, had made some impression on the minds of the hill-men; and the echo of the gun, which was fired every morning and evening by Captain Maclean, who commanded and engineered the steamer, was regarded as a symbol of British authority. Ruttun Pooiya was known to be very much interested in the steamer; Major Graham had let him have a trip in it, while Captain Maclean had taught him to sound the steam-whistle and to fire the gun with his own hand. Ruttun Pooiya and Captain Maclean had also baptized their friendship with strong potations of rum, for which they both had a liking.

When Graham and I arrived at Casalong we were received by the guard and escorted through the stockade, to take up our abode in the superintendent's house. This house was very like Robinson Crusoe's castle. It was built some thirty feet above the ground, supported on the trunks of large forest trees, still growing with all their branches overhead, supplemented by extra supports where necessary. We climbed up the bamboo ladder or staircase into the ante-room or hall that led into a good-sized sitting-room, behind which there were two bed-rooms. It was fairly comfortable, although the floors made of split bamboo seemed rather elastic at first. Here we established ourselves, and had a good dinner and slept well, only disturbed towards morning by the screeching and calling of a tribe of Oolook monkeys in the adjacent forest.

It was arranged that Ruttun Pooiya should be introduced to me after breakfast. I put on my blue and gold political uniform, with cocked hat and sword, whilst Graham was arrayed in

full military dress. When Ruttun Pooiya had climbed up into our room he was rather awed at first by our costumes, especially as he had never seen Graham in his uniform. However he soon recovered himself. He was a strong and well-built man about 5 ft. 8 in. in height. His features were regular, not in the least like those of the common hill-men, and he wore a dress, chiefly of white muslin, like that of an ordinary Bengali landowner. We soon got to business, Graham acting as interpreter. The chief difficulty lay in settling about the restitution of captives who had been carried off in former raids. Some general terms being arranged, it was proposed that we should drink the Queen's health, and a bottle of champagne with three tumblers was produced. Following our example Ruttun Pooiya drained his glass, but the sparkling liquid puzzled and almost choked him. However when he had got over his surprise, he promptly held out his glass for a further supply, and had evidently taken a great liking to it.

In the course of the conversation it occurred to me that it would be a very good thing for Ruttun Pooiya to take him down to Chittagong and show him some of the wonders of civilization of which he was utterly ignorant. We put it to him that courtesy and etiquette required him to return my visit; and that it would be for his advantage to know more of us before he ratified the agreement which we proposed to make. I promised him that on the third day after his leaving Casalong he should be brought back in safety and landed there. Luckily he had none of his *muntris*, or ministers, with him to dissuade him. He sent for two of his personal servants to bring his baggage on board the steamer; and as soon as we ourselves could embark, we set off at full speed towards Chittagong.

So soon as his natural trepidation caused by the novelty of the situation had worn off, Ruttun Pooiya was delighted. When after a few hours

rapid steaming we emerged from the hills and passed through the plain country he admired every thing ; and when we reached the port of Chittagong, where numerous ships were lying, he was much puzzled, and asked if they were mountains. When we landed, we sent him off in a *palkee* to the lines of the military police, in which, as has been already mentioned, some of his own countrymen were enrolled, so that he had confidence in them ; whilst the Sikh native officers, under Major Graham's orders, entertained him till late in the night with feasting and dancing and singing, for which we provided the needful supplies.

The next day he came to visit me. I held a sort of *darbar*, at which he was invested with the best dress of honour that we could improvise—a dark velvet fancy costume, with sword and buckler, and a brocaded turban. I then arranged that he should be taken to see the public offices ; and all the bags of silver in the treasury ; and our English Church ; and the salt go-downs, containing many hundred tons of salt, which greatly impressed a man who had never seen more than a few pounds of salt at a time. By good luck a war-steamer of the Indian navy came into port, and the captain kindly let him go on board and see her big guns—64-pounders—at which he was amazed. He was driven in a

buggy through the principal streets and bazaars, which he greatly enjoyed after he had recovered from the alarm of sitting behind a horse for the first time in his life. When he came again to see me in the evening his professions of delight were unbounded. He passed another festive night with his friends in the military police-lines ; and on the morning of the third day Major Graham took him on board the gun-boat, and carried him back to Casalong as we had promised. It is hardly necessary to say that so long as Major Graham was superintendent of the hill-tribes Ruttun Pooiya and the Looshais remained on the best of terms with us. Other officers have in the last twenty-five years succeeded Major Graham and ruled over the hills. Ruttun Pooiya has been dead for many years ; and it is not in my power to explain why there has been an interruption of our amicable relations with the hill-men ; or why they have again taken to raiding on the inoffensive villagers of the plains. The military expedition has already been successful beyond expectation ; and I venture to hope that a peaceable mode of negotiation may succeed in bringing the tribes to submission without our having further recourse to the arbitrament of battle.

C. T. BUCKLAND.

THE MADNESS OF FATHER FELIPE.

THE sun was setting, throwing long shadows from the tall eucalyptus and poplar trees that surrounded the peach-orchards, and gilding the distant windows of the great *estancia* house of Santa Paula. Father Felipe rose from his seat among the peach trees and, thrusting his breviary into the pocket of his *soutane*, took his way up to the house to await the hour of dinner. Late though it was; there was still work going on in the sheep-corral as he passed them; for, owing to the revolution that had broken out in Uruguay, labour was scarce that summer, and long hours had to make up for the want of hands. The priest stopped on his way and, leaning against the wooden fence, watched with an absent air a group of some five or six men who were busily catching the lame sheep and paring their overgrown hoofs. All day long the same work had been going on: point after point of sheep had been shut into the narrow enclosure, examined, doctored, and let go, and the flock was not yet finished. Of the thirty or forty men who laboured on the *estancia* only these few were left; all the rest had either gone to swell the ranks of the revolution or had fled away into hiding to avoid being pressed into the Government service.

"It is growing too dark, Anselmo," grumbled one of the men, rising to his feet and stretching his tired limbs; "we shall never finish the work to-night."

"Courage, man!" cried the *mayor-domo*, a bustling little fellow who had been doing the work of two men through the day and superintending the work of all. "Come! There are hardly a hundred sheep left now; the flock will soon be done with. Ah, Don Felipe! Good evening to you. Would you like to lend us a hand? Here is

a knife for you, if you have not got one."

The priest started from his reverie. "Willingly, Anselmo! very willingly, but I do not know how to help you. I am not skilled to this labour."

The grumbler looked up. "To this labour, no!" he repeated, mimicking the priest's deprecating tone, "but to eat his dinner—yes! Offer him a knife to eat his dinner, Anselmo, if you want to see him use it. That is what a priest carries a knife for."

The men laughed. Don Felipe pretended not to hear, but the muscles of his face quivered and the hand that grasped the railing shook in spite of his efforts to appear indifferent.

His tormentor cast a mocking glance at him as he passed before him to catch another sheep. "Aha! the fat wether!" he cried presently, dragging the struggling sheep after him by the leg. "Oh, the fat priest! This is the kind of priest that pleases me; this one makes good fat meat and good thick wool; this one deserves his dinner every day. But the other priests! Bah!—if you were to cut all their throats to-morrow you would get nothing by them."

The men laughed again; it mattered little to them what the wit was so long as it was directed against the proper person, and to their ideas a priest was an eminently proper person for ridicule.

"Hold thy tongue, Teofilo!" said the *mayor-domo* sharply. "Thou knowest that Don Geronimo will not have the father insulted; and if he complains, then it is I who am blamed. Besides, priest or no priest, he is not a bad man—that Don Felipe," he added carelessly.

Don Felipe did not hear the remonstrance. Already he was on his way to the house, walking with slow

measured steps that contrasted curiously with the passion that was working in his face. Broken ejaculations started involuntarily from his quivering lips. "They all hate me. They all despise me. What harm have I ever done, what words have I ever spoken to them? The meanest *peon* on the place thinks that he has the right to insult me!" His hands were feverishly clenched and unclenched, the perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his face flushed a burning red with the heat of shame and powerless indignation. When he was out of sight his steps were more hurried; then suddenly he stopped and paused irresolute, being half minded to return and confront with angry words the men that jeered at him. Thinking better of this impulse he resumed his way to the house, crying out aloud to himself as he went with a kind of angry exultation, "It is not through fear. No! not through fear!" An insult loses half its bitterness if promptly resented and revenged: it is only those that are accepted in silence that remain unhealed, and every fresh wound added to their number starts the old wounds bleeding afresh, smarting with accumulated pain. Perhaps the keenest pang that Felipe felt was the horrible uncertainty whether it was really his cloth alone that prevented him from revenging his pride. "It is not through fear!" he cried to himself. Had he been more sure that fear had no influence with him he would not have felt the necessity of so often telling himself so.

He sat down on a bench outside the house and wiped the sweat from his brow. Hardly more than two-and-twenty, his clean-shaven face made him look even more youthful, and there was something almost pathetic in its incongruity with the long formal *soutane* and ugly peaked hat. His features were good, though wanting in strength, and his eyes were beautiful. "I did ask you to send me a priest," wrote Doña Apolinaria to her

old friend the Vicar-General at Buenos Ayres, "and you have sent me a pretty boy. However, his manners are nice, so I will not complain." Felipe's manners were nice, a rare thing among his fraternity, and in that respect at least Doña Apolinaria had no fault to find with the chaplain that her friend had selected for her. It would have been difficult to find in him any other especial qualifications for his post.

The *estancia* of Santa Paula belonged to the Usabarrenas, one of the richest families of the Republic of Uruguay. At that time the family consisted of three individuals only—Don Geronimo Usabarrena, whose great wealth and influence in the country had made him a likely candidate for the Presidency at more than one election—had he ever been elected he would have made a very honest and perfectly incompetent ruler: fortunately both for himself and his country his ambition was not rewarded by success; Doña Apolinaria, his wife, a native of Buenos Ayres, and related to some of the first families of the Argentine Republic; and Elena, their only child, a pretty girl of nineteen, with rather a sullen expression of face and such supercilious manners as befitted so great an heiress. Geronimo Usabarrena was a good-natured, godless old heathen, who feared and respected no man, but only his wife. Political troubles had exiled the family from Monte Video for more than two years, and obliged them to live altogether on their country estate. Had the truth been told, Usabarrena was not sorry to escape from the constant worry and anxiety of the intrigues with which his wife's ambition surrounded him; as it was he did his utmost to reconcile her to her temporary seclusion, even to the extent of building a chapel for her (for Doña Apolinaria was a devout woman and constant in her religious duties) and allowing her to send to her old home in Buenos Ayres for a priest. Thus it had been that Felipe had entered on his first duties in his profession.

He had come there straight from the religious seminary in which he had been educated, and which he had entered at the age of ten. Of his childhood he had but the vaguest recollection. Always, so far as he could remember, he had lived with the same old woman; always in the same dingy street, always in the same dark little house that no one entered but themselves. He supposed the old woman to have been his grandmother—why he supposed her to be so, he did not remember, nor did he remember anything very clearly about her except that she beat him occasionally with a leather strap kept for that purpose. The strap and the old woman had become inseparable in his memory; he never thought of one without the other, and the general impression left on his mind by his infancy was that he had been brought up by a leather strap aided by an old woman. He did not know the names of his parents; his father he had never heard of; his mother he had seen but once. A very handsome woman, of uncertain age, and rather stout; her voice was harsh and disagreeable, and her dress astonished even his childish eyes—but not all the powder and paint with which it was daubed could hide the extraordinary beauty of her face. The old woman had fallen ill and this unknown lady came to visit her. As she came out of the bedroom, she took the small boy by the hand and led him to the window.

"Thou art Felipe?"

"Yes, lady," he said with timid hesitation.

"Thou art a good boy?"

"Yes, lady," but with more hesitation, being mindful of the strap.

"Wouldst like to be a priest?"

"Lady, I do not know," he stammered with wide open eyes.

"It is good—thou art going to be a priest. Thou must be good and learn. Is it not so? Look at me—I am thy mother. What a wretched little creature it is!" she added with rather

a forced laugh. "Yes! I am thy mother. Kiss me."

Long afterwards Felipe could recall the rough feeling of those hard red lips that just touched his cheek—perhaps as it was the only time in his life that he had ever been kissed, it was only natural that he should remember it.

The next day a priest came to take him away. Whether the old woman died or lived, he never knew, nor was there any one whom he could ask at the seminary. The misery of all such schools! For more than ten years he lived there, herded with boys whom some physical defect or other failing had driven to that refuge, or who, like himself, had to bear the burden of their parents' sins; poor wretched little mortals, with a pitiful precocity in evil, who had known little or no kindness in their wretched little lives, and whose only idea of enjoyment was the fulfilment of the instinctive desire to inflict torture and suffering on the weakest among themselves. Fortunately their fellowship had but little influence on Felipe for good or evil: as a child he had lived a life of repression and loneliness, and at school he shrank away from the companionship of other boys into the solitude of his own thoughts. He was too small when he first came among them to be molested, and by the time he grew older they had become accustomed to leave him alone. Ten years is a long time at that age, and for ten years the seminary was Felipe's home. It is possible that he did try to carry out the admirable precepts of his mother, for he gave but little trouble to his teachers, was always good and did his best to learn; it is possible also that by so doing he gave pleasure to his mother, but if he did she made no sign of it, for he never saw her or heard of her again. The time came for him to leave the seminary and take a priest's vows. The change for him was merely the outward one of tonsure and *soutane*; his renunciation of the joys and

pleasures of this world cost him no pang.

Doubtless he had a powerful protector somewhere or he would not have been singled out for so enviable a post as that of private chaplain to the Usabarrenas. Doña Apolinaria was credited with great influence in the ecclesiastical circle of her native country, and might do much for the advancement of any priest that she might care to patronise. In itself, however, the position was not so pleasant. A priest is by no means a prophet in Uruguay and receives but scant honour from the people. By most of the inhabitants of the *estancia* Felipe was treated with a kind of contemptuous toleration. Don Geronimo indulged in much good-humoured banter at his expense; after his own fashion he was not unkind to his wife's *protégé*, but he could never overcome his astonishment at having a priest actually living under his own roof, or resist the temptation of seeing Felipe's sallow face flush crimson at some outrageous jest or story. That devout lady, Doña Apolinaria, treated him with a curious mixture of reverence for his office and haughty disdain for his individual person. Her daughter never addressed him a word outside the confessional, save when she forced herself to be amiable in payment of such small services as she might exact from him. The *peons* about the place hardly scrupled to show their contempt for a man of his dress. Only one person had ever welcomed him as a friend and equal, and invited his confidence; and that one person Felipe loved with such a passion of gratitude that his whole life had come to seem only of value as it was connected with hers.

Teresa Llosa, a niece of Don Geronimo, was much the same age as her cousin Elena. A pretty slender girl whose round childish face always wore a look of content and happiness, and a pleasant smile of welcome for all the world. Her good-nature was proverbial. To be below the con-

sideration of everybody else was to have an immediate claim on Teresa's sympathy. "Teresa's Family" was a standing joke among the residents of the *estancia*. It consisted of very miscellaneous elements. Teresa's old man, Teresa's dog, Teresa's nurse—the two former were both blind and helpless, the latter was an old negress whose temper was the terror of the household. Horses beyond their work became "Teresa's horses," and under that sheltering name were turned out loose to spend the rest of their old age in freedom. Hardly anything was called hers that had not some defect which rendered it worthless to the rest of the world. Teresa's heart, said her cousin, was a kind of dust-heap where only broken things and litter found a resting-place. Felipe with his shy awkwardness and shrinking timidity found his way at once to that hospitable refuge; to Teresa it was only natural to hold out the hand of good fellowship to one who seemed to be rebuffed by all others. Certainly the interest she took in him was something more than the kindly pity that she bestowed on most of her adherents, for she liked him for his own sake; still his friendship was little more to her than the addition of another member to her numerous family. To Felipe—ah! what was it not to Felipe? Had he ever asked himself, he would not have known how to answer. It takes but very little wine to intoxicate a man that has never drunk wine before. So far in all his life he had never known any affection; dimly he may have been conscious from time to time of a craving that nothing in his daily surroundings could satisfy, a craving that was caused by neither hunger nor thirst nor any bodily want, but which came upon him, he knew not why, and passed away unsatisfied. Now he knew that this craving must have been the longing to be with Teresa and in her thoughts, for it was her absence or her coldness that brought it on him; it was the craving for her kindness and good-will, and

could only be satisfied by the music of her voice or the welcoming light of her eyes. The world had suddenly opened before him disclosing a new pleasure of which he had hitherto never dreamt: it was hardly wonderful that at first he was bewildered by the sudden novelty of the sensation and almost drunken with its intensity. Teresa's affection was compensation for all past unhappiness. The affection that he felt for her was an end and interest in his life more real and living than any he had imagined before, by the side of which the fervour of religion was a cold and empty abstraction; it was a joy and pleasure that went on increasing and growing in strength every day. And it was only affection! Felipe was a priest, and priests have nothing to do with love.

Nevertheless it is doubtful whether Felipe's life was actually made happier and more contented. Apart from the restless hunger with which his soul seemed to be now possessed, Teresa's kindness and consideration served to throw into darker relief the little consideration and esteem in which he was held by the rest of the world. The slighting words, that before he had hardly felt at all, now inflicted the keenest suffering upon him; every one of them seemed to widen the gulf of contempt that the world stretched between him and the object of his devotion. How could one, so despised as he was, be worthy of Teresa's notice—Teresa, whom every one loved? After all, even in years, Felipe was little more than a sensitive boy. As he sat that evening in the *patio*, where the family usually assembled before dinner, his ears still burnt and echoed the jarring laughter that had mocked him in the sheep-corral, and still he writhed with the anguish that the foolish words had caused him.

The *patio*, or courtyard of the house, was flagged with white marble and filled with huge wooden boxes containing masses of white and scarlet blossom, over which orange and lemon

trees, feathery palms and tall tree-ferns, threw a protecting shade. In spite of the simplicity of their daily life, the house showed abundant signs of the great wealth of the Usabarrenas, and this evening Felipe felt more than ever insignificant, and oppressed by the sumptuous luxury of his surroundings. The first of the family to appear was Teresa, who passed him with a friendly nod of the pretty little head as she dived into the darkness of the *sala*, only to reappear presently with a disappointed face.

"What, no papers! no letters! Has not the post-messenger come then, Don Felipe?"

"I do not know, Señorita; is it time yet?"

"Of course it is. He should have come an hour ago." She sat down on a seat near Felipe, and impatiently opened and shut a long black fan. "Do you not care then when the letters arrive? Why, to me it is the only hour of the day: from the time that I awake in the morning I think of little else but the letters I shall get in the evening. And you?"

"I? Well, you see I do not receive letters. I have no friends to write to me," answered Felipe sadly. "No—not one."

Teresa looked at him with quick sympathy. "I should not like that," she said, softly. "I like to have many friends, very many. Never mind, Don Felipe; you also must make friends, and then when they are absent they will write to you. See, it is a bargain: when I go away I will write you an enormous letter, and then you must write me a long answer, and tell me all that passes at the *estancia*."

A cold terror seized Felipe. "Are you then going to leave us, Señorita?" he asked.

"Some day I suppose I shall," she answered, with rather a conscious laugh. "Perhaps very soon," she added, blushing. "You know—or at least you must have heard—upon what it depends. Well!—I will tell you a secret. He is going to be promoted;

—perhaps he is already Captain Valdez; and then my aunt will let him come here; and then——”

“And then there will be a wedding. And then we shall become the Señora Valdez. And then we shall be happy ever afterwards. Is it not so, little fool?”—and Elena, who had stolen up silently behind the unconscious pair, burst into peals of laughter as she passed her arms round her cousin's neck and dragged back her head, the better to survey her blushes.

“Let me alone. Oh! Elena, you are abominable,” she cried, freeing herself from the other's grasp, and sitting up on the edge of her chair with the look of a ruffled bird. But Elena only laughed the more, and slipped quietly into the chair that Felipe had vacated without deigning to look at him. He, for his part, moved slowly away. A feeling of deadly sickness had come over him; such a feeling as a prisoner, long condemned, might experience on hearing his sentence confirmed. He could hardly have failed to know that Teresa was engaged to a young officer in the Argentine army, and that their marriage was indefinitely postponed on account of his youth; for hardly a day had passed but some one or other had spoken of Luiz Valdez, the most promising young man in the Argentine Republic—so brave, so clever, so generous, of whom Doña Apolinaria was as proud as if he had been her own son, and whose praises she sung with the same energy of conviction with which she was wont to sing her own. But to Felipe it had all appeared so vague and far-off; it was not till now that he seemed to realise what it actually meant, and that Teresa would soon disappear from his daily life as completely and utterly as if she had never entered it.

“The priest does not love me. He always takes to flight when I appear,” said Elena, making a face at Felipe's retreating back. “Well, you have chosen a droll confidant, my Teresita!

The dear little fool! Has thy cousin then so little sympathy that thou must give thy confidences to a priest?”

“I was only telling him what every one knows. Why do you tease me? And why are you so unkind to that poor young fellow? Look you—he always is so lonely and seems so sad.”

“Bah! that is his business to be lonely and look sadly. Priests have no right to be gay. Dost thou want him to dance and sing? For all that, I cannot see why he should live in the house. I am sure it is dull enough without having that death's-head ever before one. Well, never mind Don Felipe. Tell me again—what was that you heard from Luiz?”

“But I told you all about that yesterday: there is nothing more. Stay—you shall see his own letter for yourself. There—you may read down to the bottom of that page, but mind—you must not look at the other.” Teresa spread a little brown hand over one sheet while she held out the other for her cousin's inspection. “There—you see that he only says that a chance of quick promotion has come at last, and that it will not be his fault if he does not command a company before a month is past. I wish I knew what is this chance; he is so mysterious about it all. I wonder——No! no! Elena, thou shalt not read that side”—and she wrested the letter away from her cousin, who was meanly attempting to decipher the words which the widespread fingers left unprotected.

“Do let me just look a little! Oh, greedy one! I only wanted to see what that little row of blots was,” pleaded Elena humbly.

“Never mind the row of little blots—they are not meant for you.” With an assumption of much dignity Teresa folded up her letter and put it away before the other's hungry eyes.

“Ah! *¡vija!*” she cried fervently, “how good it must be to have a lover. I wish I had one too. But come, or

we shall be scolded for being late at dinner."

Teresa's letter seemed destined to be the last to be received at the *estancia* for some time. Neither that night nor the next came any communication from the outside world. It was known that the revolutionists were gathering in force, not far from them, upon the banks of the river Uruguay; and that they were only waiting for a reinforcement of certain refugees and volunteers from their neighbour, the Argentine Republic, to march at once upon the capital. Evidently no news from Government headquarters could pass their lines to the *estancia*, and the Usabarrenas were dependent on the wild rumours that were flying about the country for all the information they could get. It was known that the Argentine Government was greatly in favour of the revolutionary party; and though it was impossible for them to take an open part in such an enterprise, it was expected that they were secretly about to furnish both money and men to aid in its success. Everything depended on the temper of the Uruguayan army. To Don Geronimo the time was a very anxious one; he had the liveliest sympathy for the movement that was taking place, but he dared not identify himself with it. Success, he knew, was well-nigh impossible so long as the army remained faithful to the existing government; and as yet only a single regiment, an out-lying one, had deserted their allegiance and thrown in their lot with the rebels. Owing to the isolated situation of his estate he was still able to keep in the background, but at any moment he might be called upon to take decisive action for one side or the other. If only he could get authentic news in time to declare for the winning side! He had generally managed to do so before, and this was the eighth revolution that he had passed through.

At last news came. One of his men managed to get away from the neighbouring town, then in the hands of

the rebels, bringing letters for Don Geronimo, a batch of newspapers, and a note for Teresa.

It appeared that the Argentine contingent had at length crossed the river but only in half the force that had been expected. Some few officers of the Argentine army had joined secretly as volunteers, but for the most part the levies from that country were almost as raw and undisciplined as the levies raised in Uruguay. Already quarrels had arisen as to the chief command. Such as it was, however, the force had been hastily organised and was already in full march to meet the Government troops despatched against them from Monte Video. Don Geronimo stormed up and down almost beside himself with fury and dismay: never had he expected such a complete certainty of disaster. "Look at your revolution!" he shouted at poor Doña Apolinaria, as though she had been responsible for getting it up to disappoint him. "Call you that a revolution?—I call it a—". But words failed him, and he was fain to sit down and swear vehemently and incoherently in a white heat of rage.

"It is *not* so hopeless," cried his wife desperately—still anxiously scanning the sheets of the newspapers. "Remember what your agent, Pedro Moreno, wrote to you about the regiments in Monte Video—"

"Pedro Moreno lies," interrupted Usabarrena with sudden ferocity.

"But *El Dia* says that the soldiers are disaffected too. Have you read it?" urged Doña Apolinaria, who for once in her life seemed thoroughly cowed; "do listen to what the paper says—they think it is almost certain that two at least of the regiments will join our cause—"

"Our cause! It is no cause of ours. Are you mad to talk like that? What do I care what the paper says? It is much more likely that every one of your friends will bolt before they come in sight of the troops. As for those Argentine volunteers! well I am sorry for them, but they were fools

to be caught in such a trap. Not one of them will return to tell the tale. They, at least, will get no quarter—"

A stifled cry from the other end of the room startled them. Teresa was standing there, clutching a letter in her hands, with a look of frantic terror upon her white face. As if turned to stone she stared at her uncle and made no sign. Her aunt and cousin ran to her and caught her hands.

"Teresa! my darling!"

"Teresa! my poor child! what is it? what has happened?"

"My letter—my letter. See! he writes to me—Don Luiz Valdez—he joined the Argentine brigade. They have given him a regiment, and he marched two days ago—oh! my uncle, it is not true—what you said—say it is not true! Oh, Luiz, Luiz!" she wailed out, throwing herself face downwards on the floor, "Oh, Luiz, Luiz!"

Slowly the days dragged on at the *estancia*, as in a house of mourning. The one thought that filled every mind was the danger of Luiz Valdez; even Don Geronimo forgot his own selfish pre-occupation at the sight of his niece's despair. He had hardly exaggerated the risk that the luckless young man was running; it was literally a kind of forlorn hope in which the only chance of safety was victory. South Americans are beyond measure moved to wrath by any foreign interference in the domestic pleasures of revolution: that the citizens of one state should conspire, revolt and fight against their own government is a perfectly natural, justifiable, and eminently patriotic thing to do; but that citizens of another state should interfere to aid them is not only a piece of unwarrantable interference but the worst of crimes. To an Argentine soldier, an alien to the soil, no mercy would be shown if the rebels were defeated; if taken prisoner, he would be as relentlessly shot as any other spy. Every day that passed brought fresh news of the failure of the revolution

and the desperate condition of its leaders. What hope or consolation could there be to offer to Teresa? She wandered aimlessly from place to place to find no rest anywhere save in the little chapel, where for hours she would kneel in passionate prayer. Hers were not the only supplications offered up on her lover's behalf; her humble friends all spent their savings in candles—all with the exception of Felipe and her old dog, Tigre. Poor Tigre followed at her heels with drooping head, or would sit beside her, thrusting a cold nose into her listless hand and looking up with wistful devotion into the sad face whose cause of grief he could not divine. As to Felipe, in any circumstances there are few positions more disagreeable than that of being a stranger within the gates where sorrow and anxiety hold possession, and in his case the position was becoming daily more intolerable. Fortunately no one thought of him, and he for his part did his best to keep away from the others, fearing lest by some sign or word he might reveal the battle that was raging within him. Painfully he reasoned and wrestled with his own thoughts, trying to direct them into a proper channel. He would tell himself that the happiness of this girl, of this family who befriended him, ought to be his wish. He reminded himself of his duty as a priest. He assured himself that he did actually hope for the safety of this man; that he wished that he might escape his peril—that he wished it with all his heart. Yet—and yet he knew that he did not wish it. It was but a feigned wish that he forced upon the surface of his mind to deceive himself, while below the black waters of hatred and a terrible passion welled up resistlessly and threatened to engulf him. Hatred of a man whom he had never seen, and a passion that was the death of his soul. Sick and faint with the struggle, his soul was shaken by his thoughts like a ship by the storm. Terror possessed him, terror of him-

self; if he could think so wickedly, what wickedness might he not do? Every hour that passed seemed to weaken his powers of self-control. He thought of flight—but whither? of renouncing his office and profession—to what end? of death in the front ranks of the revolution—it was too late; of prayer—had he not prayed? Well he would pray again. Not in the chapel though, where he had daily gone through the empty routine of his religion; where he had made the daily parade of his faith before his fellow-creatures who scorned him and his God who had heeded him not. Out in the solitude of the woods, prone upon the insensate earth, he cried to his Maker for help, cried into the empty air, half unconsciously making use of the words of his office—*Miserere mei, Domine, quoniam infirmus sum: sana me, Domine. Miserere!* Still, his thoughts baffled him and no peace came to that weary warfare within; still, his heart played him traitor and refused to echo the words that his lips uttered. Above him the leafy boughs wavered in the summer air, that swayed lightly the heavy-scented flowers round him. Nothing changed; nothing was altered. The bright, vivid life of the summer woods went on carelessly after its own fashion, heedless of the one black spot in the general sunshine—the black robe of a priest that lay prostrate in its midst, and the human wretchedness that it covered.

The revolution was at an end. One single battle had been fought and the Government was victorious. The greater part of the rebel forces had surrendered at discretion, were taken prisoners and almost immediately released and allowed to disperse: the Argentine brigade alone had held out to the bitter end and been cut to pieces. That was the news received by the Usabarrenas some days after the event; received by Don Geronimo with smothered imprecations, by Elena with a wild burst of weeping, and by Felipe with a sickening feeling of guilty complicity—was this the answer to

his prayer? Teresa alone heard the tidings unmoved; at a moment when the others gave up all hope, her own took fresh root. "He is not dead," she repeated, "had he been killed, I should have known it. No—I know he is not dead, and the danger is now nearly passed." Her aunt shook her head, but kept her forebodings to herself; even though Luiz Valdez should have escaped death in the field of battle, how was was he to make his way out of the country? If he were among certain fugitives who were reported to have escaped, they knew that the pursuit was hot behind them, for already detachments of soldiers were scouring the country and an officer with some men had actually taken up his quarters in one of their own sheep-farms in order to watch the road that ran to the river. Usabarrena's guilty conscience told him why that measure had been taken, and he could only wonder that he had not at once to submit to the indignity of having his house and grounds searched.

The house, like most *estancia* houses in Uruguay, was surrounded by a considerable extent of woods, partly peach-orchards, partly forest trees with their thick undergrowth of wild shrubs and bushes. The *monte*,—as the woods are called—of Santa Paula was of a rather straggling nature. One clump of trees, at a distance of nearly a mile from the principal building, surrounded the ruin of an old house long deserted and fallen into decay. No one ever went near the place, which had become a very favourite resort of Teresa's, who could carry there her work and her books, and enjoy the solitude and shade, seated on an old bench in the corner of the *patio*. Moss had grown over the *patio*—moss had grown over the brick balustrade of the well in the centre. Felipe, who often accompanied her to this retreat, loved it better than any other corner in the world. There at least he was alone with her away from the contemptuous eyes of others; there he would listen to her

low gentle voice and gaze without fear at the face which haunted him even in his dreams; there, too, he would come by himself and let his thoughts and imagination run wild, picturing to himself an impossible future, and forgetting his present unhappiness, his past, his dress, even his own identity. On those occasions the breviary would remain in his pocket; he never read it there. Teresa had deserted the place of late—her anxious watch for news that never came kept her from straying far from the house—so that Felipe, on visiting their old retreat, was not a little startled to see her there before him. Still more startled to see that she was not alone. His coming had not been noticed, and at first he had a mind to slip away unobserved: then there came upon him an uncontrollable desire to know who this intruder was. Alas for poor Felipe! Neither his education nor his own feelings forbade his playing the part of an eavesdropper. He crept stealthily up under cover of the house itself until he found himself close to the bench upon which Teresa and he had so often sat together, where he could not only hear but see all that was passing. At the moment that he got into position, Teresa stood up to change hers. When he first saw her, she was sitting side by side with her companion; now she rose to her feet, still holding one of his hands with both her own; then, settling herself lightly upon his knees, let his arm fall round her, while she clasped her own round his neck and nestled her head against his shoulder with a soft sigh of content. Felipe clutched at his own throat, as if to stifle the cry that started to his lips. Steadying himself against the wall he stared at them with straining eyes.

The stranger was young and well-looking, in spite of his dirty and travel-stained appearance. He wore the usual loose dress of a *gaucho*, in his case rather torn and by no means over-clean; but his military boots and spurs at once betrayed his disguise.

His unshorn face was grimed black with dust; one arm hung useless to his side, bandaged with blood-stained rags; another bandage equally stained and dirty almost concealed his forehead. It needed no words from Teresa for Felipe to guess who it was.

"Luiz, Luiz!" she was saying in broken sentences. "Ah, think what I have suffered. But everyday I said, 'No! Luiz is not dead; he will come back to me.' My aunt despaired, and Elena, ah, poor Elena! how she cried. But I—I knew that thou wouldst come back to me. But, oh Luiz—the fear, the fear! it was cruel. Sleeping and waking, waking and sleeping, it was always with me, until I thought I should go mad with it. Ah, cruel!" A convulsive sob shook her utterance. With his one arm he strained the slight body closer to him, while he kissed her half-hidden face with fierce emotion. "Cruel—cruel!" she went on murmuring brokenly.

Suddenly she sat upright and shook back her head with a resolute gesture peculiar to herself. "Oh, I am foolish to behave like this. And all this time we ought to be thinking about your escape. Oh, my poor boy," she cried, breaking into tearful laughter, "if you could only see your face! Did you never wash it? I hope it has not come off on mine." She held his head between her hands and examined it critically, as if to find a clean spot for the kiss which she finally bestowed on the dirty bandage round his forehead.

"There was no time for washing," he rejoined. "I have not taken off my boots—nay, I have hardly slept—for six days. Teresa! little one! had I not thought of thee, I should never have got through those days."

"Yes, but there is no more thought of me now; it is of you we must think. You say that there is to be a boat waiting for you to-night on the river: but how are we to get you away from the *estancia*? They are watching us on that side. I suppose that we must

not let my uncle know that you are here?"

"No, no. No one at the *estancia* must know it. Don Geronimo is sufficiently compromised already. Indeed, I ought not to have come here at all, but I could not bear to pass so near to you and not try to see you. What a happy chance it was that brought you here this afternoon! Already I was despairing of finding the means to warn you."

"But how to get away now? Oh, I cannot think of anything. It is terrible!—to be so near safety, and yet so far from it still. Luiz, what are we to do?"

"Never fear, *niña*! A horse and a guide are all that I want. I shall get safely enough to the river. But I must have some one to help me to cut the wires of the fences if I do not follow the road. One arm is no arm to a clumsy fellow like me. There must be more than one man whom you could trust."

"Ah, yes. But I was thinking—Listen, Luiz, supposing that I came with you. I could bring two horses here at nightfall. I could cut the fences as well as another, and I could guide you over those three leagues better than another. Do not shake your head like that—why not? Think how miserable I shall be, here, alone, not knowing whether you are safe or not, imagining every hour that you are in danger. And, oh, how many weary hours before I can know that you are away and escaped. Besides, they are less likely to stop you if they see me there. I so often ride in that direction. Even at night, by moonlight, Elena and I have ridden together. And Don Geronimo's *peons*, if they meet you, how will they let you pass? Then, when we come to to the river—Luiz, shall I not cross it also? Oh, do not let us part again—nevermore. I cannot bear it. You cannot go and leave me. What matters it if I go with you now or join you afterwards? Luiz, Luiz!—say, 'Come with me'! Luiz, my heart, *querido*!"

Teresa's voice died away into a passionate whisper. Then silence fell upon them for a while; and upon the listener there fell a darkness so that he neither heard nor saw them any more. When Felipe had regained possession of his senses, the bench was empty, the lovers gone, and he alone. He was lying on the ground; his hands were bleeding, cut and bruised by beating on the stones of the wall. He put his handkerchief to his mouth, and that was bleeding too. Sick and dizzy, he staggered to his feet with difficulty, and stared about him with wild, haggard eyes, trying to realise what had passed, where he was, and why he had come there. At first he was conscious of little but a sickening terror lest the fit should come upon him again. Gradually, as his senses became more composed, all the repressed passion of the last week surged up within him and took possession of his soul again, this time without a struggle. And yet outwardly he had grown calm, his hand was steady, his mind worked clearly and sensibly. He seemed to have entered upon a kind of dual existence, in which one part of him was watching with quiet, dispassionate curiosity the hell of evil thoughts that was raging in the other; of hatred and revenge, of unsatisfied longing, of helpless, despairing revolt against destiny. There were two Felipes; one who was actively plotting a hateful treachery, the other who feared and passively waited and watched. The first had grown strong with the bitter unhappiness of a lifetime, the second seemed to have lost all support from within; and the strong anger of the first tyrannised over the cowed submission of the other. Like a man in a dream Felipe walked towards the house, moving mechanically, but moving to an unseen end.

The night was already far fallen when Teresa rode down through the *monte*, accompanied by a *peon* leading another horse. It had been no easy matter to leave the *estancia* without

exciting suspicion, and she had been compelled to take into her confidence not only the man who was now following her, but also her cousin Elena, who was to account for her absence that night and pacify Doña Apolinaria the next morning. Once started, Teresa's spirits rose with the occasion. Only a few hundred yards separated her from her lover—a few hundred yards more and they would be together, never to part again. The muffled beat of their horses' hoofs in the deep white dust of the track spelt out a subdued song of joyful thanksgiving and triumph; the myriad swarms of fire-flies that flashed and went out and flashed again across her path lighted her on her way to her love and happiness, while the dark, warm air of the summer night hung like a soft veil around her, caressing and hiding her burning cheeks.

And now it was the *peon* who rode in front, and there were two who rode behind him, side by side, out from under the shelter of the woods into the open plain, where the star-lit splendour of the sky showed them each other's faces only too clearly. In silence they rode, only now and then exchanging a soft whisper or stopping still to listen with bated breath to some faint, distant sound, which might suggest the tramp of mounted horses or the clash of accoutrements. The patrols that watched the road to the river were not likely to wander so far from it, and the boat was to meet them at a point some miles distant from the usual landing-place. Nevertheless, to their uneasy senses every movement seemed fraught with danger. Sometimes a strayed cow or solitary horse would start into motion, disturbed by their approach, and disappear noisily into the darkness. At such moments Teresa grew sick with the violent beating of her heart. The short time required for cutting the wires and passing through the fences that crossed their path seemed to her whole hours of suspense. Still they travelled on safely, and already there was but one short mile between them

and the river. Suddenly their guide reined up his horse.

"There are some men riding there before us on the left." Without another word he turned his horse sharp to the right, followed closely by his companions.

Presently their horses broke into a quicker gallop, and still silently their riders urged them on.

"Ah, God! we are followed!" cried Teresa.

Another long silence. The suddenness of the catastrophe seemed to have deprived them of any other idea save that of urgent speed.

"There is a gate in this direction," said the *peon* presently. "If only it is unlocked we may escape them yet. If not —."

"Courage, Teresita! We shall soon leave them behind. Steady your horse—that is right! Thou art a brave girl!" and Luiz turned in his saddle to look back at the pursuers.

Again they rode on in silence. Only a breathless sob broke from Teresa, of fear and panting dismay. Suddenly a shot echoed behind them.

"Quick! quick!" she cried. "Ride on—faster, faster."

The ground was broken and full of holes. More than once their horses stumbled and barely recovered themselves; it was absolutely necessary to slacken speed and go more carefully. Apparently the pursuit must have dropped considerably behind them, for looking back they could no longer catch the sound of the horses' gallop, or see the dim outline of their riders against the sky. Luiz checked his horse and listened.

"They have stopped," he said.

"Oh, do not let us stop!" cried Teresa. "Ride on, Luiz! ride on!"

Shouts were heard—but far behind them. The shouting ceased. The flash of a gun tore the blackness of the night like lightning, followed by a distant report, and then all was still again. The three fugitives joined together and rode on into the darkness.

Teresa was not the only person absent from the evening meal at the *estancia*. Felipe's place was also vacant. Elena, who accounted for her cousin with the harmless fiction of a bad headache, was at no pains to account for the priest, whose absence, moreover, did not concern anybody very much. Had she known where he was at that moment, and how employed, she would have found it even more difficult than she did to maintain her ordinary composure. Felipe was also seated at table, but at a table in the hut occupied by Captain Crespo, the officer in command of the detachment of troops that had been despatched in pursuit of revolutionary fugitives, whose presence on Don Geronimo's *estancia* had caused the owner no little uneasiness. Captain Crespo had been writing. He rolled a cigarette, cast a careless glance at the white face and burning eyes that confronted him from the other side of the table, and leisurely proceeded to read what he had written.

"That is all?" he said, when he had finished. "You can give me no further information, Señor?"

"No."

"You are not aware then that the companions of Captain Valdez, from whom he separated two days ago, have already succeeded in eluding my men and crossing the river?"

"I know nothing of his companions. I saw no one but this Valdez."

"Ah! Well it almost seems a pity, does it not? Had he only remained with them he would be safe now. As it is, I have strict orders, and shall be under the painful necessity of shooting him within an hour of his capture. Let us see, it is now nine o'clock; the boat, you say, is to meet him at the *Paso del muerto* at twelve. We shall have plenty of time then to intercept him. No chance of missing him this time. What do you think, Señor Padre?"

Felipe did not answer. The other rose to his feet and examined with curious scrutiny the priest's face. He

lit his cigarette and leaning against the wall continued with a slightly ironical tone—

"Your information has indeed great value. The capture of this Captain Valdez is of vast importance, especially if it can be proved that he was sheltered by Don Geronimo Usabarrena. His death, too, will be a wholesome lesson to our Argentine friends. I congratulate you, Señor, on having performed so truly a patriotic and painful duty. The Señor Padre is a good citizen."

"I am not of Uruguay. I am an Argentine," returned Felipe in a low voice.

"Ah!" The officer turned round and spat upon the floor. Apparently there was nothing intentional in the action, nevertheless it brought the blood back to Felipe's sallow cheeks, only to fade away again leaving them more ghastly than before. The officer said no more, but busied himself with various preparations for a start. Then turning to his guest he said in a brief tone of command—

"As you will have to accompany me, Señor, you had better understand what my intentions are. I have been obliged to despatch my men on another service, and there is no time to recall them. As however there is no need of any force, I shall only take one man with me beside yourself— Yes, Señor, I must insist upon your accompanying me," he continued, as Felipe made a gesture of dissent, "and I must warn you that if I have the slightest reason to think that you play me false—you understand me; I make no threats. And now—let us be off."

So it had happened that even before Teresa and her two companions had left the *estancia* another party of three had already travelled by the road straight to the river and were waiting their arrival. Captain Crespo's first idea of seizing the boat was frustrated by his inability to find it. None of them knew the exact spot where the path lay that led to the *Paso*; the

river was fringed by a narrow belt of dense wood, and they soon gave up the hopeless task of forcing their way through on horseback and following the bank until they found it. The only way was to remain outside in the open and keep watch over the few hundred yards of clear space which the fugitives would have to pass by whatever way they came to the river. Felipe rode quietly beside his two companions, exchanging no word with them, staring before him between his horse's ears into the darkness. How strange are the visions that come to one out of the darkness! He saw his miserable childhood; a wretched, friendless boy, cowering before the world, whose hand seemed always uplifted against him; a friendless, lonely manhood, despised, useless to himself and others. And then there came the vision of another life, petted and caressed from its infancy, filled with the joys of youth, surrounded by every loving care and affection, and moving on with happy confidence and assurance from one success to another, crowned by the love of one woman. The two lives meet; a rattle of musketry and the happy one falls dead while the other is left. A dreadful laugh broke from his lips. Captain Crespo turned with an angry remonstrance. Felipe stared at him vacantly; he, too, had heard the laughter with surprise, he did not know that it came from him. No—never again would Teresa's arms be round that neck; never would her lover come back to her. Ah, God! but Teresa would be there. He himself would meet her—his eyes would meet her eyes. She would know all. Her pale face rose vividly before him, her great eyes changing from agonised terror for her lover to bitter and indignant scorn as they met those of his miserable betrayer. No—he could not meet her. It was not possible. He would turn back.

"This way," said his leader in a brief, impatient whisper; "and be careful not to let your horse rattle his bit like that."

Felipe obeyed, like a man oppressed by nightmare, and spellbound by the horrible dream from which he cannot wake. His tongue clung to the roof of his mouth: he could not speak or cry out, neither could he make any movement of his free will; he could only follow and keep close. The long minutes passed slowly; to his sick brain they appeared hours of delirium. Still he knew now that he was possessed; possessed by the devil in the form of that Uruguayan officer. It was the thought of that man that had first suggested to him his crime, and now he was caught in the devil's net and there was no escape. All the flood of his hatred turned against the man who rode beside him. When they first started Felipe had been given a revolver, which he had accepted without knowing or thinking what he might be expected to do with it. Did he only dare—had he but the power to use it!

"Listen—" the soldier bent forward—"I think they are coming towards us."

What had happened Felipe did not realise, but he found himself galloping wildly on between his two companions.

"One of them rides like a woman," said the officer, who was slightly in advance.

"It is Teresa," Felipe thought: he cried out hoarsely to the other two to stop, but no one seemed to hear or heed him. Suddenly he got his revolver free and, urging on his horse till it was nearly level with that of Captain Crespo, fired point-blank at the officer. The bullet struck the horse, shattering the shoulder-blade, and bringing him heavily to the ground. Felipe's own horse, swerving at the shot, stumbled and fell. He was clear of the animal in a minute and, rushing to the officer, who was rising with difficulty, half stunned by the shock, flung himself upon him with a wild cry. "Devil! devil!" he shouted, clutching him by the throat, and rolling with him to the ground.

The soldier pulled up his horse and

rode back, in answer to the shouts of his officer. He struck at Felipe with the butt-end of his carbine, but it was difficult to reach him without hurting his opponent. The soldier dismounted. At that moment Felipe released his hold, and leaping to his feet turned and ran forward. Without a word, the soldier put up his carbine and fired. The priest staggered on a few more steps, then throwing out his arms fell on his face.

"You have killed him," said the officer angrily, as they stood by the outstretched figure that lay motionless.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders. "What was I to do then? The horse is done for," he added, as he turned back to examine the other victim, whose fate touched him much more nearly. "Shall I try to catch the priest's horse for you, Señor Capitan?"

The captain, who appeared faint and badly shaken, was sitting upon the ground nursing one arm.

"No, it is no use. We had better return. I will ride your horse and you can walk. Curse that fellow!" he added; "I believe my arm is broken."

With some difficulty he was hoisted

on the horse, and rode slowly back to his quarters, the soldier trudging beside him.

"The fool of a priest was mad," he said after some time.

"So I think, Señor Capitan."

"You had better hold your tongue about this business, do you hear?"

"Si, Señor Capitan."

The captain rode on in moody silence. Suddenly he broke into speech again. "But why did he do it?—He must have been mad; but even so—"

"What would you have, Señor Capitan? He was a priest."

About the time that the officer reached his house, a boat was crossing the river in the stern of which two figures sat with clasped hands. The first grey light of dawn greeted their arrival on a friendly shore, illumining Teresa's happy face as she turned with a glad smile towards her lover. On the other side of the river the morning light revealed another sight, a slender form, dressed in black, lying stretched out in the empty plain, stark and cold. And yet Felipe, too, had crossed a river that night, to find rest from all his troubles on its further bank.

WILFRANC HUBBARD.

PRUDENTIUS.

PRUDENTIUS is an author who has been somewhat unduly neglected in this country. Dressel's edition, published at Leipsic in 1860, is still the best there is. This neglect has been the result partly of the marked inequality between different parts of his works, and partly also from the extravagant praise lavished upon him by Bentley, who pronounced him to be "the Horace and Virgil of the Christians." Such unmerited eulogy has naturally led to a reaction—in the disappointment of hopes of finding in him treasures not destined to be realized.

Prudentius has not indeed the repressed passion and austere simplicity of his contemporary, St. Ambrose. His hymns fall short of the grandeur of "Adam" of St. Victor, and the sweetness of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," of Robert the Second, King of France, the loveliest, in Archbishop Trench's opinion, of all Latin hymns. Still less does any one of them approach the world-wide fame of the immortal "Dies Iræ." Yet, in spite of this, and although he may yield to the masterpieces of the later mediæval hymnology, Prudentius may claim the first place among the Christian poets of the declining Empire; and his writings go some way to disprove the dictum of Johnson, that poetry and devotion are things scarcely compatible with each other.

The life of Prudentius falls almost wholly within the latter half of the fourth century of our era. Born in the north of Spain, 348 A.D., and therefore junior by eight years to St. Ambrose, he was six at the time of St. Augustine's birth, and fifteen when the Emperor Julian died. The verses, in which he recognizes the genius of the latter, abound in generous sentiment, and show the fairness of his mind.

One I remember in my youth was great,
In arms no firmer bulwark of the State;
In council sage to plead, to frame her laws,
And true, but in Religion, to her cause.
Shrines of a thousand deities he trod,
Faithful to Rome though faithless to his
God.¹

Prudentius thus witnessed the final struggle between Paganism and Christianity. Thirty-five years before his birth, the Edict of Milan, 313 A.D., had given legal toleration to the new faith, but the victory was not won till the political establishment of the Church during his lifetime. The memorable encounter, which, if duly weighed, must be regarded as one of the most interesting events in the annals of religion and of rhetoric, took place in 384 A.D., when Prudentius was in the prime of manhood. This was when Symmachus argued in vain against Ambrose for the restoration of the altar of Victory, removed by Gratian from the Senate-house. Four years later, the Emperor Theodosius proposed in a full meeting of the Senate, according to the forms of the Republic, the question whether the worship of Jupiter or that of Christ should be the religion of the Romans; and the Christian champion was again triumphant. For this Prudentius is our sole authority. His testimony, in spite of the silence of Ambrose and Jerome, is accepted both by Gibbon and Milman, in preference to that of the Greek Zosimus, who says that

¹ Principibus tamen e cunctis non defuit
unus,
Me puero, ut memini, ductor fortissimus
armis,
Conditor et legum, celeberrimus ore
manuque,
Consultor patriæ, sed non consultor
habendæ
Religionis, amans tercentum milia divum.
Perfidus ille Deo, quamvis non perfidus
urbi.

"Apotheosis", 449.

the majority were in favour of the ancient religion. The second Book against Symmachus also contains some lines less valuable as poetry (though many of them are sufficiently spirited) than for the philosophical view that they present of the victories of Rome preparing the way for the Kingdom of Christ. The unity of the Empire is represented as paving the way for the Federation of the World and the final success with which Christianity was crowned.

The chief historical interest of Prudentius' lifetime centres round the above events. Of its personal incidents we are told but little. All we know is derived from the pathetic autobiographical poem, in forty-five Asclepiad verses, prefixed by way of preface to his works. Trained like Ambrose and Augustine in the schools of the rhetoricians, he practised at the bar for some years, and filled two important judicial posts. Subsequently he was promoted by the Emperor to what was probably a high military appointment at Court. A change came over him in his fifty-seventh year, when he drew this sketch of his career. Impressed with shame at the follies of his youth and the worldliness of his later manhood, profoundly touched by the nothingness of what had hitherto engaged his affections, he resolved to devote the remainder of his days to the service of God and the composition of sacred poetry. The lines in which he moralises over the past ("Hæc dum vita volans agit") evidently came from the heart, and may be rendered as follows :

Thus in life's busy race,
Midst rank and honours of Earth,
Gray hairs crept on apace,
Minding me Salia's year did see my birth.
Since then, how many a Spring
How many a Winter spent
Roses for frost did bring,
Proveeth this head with snows by Time
besprent.
What will all such avail
When fleets my latest breath,
When—told my years' full tale,—
I yield whate'er I have been unto death ?

Then must be heard a Voice,
God claims thee, His thou art,
Resign the world thy choice,—
Thou and thy precious things for aye must
part.
O yet e'en yet break off !
If merit claim no room,
Folly's dull vesture doff,
And praise thy God, ere strikes the hour of
doom.

After the year 405 A.D. we know nothing more of his history. Prudentius was the great popular author of the Middle Ages. No work but the Bible appears with so many glosses in High German, proving its use as a book of popular instruction. Yet to most educated persons and to many scholars he is now little more than a name. One reason of this is that to those who know him only through modern renderings the strength and spirit of the original Latin evaporates in "the crucible of translation." But further,—to be appreciated he should be heard as music, not read as poetry. As Dean Milman says, "The Hymnology of the Latin Church suggests the grave full tones of the Chant, the sustained grandeur, the glorious burst, the tender fall, the mysterious dying away of the organ. Decompose it into its elements, coldly examine its thoughts, its images, its words, its versification, and its magic is gone." This is eminently true of Prudentius, whose hearers would have been floated over many a monotonous waste by the mere musical cadence of the verse. Monotony and prolixity are his two special faults. There is much that is noble and touching, much that is graceful, spirited and pathetic, but it is suffocated with his fatal copiousness. This is true even of the two works on which his fame chiefly rests, the "Liber Cathemerinon," or Christian's Day, and the "Liber Peristephanon," the Martyr's Garland. The latter, written mainly in honour of Spanish martyrs, abounds in lengthy and minute details of their tortures. But it is not the minuteness of a great poet who can draw, as Homer and Dante could draw, from things homely

and common the poetry latent in them. Much that is described with almost anatomical precision might, we feel, have been left to the imagination; just as in art, the most beautiful representations of the martyrs are not those that bring before us all the apparatus of physical agony, but those that suggest suffering by the accompanying attribute of the sword, the arrow, or the wheel. This prolixity is still more fatal to Prudentius in his hexametral pieces. They amount to the portentous number of four thousand seven hundred and fifty-four lines, more than double the length of the *Georgics*, without reckoning the shorter introductory poems. The mere enumeration of their subjects would deter most readers from attacking them. Metrical defences of the doctrine of the Trinity are, it must be allowed, sufficiently uninviting topics; but the study of heresies, dreary at all times, has a new pang added to it, when presented to us in the garb of the Virgilian hexameter, and by the introduction of Virgilian formulæ, all the more grotesque and out of place from the license as to quantities in which Prudentius indulges. The "*Psychomachia*" is a description of the struggles between passion and duty in the human soul. The vices of Paganism are arrayed against the Christian virtues, and finally discomfited in a pitched battle by them. But if a Spenser could hardly succeed in making allegory interesting, how much less could one who wrote in an age when literary taste had sunk almost to its lowest ebb. In the two Books against Symmachus we feel that at any rate we have come back to men of actual flesh and blood. The historical interest of the lines on Julian has been already noticed. The arguments of the Apologists, such as Tertullian and Arnobius, often reappear in these metrical treatises, but interspersed with them are several vigorous bursts of eloquent declamation that remind us of Lucan and Claudian at their best.

Prudentius throws much light upon

the state of society in his time. He urges the sons of Theodosius to suppress the gladiatorial shows; and to prove their brutalizing tendency, he instances a Vestal witnessing with exultation the struggles in the arena, and herself giving the signal for the despatch of the fallen. He often affords us an insight into the religious notions and practices of his age. Thus we note in him a fierce asceticism, and a repudiation of animal food, reminding us of the language of Empedocles in a fragment on the Golden Age. In the same spirit St. Eulalia is described as despising girlish toys and trifles. The germs of the doctrine of Purgatory, of the intercession of Saints, and of the veneration for relics, are all traceable in him. On the other hand, he gives no countenance to the dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin. On this point his language on Original Sin is strong and unmistakable. "The Author of the world is alone free from the stain of sin" ("*Apotheosis*", line 849). The "*Martyr's Garland*" contains some of the best and freshest of Prudentius' verse, though too often marred by misplaced ornament and tedious oratory, as where the dying Romanus in the midst of his tortures makes a speech of some two hundred and fifty lines. Their historical value is not very great. In the eleventh poem he confounds different persons of the name of Hippolytus, for the author of the "*Refutation of all Heresies*" cannot be the same person as the convert from the Novatian Schism. But he rouses our sympathy for the subjects of these fourteen pieces; and the variety of the metres (no less than twelve different kinds being employed) adds much to their charm. One passage of considerable interest is the description of the catacombs of St. Hippolytus, near the little oratory first erected by Constantine over the grave of St. Lawrence, where afterwards arose the stately basilica of San Lorenzo. We recognize "not far from the city walls among the well-

trimmed orchards the secret recesses and the apertures cut in the roof to let in the light through the subterranean crypt," and we see the worshippers hurrying in the early morning to the altar that guards the martyr's bones.

A further group of interesting subjects is connected with the Latinity and the metrical system of Prudentius. These can be but indicated here. In both of them he bridges over the gap between classical and Christian literature, and herein lies his special claim for careful study. Much of his phraseology grates harshly upon the ear of one trained upon the masterpieces of antiquity; but the circumstances of the age must be taken into account. The new faith required a new language in which to express itself, and the Latin of the Lower Empire, as Mr. Lilly remarks in his chapters on European history, is no uncouth *patois*: it is a real language with definite rules, principles and powers. To us indeed it is dead, but to the men of the Middle Ages it was in the fullest sense living, and it "can be no more judged of by the standards of the Augustan age, than Westminster Abbey by the rules of Vitruvius." One feature of this period, the reappearance in literature of pre-classical words that have lived on in popular speech, might be largely illustrated from this author. But on this point, as well as on the extraordinary change that was coming over the Latin prosodic system

in Prudentius' time, the substitution of accent for quantity, which accounts for such monstrosities as to us they appear, as *hēresis*, *cātholicus*, *idōla*, *erēmi*, *extorquē*, and many others, it is enough to refer to the masterly introduction by the late Archbishop Trench to his volume on Sacred Latin Poetry.

On the whole it may be said of Prudentius that he presents more points of interest than his brother versifiers of the Lower Empire. If he could not wholly emancipate himself from the degenerate taste of his age, and the defects incident to such a period of transition and transformation, yet he often shows that he possessed a true gift of sacred poetry. A busy age can spare no time for the perusal of subjects the fire of which has long ago burnt itself out. Yet there is room for a discriminating selection from the works of Prudentius. Any one who would separate the dross from the ore, and in a handy volume would edit with short notes and translations, specimens of the best of the hymns, say the first, the eighth, the tenth and twelfth of the "Cathemerinon," together with some half dozen of the "Martyr's Garland," including the last and perhaps the best of all, the beautiful hymn of St. Agnes, would deserve well at the hands of those who recognize and admire the grandeur that is stamped upon Latin even in the period of its decay.

F. ST. J. THACKERAY.

OF THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

HUMAN nature must have greatly changed, or Tiberius must have spoken with less than his usual wisdom when he said (as Tacitus reports) that the man was a fool who did not know his own stomach after the age of thirty. Eighteen hundred years give ample room for change in most things; but human nature, so the philosophers tell us, and the poets who are the best philosophers, changes not; in all essentials it remains the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It is true that the Roman emperor spoke these words in old age, when his body was as sick as his mind, and when in his cruellest pains he would still, so the historian tells us, strive to preserve the appearance of health. This may then have been no more than one of those grim jests in which Tiberius was wont to indulge, at his own expense, instead of, as his custom mostly was, at the expense of others. The imperial purple may have covered a man made only as others are who know the right and choose the wrong. He may have learned for himself clearly enough what was best for him to do and what to leave undone in the matter of eating and drinking, as well as in those other temporal pleasures, alluring but not always convenient to the natural man; and he may have wilfully preferred the course most immediately gratifying to his august appetites. It seems at all events in reason to suppose that the man who has lived to the age of thirty without having discovered the secret of his own peptics, is never very likely to master that important mystery. A philosopher of our own day, milder-mannered than Tiberius but not less keen a critic of his kind, has put the age of wisdom at forty years; but he was thinking of a less compli-

cated piece of machinery than the human stomach. Love, it used to be said in old time, was lord of human affairs, but we, wiser than our fathers, have set Digestion in Love's place. When things go wrong now, we do not ask, *who was the woman?* but, *what was the dinner?*

Some nameless sage has prophesied that our posterity, if it cares to follow Carlyle's way and label each age with its particular stamp, will be puzzled whether to mark this time of ours as distinctively spiritual or peptical—as the age of the soul or of the stomach. On the whole he seemed inclined to give his vote for the latter, to think that the closing years of the Victorian era will be known as emphatically an age whose god was its belly. And certainly it is an age which seems mightily perplexed what other gods to choose, if any. But he would not have this old impressive phrase construed in its familiar sense. "You false villain," said Sergeant Quacko in his trouble to his fetish: "You false villain! Dis what you give me for kill fowl, eh? and trod blood in your face, eh? and stick fedder in your tail, eh?" And so saying he proceeded to use the wretched little image most despitely. It is something in this fashion that we treat our fetish. After long pampering we now turn upon it, assail it with bitter reproaches and yet scurvier treatment. Its sacrifices are stopped, its hours of worship curtailed. It is no longer a generous, beneficent, pleasure-loving, pleasure-giving god to be propitiated with wine and burnt-offerings, but a baleful, malignant deity, to be bound in chains like the rebellious Titan, "never to cease to writhe and try to rest". And if any would persuade us that we do wrong

to take such precautions against the imprisoned rebel and to lay so much to his charge, and that "these rumblings are not Typho's groans" always and inevitably, we do not believe him; he suffers the fate of Empedocles, of the man

Whose mind was fed on other food, was trained

By other rules than are in vogue to-day.

It is at all events certain that what may be called the Ministry of the Interior has become a popular subject to write about. This of course does not necessarily imply any imperious demand on the reader's part. Burning questions (a phrase so familiar to an editor's ear and so full of the inevitable result of familiarity) are kindled as much by writer as by reader. Our periodical Press is a huge and hungry monster, and must be fed somehow. When the spirit moves a man to write he is persuaded that the subject at his heart is necessarily at the heart of his neighbour, and health is undoubtedly a moving subject with most men. But whatever the cause, our internal arrangements, or disarrangements, certainly fill a considerable space in our current literature. And whereas the healing profession was wont aforesaid to speak, outside its consulting rooms, to strictly professional ears, or at least did not condescend to become popular in the sense of making itself intelligible to the lay reader, it now puts off the old buckram robes of etiquette and, along with great captains and statesmen and other high authorities, unbends in familiar intercourse with the common herd, and generally bids the grateful world observe that the secrets of the prison-house are no such very dark, mysterious secrets after all.

It is vastly good-natured of these gentlemen. The man who writes without being paid for it, said Dr. Johnson, is a fool. Of course these gentlemen are paid for their writings, and paid liberally, no doubt; but this does not lessen the scope of their good-nature. Everybody may now get the benefit of

these experienced brains for what Mr. Tigg would have been amply justified in calling the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown, or even less. And this good-nature is especially conspicuous in the case of the medical profession—a profession which has indeed in all ages been famous for its generosity. A great captain may make us a present of his opinions of his illustrious predecessors and their contributions to the art of war; a great statesman may make us a present of his opinions on the theory and practice of politics; we welcome them gratefully and profit by them, of course, abundantly. But our gain is not their loss. When the first note of war is sounded our great captain knows that the country will turn confidently to him to justify the lessons he has taught in time of peace; amid the turmoil of faction, when jealousy, vanity and ambition combine with stupidity to render all government impossible, the country turns to the great statesman, confident that he at least will never give up to party what he has so generously shown to be meant for mankind. But with the physician this is not so. When he makes the Press his consulting-room he obviously does so at his own peril. When he undertakes to show this suffering sad humanity how they may dispense with his services, it is clear that humanity's gain must be his loss.

And this is practically what has been done in the current number of "The Fortnightly Review" by a physician whose name and prescriptions would appear to be in many men's mouths; one moreover who is not understood to have won his popularity by the simple device attributed to his illustrious predecessor, Asclepiades of Bithynia, who attained his reputation by consulting the appetites and flattering the whims of his patients. It needs no personal experience to know that this is not our benefactor's way; for half-a-crown one may learn it as surely as by a pocketful of fees. For what is the whole conclusion of the matter as summed up by him in

the article aforesaid? Like the wise old Greeks he has taken for his motto *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, *do nothing too much*. His universal nostrum for all the ills that flesh is heir to is, in one word, *moderation*; moderation in all things, in eating and drinking, in exercise of brain and body. Now, if there be one thing more distasteful than another to our generation it must surely be this same moderation. The proofs lie thick around us. *Quicquid agunt homines*—in religion and politics, in art and letters, in our business and in our amusements, in all things man puts head or hand to, whatever else may be, moderation surely is not the ruling spirit. We can labour terribly, and we do. But,

Moderate tasks and moderate leisure,
Quiet living, strict-kept measure
Both in suffering and in pleasure,

it is not for these things that our nature seems to yearn. And it is surely the fact that in the matter of diet, and of liquids especially, many men, not commonly prone to extremes, find it easier to be ascetic than to be moderate. Mr. Goldwin Smith propounded a different view the other day, in a paper that mightily warmed the gloomy brewers' souls. "An ordinary English gentleman," he said, "takes a glass of wine daily at dinner without feeling any more tempted to swallow the whole contents of the decanter than he is to swallow the whole contents of the mustard-pot from which he takes a spoonful with his beef." With the greatest possible respect to Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion on all subjects, we are a little sceptical on this one. We venture to doubt whether the ordinary English gentleman who drinks wine at all is content with a single glass daily. We venture to suspect that he would find it much easier to leave the decanter alone altogether than to stop at the single glass. It was so with Johnson, and if we may be pardoned for thrusting into such honourable company, it is so with our feeble selves. To dine without wine is no hardship to us; but we frankly con-

fess to find the greatest difficulty in contenting ourselves with a single glass. Many men, we feel tolerably confident, who are in no sense of the word intemperate, will join in this confession. We may feel pretty sure then that the good doctor in recommending this golden mean is not courting the popular voice after the fashion of Bithynian Asclepiades, but rather giving advice which his experience of mankind must suggest will not be very generally followed,—except on compulsion. "The devil was sick," &c.; every man will be able to finish the quotation for himself.

And after all this is but as it should be, for the doctors' sake. Whether by following the extremely simple and sensible rules laid down by our guide, we should all or any of us reach those ripe old ages he tantalizes us with, may be open to question; but it is certain that by following them we should, while we lived, keep many a guinea in our pockets that now finds its way into the doctors'. For here we have Tiberius proved true indeed. The man who has reached the age of thirty without having discovered that if he indulges immoderately in the pleasures of the table he will suffer for it, must either be blessed (or cursed, for the blessing is equivocal) with such a digestion that he may laugh all the College of Physicians to scorn, with all Apothecaries' Hall thrown in, or he must be a fool whom it were well the world should be rid of so soon as possible lest he hand down his foolishness to posterity. A poet indeed pointed out that a mind of this simple philosophy comes not only with the ripening years, but is practically a part of our natural outfit for life, when he sang that among the general truths shared by him and his well-loved schoolfellow was the certain conviction

That cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many.

But in truth this new Erasistratus makes no pretence at discovery; his wisdom is

the wisdom of years, which for our part makes us reverence it the more, being of those old-fashioned creatures who think more nobly of experience than experiment. All the wise men are on his side, in theory at any rate if not in practice; on his side and on the side of Tiberius, for with the English doctor they preach moderation and with the Roman emperor they preach (what fortunately for our countryman few if any practice) that each man must be a law unto himself. There is that extremely wise man Jesus, son of Sirach: "Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating: he riseth early, and his wits are with him; but the pain of watching, and choler, and pangs of the belly, are with an unsatiable man. . . . Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately; what life is there to a man without wine? for it was made to make men glad. . . . Be not insatiable in any dainty thing, nor too greedy upon meats: for excess of meats bringeth sickness, and surfeiting will turn into choler. By surfeiting have many perished; but he that taketh heed prolongeth his life." There is Plutarch warning his friends against too solid a diet, on the ground that it is oppressive to the intellect and apt to leave behind malignant relics. There is Shakespeare with his old Adam—so different a being from the old Adam of most of us!

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead
woo

The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter
Frosty but kindly.

There is Bacon—with Shakespeare, of course! "There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health; but it is a safer conclusion to say, 'This agreeth not well with me, therefore I

will not continue it', than this, 'I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it'; for strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age". There is the melancholy Burton: "Our own experience is the best physician; that diet which is most propitious to one is often pernicious to another. Such is the variety of palates, humours, and temperatures, let every man observe and be a law unto himself". There is Milton, with his Adam, whose sleep

Was aery light from pure digestion bred.

And there, too, is Pope, playing to his friend Bethel the part of Horace's Ofellus, and little careful to disguise his model's antique plainness of speech.

These are but a few; it were no hard matter to fill a volume with the prescriptions of these amateur physicians. Finally we have the old learning endorsed by the new: "No hard and fast rules can be laid down, but strict moderation should be the guiding maxim"; and this is as rare as it is gratifying, for it is not commonly our use to allow that our fathers were so wise as ourselves. Nor when we find the long result of time practically confessing that it can offer no better rules for our guidance than those preached if not practised when the world was young, need we think of Monsieur Jourdain and his unsuspected prose. Rather let us think of the Greek and his, "Give us a good thing two or three times over". Was it not that sage young gentleman, Clive Newcome, who observed to his friend Pendennis that the best cannot be beaten?

On one point indeed it is not quite correct to say that this new philosopher has added nothing to the discoveries of his predecessors; one new thing he has told us, one consolation given us supreme and ineffaceable. He puts the period of middle age between the years forty-five and sixty. Most of us have been used perhaps to look somewhat earlier for that grim moment when we

must turn away for ever from the primrose path of youth into the *via media*. But who will not cheerfully accept such a correction? Who will regret that the shadow of his days should run backward for how short a span soever, or grudge to find another turn of the glass to his credit before the striking of the inevitable hour? The feet of such a messenger of good tidings are indeed beautiful upon the mountains; his voice is as the voice of the blessed bird of spring, which brought back to the listening poet the golden time of his vanished youth.

Of all these old wisdoms thus recalled to our memory, perhaps none is wiser than Bacon's, "Discern of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still, for age will not be defied". Half the secret of life, we are persuaded, is to know when we are grown old; and it is the half most hardly learned. It is more hardly learned, moreover, in the matter of exercise than in the matter of diet. There is no advice so commonly given to the ailing man of middle age as the advice to take more exercise, and there is perhaps none which leads him into so many pitfalls. This is particularly the case with the brain-workers. The man who labours his brain must spare his body. He cannot burn the candle at both ends, and the attempt to do so will almost inevitably result in his lighting it in the middle to boot; the waste of tissue will be so great that he will be tempted to repair it by the use of a too generous diet. Most men who use their brains much soon learn for themselves that the sense of physical exaltation, the glow of exuberant health which comes from a body strung to its full powers by continuous and severe exercise is not favourable to study. The exercise such men need is the exercise that rests, not that which tires. They need to wash their brains with the fresh air of heaven, to bring into gentle play the muscles that have been lying idle while the head

worked. Nor is it only to this class of labouring humanity that the advice to take exercise needs reservations. The time of violent delights soon passes, and the efforts to protract it beyond its natural span is as dangerous as it is ridiculous. Some men, through nature or the accident of fortune will of course be able to keep touch of it longer than others; but when once the touch has been lost the struggle to regain it can add but sorrow to the labour. Of this our doctor makes a cardinal point; but pertinent as his warning may be to the old, for whom indeed he has primarily compounded his *elixir vite*, it is yet more pertinent to men of middle age, and probably it is more necessary. It is in the latter period that most of the mischief is done. The old are commonly resigned to their lot; but few men will consent without a struggle to own that they are no longer young.

And specially is this friend of man to be thanked for his warning against that most pestilential of modern heresies, the bicycle or tricycle, or whatsoever its accursed name may be. Elderly men, he says, should eschew this unnatural mode of progression. Most cordially we hope that the warning is superfluous. The spectacle of an old man, writhing in the ungainly contortions necessary to the proper management of this "agonizing wheel", were indeed one to make angels weep. We have ourselves no great passion for seeing even the young take their exercise in this fashion. They had far better trust to their own legs, if a horse is beyond their means. No doubt they can cover more ground that way, and to do the most possible in the shortest possible space of time appears to be one of the necessities of the age. But we are well persuaded that the country-walk that was found good enough for our fathers will serve their sons' turn better than this insane careering over hill and dale. The former refreshed mind as well as body; but what of all the pleasant sights and sounds of our fair English

landscape do these young Titans enjoy,
as they go staggering on,

With deaf
Ears and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left ?

There is one point we are surprised to find our friend leaving untouched. Perhaps he considers it included in the warning that no hard and fast rules for diet can be laid down ; but he might have done well to be a little more explicit. We allude to the necessity for frequent changes of diet. All things are not good to all men, and all things are not always good to the same man. This was a point much insisted on by the wise minds of old. Bacon especially commends the advice of Celsus (whom he somewhat sarcastically observes must have been a wise man as well as a good physician) that "one of the great precepts of health and lasting" is "that a man do vary and interchange contraries". The man who confines his studies within one unchanging groove, will hardly find his intellectual condition so light and nimble, so free of play, so capable of giving and receiving, as he who varies them according to his mood, for the mind needs rest and recreation no less than the body ; it is not well to keep either always at high pressure. One fixed, unswerving system of diet, without regard to needs and seasons, or even to fancy, is not wise. One man has not always the same stomach, any more than all men have the same stomach. What is grateful and nourishing at one time may be found insipid and even unwholesome at another. Within the lines

marked by experience it is well that the love of change which is natural to all men should be given full play. A too servile adherence to a system which has been found once beneficial in certain conditions may diminish or even destroy its value when those conditions return. The great secret of existence after all is to be the master and not the slave of both mind and body, and that is best done by giving both free rein within certain limits which, as the old sages were universally agreed, each man must discover for himself. Happy are the words of Addison and happily quoted : "A continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature, as it is impossible that we should take delight in anything that we are every moment afraid of losing". One of the best methods of avoiding that pitiful anxiety—that bloodthirsty clinging to life which is after all perhaps not confined to the English middle-class—is to learn within what limits we may safely indulge our desire for change, and then freely indulge it within them. "Oh, sweet Fancy", sang the poet,

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Everything is spoilt by use :
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid
Whose life mature is ever new ?
Where's the eye however blue,
Doth not weary ? Where's the face
One would meet in every place ?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft ?

And so we end as we began, by setting Digestion in the place of Love !

PROGRESS AND WAR.

WAR estimates increase and even in sea-girt England conscription, or something like it, is proposed. With all our enlightenment, philanthropy and democracy, after William Penn, Cowper, and Wilberforce, after Voltaire and Rousseau, after Jeremy Bentham, the Manchester School and John Bright, and alas! after nearly nineteen centuries of Christianity, we have war, still war, apparently on a larger scale than ever, taking away millions from the plough, devouring the harvests of industry, threatening again to fill the world with blood and havoc. The only question is through which of several craters, the Franco-German, the Panslavic, the Anglo-Russian, or the Austrian, the eruption will break out and the lava-torrent flow.

To the despairing secretaries of peace-societies, by an address from one of whom the present paper has been suggested, it seems as if, in the substitution of reason for the sword, no advance had been made. This is not so. In the first place war instead of being normal has among civilized nations become occasional. The Assyrian or the Persian conqueror made war as a matter of course, and spent his summer in campaigning with his mighty men of valour as regularly as the servile portion of his population spent it in gathering in the harvest. So did Timour and Genghis Khan. So did the heirs of Mahomet while their vigour lasted. So did the feudal lords, in whose lives the excitement of war was varied only by the excitement of the chase. So, it may almost be said, did the little city-republics of Italy, though these learned in time to do their fighting with mercenaries. But now war is an extraordinary occurrence; there must be a *casus belli*,

and diplomacy must have been tried and failed. We have had long spells of peace. Between the Napoleonic War and the Crimean War there was so long a spell of peace that the world began to think that the hounds of war would never slip the leash again.

In the second place the sentiment for peace grows. Charles the Fifth told a soldier impatient for war that he liked peace as little as the soldier himself, though policy forced him to keep the sword in the sheath at that time. Even in Chatham's day a minister could avow that he was "a lover of honourable war." Palmerston, though he felt like Chatham, would hardly have dared to use the same language. Burke was as philanthropic as any statesman of his day, yet he seemed to regard as an unmixed blessing national success in war.

In the third place fighting, whereas it used to be every man's duty and half of every man's character, at least among freemen, is now a special trade. The Servian constitution was a polity combined with a muster-roll. The political upper class in Greece and Rome was the cavalry. The ridiculous ceremony of touching a turtle-fed mayor or an old professor of science with a sword and bidding him rise up a knight reminds us that all honour was once military, and that saving in the Church there was no other high career. Conscription may be said to be a relapse into the old state of things. A relapse it is; but it is felt to be exceptional and the offspring of the present tension, while England still holds out against it, and America, even in the desperate crisis of the Civil War, resorted to it only in the qualified form of a draft with liberty of buying a substitute.

In Europe the present spasm of militarism may be said to be in some measure not occasional only, but accidental. With all our historical philosophy and our general laws, there are still such things as accidents in history. There are at least events which turn the scale, and which we cannot distinguish from accidents. Had Gustavus Adolphus lived it is a moral certainty that he would have continued to conquer, and that the whole of Germany would have been wrested from Austria and Rome; but a wreath of mist floats over the battlefield of Lutzen: Gustavus is separated from his men and falls, and half Germany remains Austrian and Roman. Disease carries off Cromwell before he had begun to decay, and when a few years more of him would have founded a Commonwealth, or more probably a Protestant and Constitutional dynasty, and torn all that followed from the book of fate. This system of vast standing armies, and the prevalence of the military spirit, are largely the offspring of the great wars caused by the military ambition of Napoleon, as the political convulsions of the last half century have been in no small measure the results of the struggle of the nations against him for their independence, which for the time produced a violent reaction in favour of the native dynasties. But Napoleon as a master of French legions was an accident. France swallowed Corsica in the year of his birth, and, like Eve when she swallowed the apple, "knew not eating death." Corsica was an island peopled of old by exiles and outlaws, an island of savagery, brigandage, and vendettas, out of the pale of moral civilization. Napoleon was an incomparable general, and a great administrator of the imperial and bureaucratic kind; but in character he was a Corsican, and as completely outside moral civilization as any brigand of his isle. He had several thousand Turkish prisoners led out and butchered in cold blood simply to get rid of them; he poisoned his own

sick for the same purpose. Never did the most hideous carnage, or the worst horrors of war, draw from him a word of pity or compunction, while Marlborough, hard-hearted as he was, after witnessing the slaughter of Malplaquet, prayed that he might never be in another battle. Lord Russell saw Napoleon at Elba, and he used to say that there was something very evil in Napoleon's eye, and that it flashed when his visitor spoke to him of the excitement of war. In other things this man was equally a moral savage. His passions were under no restraint of decency. He took a lady, as M. Taine tells us, from the dinner-table to his bedroom. When Volney said something which displeased him, he gave him a kick which laid him up for days. For truth and honour he had no more regard than a Carib. A Corsican lust of war and rapine was and remained at the bottom of his character. Master of France and her armies this arch-bandit, by his personal barbarism, prolonged a series of wars which otherwise would have closed with the subsidence of the Revolution and the repulse of the allies. It is true that a policy of glory was up to a certain point adapted to the military vanity of France. But Madame de Rémusat tells us, in her Memoirs, that the heart of France went out no longer with the armies after Friedland; and in 1814 Napoleon, on his way to Elba, was afraid to pass through the South of France because the people would have torn him to pieces.

Some causes of war, so far as the civilized world is concerned, are numbered with the past. We shall have no more wars for sheer plunder or rapine, like those of primeval tribes. We shall have no more migratory invasions, like those of the Goths and Vandals, the Tartars and the Avars. Setting aside Napoleon, we can hardly be said to have had of late wars of mere territorial aggrandizement. The British empire in India has grown by successive collisions with barbarous neighbours and in wars generally

defensive, the most notable exception being the conquest of Scinde, which was greatly condemned on that account; and the Russian empire in Asia may be said to have grown mainly in the same manner, though Russia, as the most barbarous power, is still the most given to plunder. Next to Russia in barbarism comes France, in spite of her veneer, and the attempt to seize the Rhine Provinces was an act of uncivilized rapine qualified only by the fancy that the Rhine was her natural frontier. Religious wars we have not religion enough left to renew; though the fact perhaps is that they were in reality less wars of religion than wars of Churchmen in defence of bloated Church Establishments which were attacked by those who attacked the faith. "That new and pestilent sect which assails all sacraments and all the possessions of the Church", is the description given of Lollardism in the old Statutes of Lincoln College by the two bishops who founded the college for its repression. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum* has been chanted a little too often. All that murderous zeal would scarcely have been displayed if there had been no Archbishopric of Toledo.

On the other hand, as in the medical region where old plagues die out new plagues appear, we have now a rising crop of wars of national sentiment, produced by the passion for restoring ancient and half-obliterated lines of nationality or race, awakened largely by historical research, which has thus strangely become the procuress of ambition and war. The seeds of historic fancy sown by such writers as Thierry are springing up armed men, while the United Kingdom is distracted by antiquarian demagogism which seeks to restore the map of the twelfth century. The most formidable of these movements is Panslavism, in which the race-passion is allied with the military barbarism of Russia and with the tendency of the agonized Czar to divert Nihilism into the channel of aggrandizement. Among the most

terrible wars of the Middle Ages were social and agrarian wars, such as the rising of Wat Tyler and the Jacquerie. With some of these religion was wildly mingled. Religion mingles with social and agrarian war no longer, but of wars purely social and agrarian we can by no means feel sure that we have seen the end. All the world is heaving more or less with the subterranean fires which broke through the crust at Paris and Cartagena. Where we have not yet social or agrarian war we have dynamiters, moonlighters, and anarchist uprisings like that at Chicago. To mere hunger, which was the source of peasant revolt in the Middle Ages, is now added socialistic aspiration working in the half-educated breast, while the beliefs in the providential order of society and in a future compensation for those whose lot is hard here have lost their restraining force. Property will hardly allow itself to be plundered without fighting, and a conflict of classes may possibly ensue not less savage than the Jacquerie or the Peasant War. In that case the trained soldier is likely to find abundant employment in the service of armed repression if not on more glorious fields. Whether we have got rid of the commercial wars, of which the last century was full, must depend on the progress of Free Trade. To a war such as that which has been going on in Egypt it is not easy to assign a place in the catalogue. Our enemies say that it is a bondholders' war. We say that it is a war partly for the security of one of the world's great commercial highways, partly for the advancement of civilization and its protection against the barbarous Arab. In either case it is exceptional, and can hardly be said to denote a revival of the military spirit or to cloud the outlook of the secretary of the Peace-Society for the future.

Why has not Christianity put an end to war? Why has it not put an end to government and police? If the words of Christ were fully kept there

would be no longer need of any of these, and in proportion as the words of Christ are kept the need of all three decreases. But all three, like the institutions of an imperfect world and an imperfect society generally, are provisionally recognized by the Gospel. Soldiers are told not to give up their calling but only to give up extortion. Two religious soldiers are introduced, the centurion whose servant Christ heals and Cornelius. Military imagery is employed which would have been incongruous if all war had been sin. "Warring a good warfare" is a synonym for zeal in the ministry. The Christians under the Empire, though they were growing Quakerish as well as ascetic, objected not so much to bearing arms as to the religion of the standards. The religious consecration of war, by prayers for a victory, singing *Te Deums*, blessing colours, hanging them in the churches and so forth, is certainly a curious mode of worshipping Jesus of Nazareth; but it goes with separate nationality, which is a partial denial or postponement of the brotherhood of man. State Churches have naturally carried these practices furthest; yet the free Churches of the United States prayed for victory and gave thanks for victory in the Civil War as lustily as any State Church. Of Quakerism let us always speak with respect: it made Voltaire pay homage to Christianity; but as an attempt to forestall the advent of the Kingdom of Peace it has failed, though not without doing something to hasten it. On one occasion perhaps it even, by misleading a Czar as to the temper of Great Britain, helped to bring on a war. Still more hopelessly unpractical as an attempt to set the world right is Count Tolstoi's Christian Nihilism, which would sweep away at once army, government, law-courts, and police, all safeguards for nations and men against lawless violence, all restraints upon evil men. Count Tolstoi apparently would give up civilization to barbarous conquest; he would let any brigand or savage who

chose kill him, lay waste his home and abuse his wife and daughters, rather than "resist the evil"; and much his brother the brigand or savage would be morally improved by this meekness! His picture of war is thoroughly Russian, and applies only to a conscription of serfs. The best of "My Religion" is the proof it gives that something besides military barbarism is at work, in however chimerical a form and on however small a scale, in the mind of Russia. In speculating on the immediate future such reveries may safely be laid aside. They are in truth recoils from Russian despotism and militarism rather than deliberate views of life.

Between the ecclesiasticism which is a false growth of Christianity and militarism there is a more sinister connection. Fraud prefers force to reason and a reign of force to a reign of reason. The fighter the priest can fascinate and use; the thinker is his irreclaimable enemy. Every one knows to what an appalling height this ecclesiastical militarism is carried by De Maistre, who paints the Christian God as an angry deity requiring to be constantly propitiated by the steam of blood from fields of carnage, and the soldier as the appointed minister of this vast human sacrifice. The passage might have been penned by a Mexican hierophant in defence of the human sacrifices which he offered to Huitzilopochtli. People were somewhat startled by a sermon of the High Church Professor Mozley on War. There is nothing in it which approaches the hideous paradox of De Maistre, but it certainly speaks of war with an acquiescence bordering on complacency. It is not a reproduction of the Sermon on the Mount.

Democracy, it was hoped, would put an end to war: it would make government industrial and would not allow the people to be made food for powder. War was the game of kings which the people would never play. When we were told that Athens and Rome were warlike it was easy to reply that

Athens, and still more Rome, was a republican oligarchy of slave-owners, not a democracy. Political institutions may be altered, but old habits and sentiments are not worked out in a moment, and it may be too early to pronounce on the tendencies of democracy in this or in other respects. But so far certainly there has been no magic change. It might have been expected that the French peasant as soon as he had a vote would use it to rid himself of the blood-tax; yet conscription goes on with universal suffrage. In the United States no political capital is better than military renown. Four Presidents, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor and Grant, have been elected on their military record alone: Scott, McClellan and Hancock were nominated on their military record, and Garfield and the present President were helped by it in their elections. In England, an old war-power, no one has been made Prime Minister or promoted to any high office except a ministry of war or marine, merely for military achievements. The Duke of Wellington, whom the Americans always cite as a parallel to Jackson, had played a great part in the affairs of Europe, and was the real political leader of his party. Popular literature, public monuments, statues in squares and streets, all things that appeal to the public taste and feeling attest the continuance of the military propensity, and if you see a crowd gathered at the window of a print shop the chances are that the attraction is a battle-piece. On every State occasion the chief part of the pageant is the military parade. An eminent moralist in New York the other day, in an address on the celebration of the Centenary, took exception to this habit, saying that the army was only a sad necessity of our imperfect civilization, and that if the soldier marches in the procession, so ought the hangman. The fact, however, is that the soldier marches and the hangman does not. From the propensity to warlike bluster demo-

cracy is certainly not exempt: the vulgarity of its liability to which it is half conscious, inclines it that way. It wants to prove that it is not a shop-keeper. Nor has it hitherto shown itself in sentiment particularly meek. "The country right or wrong" is a saying not of monarchical or aristocratic origin. It might be difficult to say which is most subject to gusts of passion, a Czar or an unbridled democracy, filled with insolence by the flattery of its demagogic press, which at the moment of critical contest between reason and pride or anger is sure to throw itself in a body on what is deemed the patriotic side.

On the other hand, the American army is very small; it is in fact hardly large enough even to maintain order in case of serious social disturbances; and the navy, an American said the other day, might be run down by a coal barge. The army there is at present no apparent inclination to increase, though there is some disposition to increase the navy. Proposals to increase the army indeed are regarded with democratic jealousy, while Anglophobia fondles the idea of building swift cruisers for the destruction of British trade, though Protection is eager both to inflame hatred of its great commercial rival and to spend money in armaments in order that the need of revenue from customs duties may not be diminished. Though reason and morality may fail, industry and commerce plead effectively for peace. The War of 1812 was the work of a violent western element which has now become sober and civilized. The Mexican War as well as the War of Secession was the work of slavery, which is extinct. Canada, Mexico and Cuba repose beside their mighty neighbour without serious fear of territorial aggression. If the American people were ordered by their Government to invade Canada, Canada having given no provocation, it is very doubtful whether they would march. Moreover to the American democracy, which cannot

like Russia sweep droves of peasants into the army but has to pay the full value for life, war is a costly game. The expenditure in military pensions is now at least eighty millions of dollars a year, a sum which exceeds the annual cost of the British army. We were all filled with admiration by the sudden disappearance of the American army into civil and industrial life at the end of the Civil War, when we had thought that it would remain master of the country and make its general an emperor. It disappeared as an army, but it has reappeared as a tremendous "Vote". Anglophobia would think twice before it doubled the pension-list. Towards the end of the Civil War two and even three thousand dollars were paid for a substitute, while in China, if travellers' tales are true, for a trifling sum you can buy a man to be beheaded in your place.

War altogether is tremendously expensive to democracy. It has to care for the private as if he were a general, and the prying correspondent is there to see that the thing is done. In the Austrian armies during the last century there were very few surgeons. The medical and hospital arrangements of the Federals in the Civil War were of the costliest and most perfect kind. Smollett, in his account of the Expedition to Cartagena, has told us what sort of provision sufficed for the common soldier and seaman under the aristocratic government of England in 1741.

Manchester used to hope that Free Trade would put an end to war. Unfortunately Free Trade itself has made far less progress than Manchester expected. The fact, however unpleasant, is that, by universal suffrage government has for the time been made over to lower intelligences than those of Turgot, Pitt, Peel and Cavour. Protection is the commercial creed of blind cupidity, and among uninstructed and hungry multitudes blind cupidity prevails. In thinking that Free Trade, even if it could become universal,

must bring in its train universal peace Manchester no doubt reasoned too much from its own character and tendencies to those of the world at large: it forgot that nations, especially nations which are not highly commercial, and still more Czars and Emperors, have tempers as well as interests. But Manchester assuredly is not wrong in thinking that Protection is as certainly a source of the ill-feeling between nations which leads to war, as with its rings and its lobbies it is a source of the corruption which pollutes politics. The two sources of Anglophobia in the United States are Irishry and Protection. "Tail-twisting" both in Congress and in the Press means either subserviency to the Irish vote or twenty per cent. more on pig iron; and if ever the two great English-speaking races should shed each other's blood it will be to glut the hatred of the Irishry or to fill the pockets of the master manufacturers. As to the workmen they are beginning to see the truth.

Science is now changing the fundamental beliefs and through them the life of man. Its growing empire is the great fact of our epoch. Is it a minister of peace? By its general influence on the minds of men it can hardly fail to dispose them to the settlement of differences more by rational methods and less by the arbitrament of the sword. In time this will tell; at present we have a Prussian aristocracy and bureaucracy highly scientific in a certain way, and at the same time military in the extreme. The Universities, it is said, conquered at Sadowa and Sedan. In no art has inventive science made greater practical improvements than in the art of destruction. We began to think indeed that military invention would itself kill war, inasmuch as there must be an end of fighting when to fight was mutual annihilation. What may happen in the end and when all the resources of mechanics and chemistry have been brought to bear, it would be rash to say. Here-

after dynamite may work changes in war and in the balance of social and political power as great as those which gunpowder wrought, or as the long bow wrought before gunpowder. But so far the only consequence of military invention seems to be that the armies stand farther off from each other. The carnage is not so great as it was in the days of the sword, the spear and the bow. The long bow in the hands of the English archer seems still to bear off the palm of destructiveness from all rival weapons ancient or modern. In questions of numbers medieval chroniclers, as a rule, are totally untrustworthy; but at Crecy the dead were counted on the field and were found to be thirty thousand, a number considerably larger than that of the victorious army. It is true, no quarter was given in those days to any but those who could pay ransom; still the proportion is far beyond that of any butcher's bill in recent wars. The archer seems to have discharged his arrows almost as fast as bullets are discharged from a breech-loading rifle; his sight was not hindered by smoke; his eye was not taken off the mark; he could shoot only by drawing the bow-string to his ear, in doing which he necessarily took some sort of aim, whereas the rifle, soldiers tell us, is often fired wildly and from the hip. Of the tendencies of naval invention we have had no experience except the confused combat of Lissa, in which a wooden ship rammed and sank an ironclad, while little seems to have been learned from the general result. We even still hear predictions of a return to wooden ships.

The new arms do not appear as yet to have turned the balance in favour of untrained patriotism against discipline and regular armies, so far at least as the infantry are concerned. On the contrary, more perfect drill seems to be required when the soldier in skirmishing order has to act by himself without the support of the touch. Cavalry, however, the more expensive arm and the more difficult

for anything but a regular government to create, has been rendered almost as useless as elephants except in the character of mounted riflemen. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the future value of field-artillery, which again is an arm of wealth and regular governments. The whole history of the American Civil War indicates that the long-range weapons have made the defence of positions much easier than the attack; and this again perhaps is rather in favour of irregulars and insurgents.

In one not unimportant respect military science, with its ironclads, its nitro-glycerine projectiles, and its long-range rifles, certainly makes for peace. Its tendency is to strip war of its picturesqueness, its pageantry, its brilliancy, its romance, and thereby to rob it of its fascination and destroy the attractiveness of the soldier's trade. A great battle in times of old, especially before gunpowder, must have been a most magnificent and thrilling sight. Think of such a field as Cannæ, with the great columns of Roman legionaries, in their glittering armour and with their nodding crests, drawn out on one side; and on the other side the Carthaginian soldiery in their picturesque costume; Hannibal's Spanish infantry in their white kirtles; the wild Gauls stripped to their waists for the fight, and the dusky squadrons of Moorish cavalry! Think of a great feudal battle, or even of one in the time of Marlborough or Napoleon! Such a sight would fire the blood. But now nothing would commonly be seen but puffs of smoke running along the crowns of the two positions. General Meade told the writer that in the whole course of the Civil War he only twice saw the enemy in large numbers, once in the retreat from Richmond and again at Gettysburg. At Gettysburg Lee's infantry came out only to be massacred. So in naval warfare: Trafalgar, with the French and Spanish fleets drawn out in line ahead and Nelson's two lines bearing down upon them, must have

been superb: now there would be nothing but "ramming" under a pall of smoke. The fleet at Spithead before steam was a sight of peerless majesty and beauty, and might well have stirred in the sailor-boy's heart the wish to sail with Howe, Jarvis, or Nelson. But who, as Farragut said, or would have said if the Version had then been revised, would like to go to Hades in a tea-kettle? A naval review is still a vast display of power: in that respect indeed it dwarfs the navy of Nelson. But power is not majesty or beauty. Hydraulic force excites our wonder, but does not fire our blood.

Against this we ought perhaps to set the influence of the war-correspondent in glorifying and stimulating achievement. On the other hand, the war-correspondent imports into the camp an influence unfavourable to subordination and discipline which bids fair to add to the difficulties of command. One knows what Marlborough, Frederick or Napoleon would have done with a war-correspondent.

Whatever may have been added to the attractions of the soldier's trade by the hope of plunder or prize-money is fast departing. Princely mansions were built by the captains of Edward the Third out of their French plunder. While Napoleon levied large contributions on the countries which he overran, his marshals plundered like bandits. One of them, as the story goes, used to show in his gallery a picture to which, as he said, he attached a particular value, because it had saved the life of an excellent woman. It had belonged to a convent in Spain, the abbess of which had hidden it on the approach of the French, but being threatened by the marshal with hanging had produced it just in time to save her neck. I remember an old admiral who had made his fortune in the French war by commanding a crack frigate. But even at sea it seems there will soon be no more prize-money: certainly there will not if commerce can have her way. The

armies and fleets will be confined, as it were, to their tilting-lists and peace will be reconciled with war. However, we have not yet reached this point.

Of arbitration, as of Free Trade, people have expected too much. Still its introduction has been fruitful and is significant. There can be no reason why all commercial treaties, at all events, should not contain an arbitration-clause. But the range of the remedy for the present at least is limited. The secretary of a peace-society was discoursing eloquently the other day at New York on the folly of deciding any dispute by the sword when it might be decided by the arbitrator; but, in dwelling on the horrors of war, he spoke of what he had himself seen at Gettysburg, thereby at once reminding us that there were cases in which to tender arbitration would be fruitless. The South was bent on independence, the North was resolved to conquer and reannex the South; what tribunal could have settled that dispute? So again, Italy was bent on setting herself free from Austria, Austria on keeping possession of Italy; Germany on getting rid of Austria, Austria on retaining her power in Germany; France on preventing German nationality from being consolidated, the Germans on consolidating their nationality. In no one of these instances apparently was any arbitrament possible but that of the sword. The validity of the claim itself indeed could only be established by giving proof of the force, courage and constancy needed for its enforcement. Without such proof what tribunal could have pronounced that Italy was qualified for independence, or that Germany had a good title to national unity? Nor can it be assumed that by deciding the question formally in dispute arbitration will extinguish ill-feeling or ultimately prevent war. The Genevan Court of Arbitration is commonly put forward as the palmary instance of the successful application of the principle. Undoubtedly Great Britain has been placed morally in

a sound position, and if the Americans hereafter attack her or provoke her beyond endurance, as under Irish domination they possibly may, she will fight with a clear conscience. But it is very doubtful whether American feeling towards England was much improved by the settlement of the Alabama claims, or whether the conduct of the Americans in case England should ever be in distress, would be more generous on that account. Journals which cater for American vanity and malignity still tell us with native frankness that the great majority of Americans would gloat over the humiliation of England, and, whatever may be the amount of truth in these amiable prognostications, it has not been perceptibly diminished by the Geneva award.

Dr. Mozley, in the sermon on War already mentioned, has a very curious and characteristic passage about arbitration.

The idea has risen up indeed, at various times, of a modification of the autonomy of States by the erection of a court of arbitration, which would be a universal government upon this particular point ; but though no well-guided State would disturb the world for secondary points, or refuse a neutral's judgment upon them, it is difficult to see how, upon a question vitally touching its own basis and safety, it could go upon any other sense of justice than its own. Take an individual, what a natural keen sense he has of the justice of his own case. How he is penetrated through and through with its grounds and reasons, into the full acquaintance with which he has grown gradually and naturally, having had time to see the facts in all their relations. An individual then certainly does accept the judgment of a neutral on his cause in the person of a judge, and surrender his own sense of the justice of his case ; but he is compelled to do so. A nation is not compelled to do this ; if it doubts then whether an indifferent spectator, who would have to apply a hard, forced attention to its cause, would do adequate justice to its rights, it is asking a great deal that it should give up its own judgment of its own rights to the judgment of that other. A nation knows it does justice to its own case ; it cannot be sure that another will do

so. It is not partiality to self alone upon which the idea is founded that you see your own cause best. There is an element of reason in this idea ; your judgment even appeals to you, that you must grasp most completely yourself what is so near to you, what so intimately relates to you ; what, by your situation, you have had such a power of searching into. The case is indeed something analogous to an individual surrendering his own moral judgment to another. He may do so if he is not certain ; but if he feels certain, it is almost a contradiction to do so.

It may be said, why may not a nation give up its rights on a principle of humility and generosity, as the individual does ? But to impose such humility as this on a nation would be to impose on it something quite different in ethical constitution from the same humility in an individual. An individual's abandonment of his rights is what the very words grammatically mean—the individual sacrificing himself ; but a nation's abandonment of its rights means the individual sacrificing the nation ; for the nation only acts through individuals. The individual is humble not for himself but for another, which is a very different thing.

In this, with all due respect for the memory of a very fine and penetrating thinker be it said, there is a large ingredient of fallacy. Excessive confidence in the justice of one's own cause is characteristic of all litigants alike, and is no more a good reason for refusing rational methods of settlement in the case of a nation than in that of a man. Usually no doubt the man, unlike the nation, is compelled to submit his cause to the law, but in disputes where there is no such compulsion men often agree to friendly arbitration. At all events, the Christian preacher, instead of disparaging arbitration and countenancing war, ought surely to dissuade from war and exhort to arbitration. The argument in the second paragraph seems still less sound. It suggests that men are justified in doing in the mass that which in the individual man would be wicked. It comes pretty near to "the country right or wrong". The nation is a collection of men, each of whom is acting in his own interest, though the

interest may be of a corporate kind. Would Dr. Mozley's casuistry in any degree absolve a fraternity or a joint-stock company for doing that which would be wicked in the individual members? Patriotism, after all, is interest and pride, though raised to a higher plane and glorified by the elevation. The vanity and malignity of a nation are often just as vile and hateful as any passions which burn in the individual breast. But Dr. Mozley takes an ecclesiastical view of the world: he looks for little from it in the way of self-improvement, and thinks it must go its own road, and we must be saved out of it by clerical ministrations.

So long as mankind is divided into nations there will be national rights to assert and defend, and the cannon must be the last resort. But recourse will be had to it more unwillingly, and no longer for secondary objects. We shall at least have no more wars for epigrams. Communities and their governments will become more industrial, and therefore in the main more inclined to peace. Free Trade, if the world has not fallen into its dotage, will make way, and will, in some degree at least, fulfil Manchester's hopes as a peacemaker. The material unification of humanity, which Mr. Cyrus Field with his cable has done so much to further, will increase the sensibility of the whole frame. By the reporter's art the horrors of war are brought more vividly before us all, and if they could be brought before us in the reality, such of us as had hearts and were not moral savages like Napoleon, or steeled by fanaticism like De Maistre, would join the Peace Society. No man who has seen a field-hospital after a battle is likely to talk or think lightly of war. Thus the process of gradual extinction is pretty sure, though the time may be long and the relapses many. We speak of war between nations. There remains behind the possibility of widespread war between classes, traversing national lines, as did the religious wars of the

sixteenth century. This cloud just now is growing darker. After all it may disperse, or even fall in a beneficial shower of industrial reform. But the present aspect of the social sky warns all who have an interest in order to qualify themselves by a training in arms for resistance to anarchism and pillage, so that social and industrial problems may be solved by reason and humanity, not by dynamite or the guillotine.

It must be remembered, too, that outside the civilized world of which we have been treating there are still masses of barbarism, or of comparative barbarism, against which civilization may yet have to be defended. Russia, saving a few Tourguéneffs and Tolstois, is hardly open as yet to the influences of civilization which make for peace. The Mongol or the Arab, without becoming morally civilized, may learn the use of the Martini-Henry and of the rifled cannon. Americans think they have shut out war. They certainly have for the present if they will only celebrate Washington's centenary by calling to mind his counsels, and bid their politicians abstain from meddling with the affairs of European nations to catch the Irish vote. The Indian wars are a mere matter of frontier-police. For another secession there is no visible line of cleavage: differences of tariff are quite insufficient to produce disruption; and the problem of the Negro, to whatever other solution it may tend, has no apparent tendency to war. With Canada there is not the faintest chance of war unless she is involved as a dependency of Great Britain, and all questions of that kind will presently be solved by the reunion of the English-speaking race in North America. But who will guarantee the Americans against an eventual struggle with the Chinese for the Pacific Coast? That vast reservoir of population being full to the brim must overflow, and it can overflow only on the Pacific slope and Australia. At present Acts of Congress shut the door, though they

do not shut it very close; but the Chinaman may learn the art of war; he is reckless enough of life and not wanting in intelligence, though he may be wanting in morality. Who, again, will guarantee the Americans, if they become entirely commercial and unwarlike, against aggression on the side of the South American Republics, the people of which evidently can fight, and are not likely for some time to be civilized out of fighting habits? A great multitude of Mexicans was beaten at Buena-Vista by a small American force, but it was a mob armed with the refuse of European arsenals. Properly drilled and armed Mexicans might do better. They made a fair stand against the French.

That war is an evil, and that all, especially we civilians who stay at home and read the newspaper while soldiers shed their blood, are bound to do our best to avert it, and to keep down the passions which give it birth, right-minded men with one voice proclaim. There is not a greater or a baser criminal than the journalist who panders to international hatred. At the same time war has been an educator in its way. To it we largely owe our respect for discipline, our ideas of self-devotion, of chivalry, of honour, and even our emancipation from the abject fear of death. Something may come hereafter in place of the military element in character and life; but at present we can hardly imagine what, without it, character and life would be. Nobody is nobler than a good soldier or sailor, nor, though it is his calling to take life, is anybody more humane. War is now in fact a great school of humanity. It teaches men to control the fiercest passions at the time of their fiercest heat. In former days no quarter was given: we hear of no prisoners after Greek battles. Now it is murder to kill the wounded. A cloud rests on the memory of Cromwell

because he put to the sword the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford. No quarter had been given on the other side. Rinuccini, the papal envoy, tells us exultingly that in a battle won by the Catholic rebels no prisoners had been taken. The garrisons of towns which had refused to surrender on being summoned were in those days regularly put to the sword. The Catholic armies in Germany and the Low Countries put to the sword not only the garrisons but the inhabitants of towns which they had taken by storm,—witness the storming of Magdeburg. Prisoners are now treated with comparative kindness. In America when the Civil War was at its height I saw the table of Confederate prisoners at the north set out by the enemy on Thanksgiving day with a good Thanksgiving dinner. Of the two sets of passions it seems to me that those which are excited by a presidential election are rather worse than those which were excited by war.

There is one class of pleas for war on which it is not pleasant to dwell. Probably it has served in a cruel way the purposes of natural selection. Probably it has also served to keep down population, the unlimited growth of which is revealing itself as a danger to mankind, so that even America, who used to welcome wanderers from all lands begins to think of shutting her gates. The consequences of the *Pax Britannica* in India, combined with the imperial precautions against local famine has evidently been an immense increase of population, followed by a pressure on the means of subsistence which is ascribed by foreign critics to the tyrannical exactions of the British Government. But the most cynical physiologist would hardly think of letting loose the dogs of war to keep down the growth of population.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON THE TRACK OF THE BELL-RINGER.

INDEED, this mysterious midnight bell-ringing was a puzzle that presently threatened to render the island solitude desperately uncomfortable while the sun was up, and absolutely hideous when he had gone down. It was time it was dealt with some way or other. A few more such nights as the two we had passed might play havoc with Miss Grant's nerves; and our loneliness and helplessness were already so extreme that one felt it might presently go hard with one's brain if the paralyzing conditions of being marooned were to be supplemented by an element of mystery nicely calculated to finish off in the intellect the work which grief, suffering, and despair had begun.

So when the morning came I slipped away for a plunge, feeling the need of a refreshment of that kind after lying long in my clothes upon the powdery dust of my sandy couch; then returning, and asking Miss Grant to spread a little breakfast for us meanwhile, I clapped my pistols into my pocket and plunged into the wood. I steered a pretty straight course for the bell, looking earnestly about me as I thrust my way along; and when I arrived at it stood surveying it for several minutes, wondering if the problem of the ringing was to be solved by an explanation that should be ridiculous

for its simplicity when hit upon. But not the ghost of a solution offered. No; some hand—man's, beast's or ghost's—must have rung the thing. I touched it, and it swung so heavily and stiffly that it was impossible any bird, even the biggest on the island, could have swayed it to the emission of a single chime. I peered curiously at the adjacent trees, but witnessed no sort of hollow in which anything of bulk could hide itself. I stared searchingly round for mark of human or any other tread, for hint of subterranean habitation, for any sign, in short, to resolve this bewildering mystery; but the scene, so far as I could see, was as bare of such suggestion as the bell itself. I considered for a minute whether I should return for a musket and beat down the green and mouldering frame, but on peering close at the bell I observed that it was suspended to an iron hook in the gallows-like beam. This gave me an idea, and putting my hands to the bell I lifted it off its hook and placed it upon the ground. 'Twas a tolerably heavy piece of metal, though not so weighty but that I could easily carry it. There has been so little change for centuries in the fashion of bells, that no man could have told how old this one was by the look of it. No doubt I was right in reckoning it to have been a ship's bell. Its sonorous notes may have been reverberated in its time by the long-ago-vanished timbers of a

carrack, or some tall ship belonging to old Spain or England.

I was for letting it lie, but thought, no! for the thing that hammered it last night may have sense enough to sling it afresh and worry us as before; so I seized hold of it and succeeded in staggering with it painfully out of the wood, the thing occasionally tolling in a very melancholy way to the swaying of my figure as I lurched through the knee-high tangle. I succeeded in lugging it to where our luggage was, and sat down hot as fire, and pretty nearly spent.

"There," said I, "if the bell-ringer has a mind to enjoy himself to-night, he'll have to show himself; and if he does I'll shoot him, if I never forgive myself for his murder afterwards."

"One wants to know the cause," she returned, peering curiously at the bell; "this is the effect only. The mystery will remain the same although the bell may not ring."

"May not! Should there be any further ringing to-night," said I, "I vow to steadfastly believe in ghosts for the rest of my life. As for the mystery, what we want is to be able to sleep when we lie down. It will be nothing to me what made the noise, providing we don't hear it. Of course the puzzle is a supreme one, but that need not signify. We shall be sailing away before long, please God, and it will be something for us to be able to boast about in such an age as this, that the villains of the Iron Crown marooned us on an enchanted island."

She looked pale and worn, her eyes were listless, but this might have been owing to want of sleep, and to the harassment of fretful half-superstitious thoughts; yet the set of her beautiful mouth showed a spirit of resolution staunch in her still. The refreshment that was to be obtained by privacy I felt would help her, and I resolved to devote the morning to conveying her luggage to the inner chamber, to suspending her hammock, and to isolating the little room by draping the door that led to it. Speaking from

experience, I know that the misery of such a situation as ours is to be lightened not a little by the comfort of a shift of garments, by a plunge in the blue water, and the like. Robinson Crusoe dwells at large upon the sweetness of the feel of a clean shirt; it looks but a light stroke, yet it is as deep a touch in its way as any of the best of the others in which Defoe's marvellous romance abounds.

After breakfast I climbed with her to the summit of the little hill. It was all bare sapphire sea, streaked here and there with long shining curves like a running of quicksilver on the surface. The sky was brilliantly blue and cloudless, the wind a faint, parched draught from the north-east; the bite of the sun upon the exposed flesh was as though his beams touched the skin through a burning glass. It was insupportable, and we descended the hummock, my companion pale and silent, I sick at heart; for though I had not dared hope to see anything, yet the fulfilment of such an expectation as this brings a rage and grief with it, as of madness almost, with every recurrence, though you should look for a ship fifty times a day, and always be sure in your soul before lifting your eyes that you will see nothing.

"Can it be possible," exclaimed Miss Grant, "that no ship ever passes within sight of this island?"

"Don't let us think that," said I, "for a long time yet, at all events. We only came ashore here the day before yesterday. The speck that floated last night on the rim of the moonlight might have been a sail. This island lies very low, and there is plenty of ocean beyond the line of it all round us, so that a vessel might be within four or five leagues of us without seeing this Cay, or we her."

"But there is land down in the west, Mr. Musgrave?"

"Yes, the film of it, so the men said, was visible from the Iron Crown's cross-trees."

"Then," said she, "that stretch of water yonder must be a passage between this island and the land there; so that a sail ought to be visible now and again."

"The mischief lies," cried I, "in my not knowing where we are. Those days of thick weather, with a head wind and some sort of current of which I knew nothing, threw me all adrift; not to mention old Broadwater's chronometer, which in my opinion just tickled close enough to Greenwich time to tell him when the hour for another glass of grog had come round. Of course this island is one of the Bahamas. There is sure to be shipping hereabouts, making for the West Indies or the Panama or Mexican sea-boards, or steering eastwards for European ports. We must be content to go on waiting and hoping. We have the materials ready stocked for a great smoke, and who knows but that before even sundown to-day we may be safe on board some craft, bound to a port whence we may easily make our way to Rio?"

Then I told her what I meant to do to make her comfortable. "But is there nothing for me?" she asked.

"Can you cook, Miss Grant?"

She clasped her hands, sunk her head with a little shake of it, and said, "Not nicely, I fear."

I said, "You will not mind trying your hand at a dish of turtle-soup?"

"How is it made?"

"Why," said I, "by boiling the meat, I suppose. It will be something to do. Then there are those craw-fish. I'll make a start by lighting the kitchen-fire."

I forthwith fell to work to collect a quantity of wood, which I carried to the furnace, where it was soon blazing merrily, with the thin blue smoke of it passing fairly out through the skylights, which I took care to open to their fullest extent; so that though at the start the smoke set me coughing a bit, the atmosphere was presently clear enough to enable me to breathe without inconvenience. Indeed, I

learnt from this subterranean kitchen how our forefathers had managed without chimneys; a matter that must have puzzled me all my life had I not observed how this smoke, going straight and clean to the roof formed a cloud there that drained away through the skylight as cleverly as if its vehicle had been a smoke-stack. I then filled the vessels we had discovered in the cave with fresh water, and put on a big saucepanful to boil. 'Twas roasting work, what with the fire inside and the sun out, and I had to strip to my shirt and trousers, with a big straw hat for the protection of my head, though there were several times even then when I came very near to fainting. Meanwhile, to make sure of something to eat, I popped half-a-dozen of the craw-fish into the saucepan, and then, knife in hand, went down to the turtle, but was a very long while indeed coming at the inside of it. It was like jobbing at a man in armour; but the secret dawned upon me after many experiments, though I confess I never fell to any work that was more distasteful to me in my life. That the sun might not corrupt my turtle, I dragged it at the expense of many groans and much perspiration to the entrance of the underground rooms, down which I tumbled with it as though marooning had converted me into a sort of ant; and indeed I felt like one, I can assure you, as I painfully dragged my prey to the hole and staggered with it into subterranean gloom.

I see now with the eye of memory the stately and beautiful figure of Miss Grant stepping from the furnace, as I call it, after a peep at the humming saucepan, to the short length of passage for the cool of the shadow, though there was no breath of air to descend. I had left her at work, when I went on one of my errands to the brook or to the turtle, habited in her long dress, the clinging folds of which, with a yard-long measure of it trailing astern, I saw must bother her presently, and I looked forward to the pleasure of

helping her pin her gown clear of her feet; but on my return I found that she had divested herself of the dress, and that her attire now was an underskirt of brilliant hues. I imagined she had changed her gown, so ignorant was I of the mysteries of ladies' apparel, and thought that never could any sort of female garb more gracefully harmonize with any particular kind of beauty than did this short, richly-coloured frock, as I supposed it, with the fine form of Miss Grant. I've heard it said that the Spanish are the only ladies in the world who can walk; all others waddle, glide, amble, do anything in short but step with a proper sort of grace. I might believe this after recalling the gait of the ladies I have known, and contrasting them with Miss Aurelia's—another maternal legacy, no doubt, as I might suppose now that there was sufficient disclosure of her movements to enable me to appreciate the perfection of their freedom and their inimitable, easy, gentle dignity.

By noon I had managed to transport the luggage to our underground home, lightening the burthen of the larger boxes by conveying parcels and bundles of their contents in my arms. I also took care to bring the bell along and place it in the kitchen, on the left of the entrance where it was out of the road; and it will be strange, thought I, as I gave it a benedictory kick, if anything resembling this blessed thing torments us again to-night. My next business was to drape the entrance of the room that Miss Grant was to occupy. I had slung her hammock, spread rugs to serve as a carpet, and put a couple of high-backed chairs into the apartment; so that with the boxes convenient to her hand, and the sunshine streaming fair upon the skylight and flooding the atmosphere with its radiance, whilst the tropic perfumes, floating heavy and languid above, came sifting down to sweeten the air, as though you should have wafted a nosegay of flowers there, the odd, earthy chamber looked

positively habitable. The entrance was low, and a single shawl effectually served as a curtain.

"Yonder turtle-shell," said I, pointing to the creature I had killed, "when cleaned out and purified will make an excellent hand-basin. You have a looking-glass and all other toilet requisites, as the hairdressers call the things. As matters are, Miss Grant, we might be worse off. Better surely this roof than the two trees 'twixt which your hammock swung. Confess now that you have no longer any reluctance in taking up your abode here?"

She smiled, casting her eyes over the room with a glance at the skylight, and I observed the tremble of just a little faltering of resolution, so to speak, in the delicate pout of her under-lip.

"I have one small misgiving," she answered.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Suppose there *should* be a man on this island."

"Well?"

"You don't believe there is; but somebody must have rung the bell."

"And supposing there *should* be a man?" said I.

She shot another glance at the skylight, and answered, "He might shut us up down here."

"How?" I asked.

"Why, Mr. Musgrave, by closing the skylights, and covering them with sand, and then putting the cover on to the opening, and piling sand on that too."

"Well," said I, smiling, for my mind had long since got rid of the fancy that there might be a man somewhere hidden, though, as I admit, the midnight ringing was all the darker as a puzzle to me for that very notion, "there is but one way of checkmating the skulking rogue, assuming him to be of flesh and blood, and I'll attend to it immediately lest it should escape me;" and mounting to the open, armed with one of the old muskets, I hammered at the hatch-

cover until it lay before me in several pieces. These I carried one by one below, for the hatch was not to have been squeezed through the opening in its entirety, and stowed the fragments hard by the bell. "Now," said I, "your friend the ringer may indeed close the skylights, but it will put him to his trumps to cover that entrance. Think—there is nothing on the island that would serve him for such a purpose, unless he should cut down a tree, and whittle out a balk of it as a cork for that mouth. No, Miss Grant; little risk, I think, of our being buried alive."

My talk and the knocking to pieces of the hatch-cover reassured her, and as we might hope now that our turtle broth had been boiling long enough, we prepared the little rustic table for dinner, and put on it a bottle of wine, a few biscuits, the remains of a tin of meat, the cooked craw-fish, along with a big bunch of plantains I had cut after bathing. But alas! we had but one knife between us, no forks, spoons, nor plates. How then were we to ladle up the soup! Hitherto we had eaten with our fingers, and drunk from a meat-tin; but the broth demanded an effort of ingenuity.

"I have it," I exclaimed, and stepping into the sunshine I made my way to the beach, where, collecting an armful of shells, big and little, I carried them to the brook, thoroughly cleansed them of the sand and salt, and returned with them to the kitchen. Better soup-plates than the large shells made we could not have desired, and the smallest shells made excellent spoons. How the soup relished it boots not to say. Wanting salt, herbs, and the like, it lacked perhaps the savouriness that a City alderman is accustomed to meet with in a potage of turtle; but the meat proved juicy, and the liquor grateful enough in its way, and though, to be sure, it was a sort of mess that I could not look at now, I swallowed it then with enjoyment and appetite, giving secret thanks to Heaven that there was plenty more of it.

"This is a sort of experience," said I, "which a man should need to be very young indeed to enjoy. One should be quite a little boy to think it fine. Yet I am realizing the dreams of millions of small lads. To think of being all alone with a beautiful lady upon an uninhabited island—to live in a cave that in bygone years resounded the revelry of the sea-robbers again and again—to have within arm's-reach several of the exact sort of muskets which Crusoe carried on his shoulder—to live upon turtle and plantains, with the delightful prospect of having some day to fell a tree and scoop out a canoe—oh! the bliss to countless small boys of such realization! What spasms of envy would thrill through the schools of Great Britain were the young friends of the old Whackums to learn that at this moment there was a young gentleman in company with a young lady living in a pirate's cave in an island hard by the Spanish Main."

"I am afraid school-boys would not envy you quite so much as you think," said she; "they do not greatly value ladies' society either in books or in life. To be cast away with a beautiful female—to be marooned even with a lovely princess, and live all alone with her in a cave—" She shook her head, laughing quietly. "No, Mr. Musgrave, if I know boys at all, they would not thank you for such an experience. Give them guns and canoes and pirates' caves, with plenty of oranges; but no girls, if you please."

"It is strange that little boys should ever make men," said I, going to my coat for a cheroot. "I am not very old myself, yet I find it difficult to believe that I could ever have been younger than sixteen. Would to Heaven that the light and colour and fancy of childhood attended us to the end! 'Tis miserable to have to sail out of a glowing horizon into the gray of the middle sea, and thence onwards yet to gloom. It is Byron, I think, who asks who would not be a boy

again. Not I, for one, unless I could remain so. If a man has to turn out, it is better he should get up at once and have done with it. I love a sweet dream as fondly as any, but since the awakening is inevitable, don't delay it, say I; and then let the vision pass away for good. Who would live again through a mere phantasy, knowing it to be such? For those who incline that way we build lunatic asylums. No, I wouldn't be a boy again. The opening of one's eyes upon the reality don't make it worth while, as the tailor says when you offer him less for his coat than he can cut it for."

She listened to me with her cheek resting in her hand, her dark eyes fixed on mine with a hint of mingled merriment and puzzled inquiry in their serene scrutiny. But when I ceased she changed her posture, removed her eyes, and with a careless look around, said almost abruptly, as though the shift of mood in her was an effort rather than unconscious transition: "How are we to get away from this island, Mr. Musgrave? You have been a sailor—is there no remedy for people in our situation? I wonder what Alexander would suggest if he were here."

I lighted my cheroot stolidly. There seemed to me something insincere, though I protest I don't know why I should have thought so, in her speaking of my cousin at that moment. I eyed her in silence a minute, and then said: "I believe if Alexander were here he would take my view of our condition. There are plenty of trees, but we have no tools. Had we a chopper we might fell a trunk, and in the course of months, perhaps of years, succeed in hacking and hewing the timber into the aspect of a canoe. But then how to launch it? The trunk of a tree, even when shaped into a canoe, is not to be whipped under the arm as though it were the model of a boat, and carried to the water. I think if Alexander were here, Miss Grant, he would agree with me, that our one chance lies in our making our presence

known to a passing vessel; which reminds me," said I, rising and looking at my watch, "that it is about time I should take a peep seawards, for it will be some hours now since I visited the hummock."

I was walking to the steps. "You do not ask me to join you," said she. I turned and noted a look in her, half wistful, half amused.

"Do pray join me," I cried; "I was afraid that the heat—"

"No," she interrupted; "I expect there will be nothing to see." I smiled at the coquettish feigning of gentle resentment in her manner of drawing aside the shawl that screened her room. She disappeared, closing the drapery afresh, and I climbed through the opening into the sunshine.

My hat was wide-brimmed like that of a southern planter. It sheltered me as effectually as an umbrella, and under the shadow of it I paced leisurely towards the hummock, but puffing perhaps with unnecessary energy at my cigar, to certain thoughts of Miss Grant which rose in me as I advanced. "Pooh!" thought I, "what a madman must I be, situated as we are, to think of anything under this wide blue sky but our deliverance, and how to effect it!"

It chanced just then, that my eyes happening to turn towards the scattering of trees which came thinning out of the mass of the forest round to that part of the sand where I had met with the iron ring of the hatch, I spied, or seemed to spy, a human face peering at me from the midst of a huddle of leaves big enough to serve for the foliage of a cotton-tree. I stopped dead like a man transfixed, the cigar I was about to raise to my lips arrested midway, as though my arm had suddenly been blasted. The light rained in a blue dazzle betwixt me and the heavily-leaved bough, and the glare of it obliged me to blink, that on looking again I might make sure. Yet when I stared afresh the face was gone. I hollowed my hands into the form of a binocular glass to

shelter and strengthen my sight, and gazed again, but there was nothing to be seen saving the surface of green leaves which seemed to arch the solid bough they draped, as though each was of the weight of a giant banana. It seemed incredible that I should have been mistaken. The vision, if it were nothing more substantial, had been that of a swarthy face with white whiskers, and eyes that might have been of a reddish tinge, glittering under shaggy white brows. I listened, but nothing was audible save the humming, chirruping, and whistling, which swelled to the ear like the mingling of the notes of a bagpipe with the vibratory hum of a church organ. All was stirless in the tree, though I watched it attentively. I had left my pistols in the kitchen, as I must call it, or I should certainly have let fly at the branch, and taken my chance of a man falling out of the foliage of it. Still thinking it impossible that my sight could have been deceived, I walked briskly towards the tree, and looking upwards searched it as penetratingly as the greenery would permit; then seeing nothing saving a parouet or two, I walked a little further towards the forest, still gazing upwards, but nothing answering in the least degree to the object, real or imaginary, that had confounded me, met my eye. I again strained my sight, sending glance after glance around, then returned to the open and proceeded towards the hummock, satisfied that what I had beheld was a trick of the fancy, though this notion did not help to soothe my secret perturbation. Unless the man actually lived inside the trunk of the tree out of whose leaves he had peered, 'twas impossible if he were human to escape the searching gaze I had directed at the intermingling boughs. I said to myself it was some illusion of the sight, some fantastic creation wrought by the trembling flash of the sand and the wide blue brilliance of heaven and ocean upon the eye. And yet it was an apparition to so fit the bewildering

enigma of the bell-ringing, that, spite of my declaring to myself it was fancy, I was as uneasy as if I had been sure it was real.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I SHOOT THE BELL-RINGER.

ON reaching the hummock my thoughts underwent a sudden and violent change, for on glancing leisurely along the sea-line, thinking of nothing but the man's face in the tree, I caught sight of a ship's canvas down in the south, like the point of a sea-fowl's pinion, projecting white as foam and lustrous as pearl above the horizon. I clapped my hands with the sudden transport the sight awakened in me, and without pausing to consider the distance at which the craft hung, I set fire to the pile of faggots. There was but the mildest breathing of air. The wood took some time to kindle, and then the smoke, darkening and fattening out in thickness to the green coating of grass and leaves with which I had covered the faggots, went nobly straight up to a great height—a grand signal indeed, as I thought, where it lazily arched over plume-like and floated softly into the east. I stood watching for upwards of three-quarters of an hour, with my eyes thirsting for a sign of the growth of the sail, staring with such tormenting intensity, that again and again the vast plain of sea, brimming out to the brassy azure of the sky, would start as if to spin with gathering speed round and round, and I had to blind my sight with my hands to check the mighty waltz, the first reel of which was as sickening as a swoon. I was alone, and exerted but little judgment, or I might have guessed that on that stagnant surface the sail must hover for hours apparently motionless. Yet it was certain that she had hove in sight since the morning, that is to say, since I had last viewed the sea; and either a faint breeze of wind had brought her to where she was, or she was a small

vessel stemming the water to the propulsion of her long oars.

The fire was burnt out; the smoke drained dimly into the air off the smouldering embers, and was of no more use as a signal than the flourish of a handkerchief. Then, after waiting a little while, and watching as intently as the heat and glare of the giddy atmosphere would suffer, I could no longer doubt that the distant vessel was drawing down the slope into the south-west; whence, as there was no wind to propel her, it was certain that she was being urged by oars. In that case she would probably be some small drogher or coasting craft.

My disappointment was not so bitter as I should have expected to find at sight of a ship lingering long enough to wildly tantalize hope, and then tardily melting out of view. Maybe I found a large stroke of comfort in the very vision of her, for now I might suppose that the speck we had seen in the wake of moonshine last night, and taken to be a deception of the fancy, was a real ship after all; so that with yonder one we might say that two sail had hove in near upon twelve hours within reach of our eyes, even from the very low elevation we occupied. This was as good as understanding that the sea round about us was navigable water, that the ocean betwixt us and the film of land away down west might be a sort of highway, as Miss Grant had suggested, and that therefore a ship might at any hour pass close enough to our little principality of crickets and parrots to catch sight of our smoke and send a boat. So, not very greatly disheartened, I sent another look at the pearl-like fragment in the south, and making sure now by the airy blending of it with the azure that the craft was heading away and would be out of sight presently, I descended the little hill, purposing when the cool of the evening came to build up another fire ready to signal with.

As I approached our secret chambers, Miss Grant came out of the opening.

It was the strangest sight in the world to see her rising as it were out of the earth; that was the impression you got from the flat of the sand. It put a fancy into me of the resurrection of the body, followed by a daintier imagination of Venus shaping white out of the foam—though the girl's apparel was a little in the way of that idea. You saw nothing of the grave-like hollow, merely the figure of the beautiful girl that seemed to float up out of the blinding silver of the sand. Her apparition in this way was as sweet a surprise as could fascinate the eye. She had changed her attire, robed herself in a white gown, dressed her hair afresh, heaping it on her head, with a wide straw hat tilted on it like a picture of a beauty in George the Third's day.

"You have been a long while watching the sea, Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed, smiling as if at the surprise and admiration with which I regarded her.

"I have been endeavouring to signal a ship," said I.

"A ship!" she cried, approaching me close and staring at me.

"Yes," I answered; "she will have faded out by this time like the smoke of my fire. But no matter. The sight of her is a warrant of more to follow. All I have to do is to keep a bright look-out. We shall be rescued yet, and soon, depend on it."

We strolled together to the shadow of the trees where our camp-stools were, and seated ourselves. For a long time she talked of nothing but the ship, and I could see, by the flush in her cheeks and the gathering light in her eyes, how useful to her spirits was the hope that my news of having sighted a vessel had brought with it.

"We ought to feel grateful to the crew of the Iron Crown," said she, "for having sent our luggage with us. Oh, Mr. Musgrave, how am I to express the refreshment of a complete change of apparel? It robs the island of half its terrors."

"Rather lucky," said I, dryly, "that

I kicked up that iron ring, though it cost me a sprawl. Is not the privacy of a bed-chamber in such a place as this almost as nice as a change of clothes?"

"Well, I didn't like the idea, I confess," she replied, with a pretty shake of the head. "I don't like it much yet, I admit. Those tomb-like rooms are very well in the day; but when the long dark night comes!"—she added, with a light shiver.

At this I involuntarily turned my eyes towards the forest, with a glance up aloft and at the trees beyond, thinking of the demoniacal white-whiskered old face, with its cairngorm eyes brilliant in the midst of its swarthy countenance, that had seemed to peer at me awhile gone. But I would not even hint at the possibility of such an apparition. I was still inclined to reckon it a mere fancy; besides, I knew that even though I should vaguely refer to it as some optical delusion, sleep would be murdered for her that night. Nevertheless, I made up my mind whilst the sun was still high to put my pistols in my pockets and search the little forest afresh; for, to speak honestly, the memory of the swart malignant countenance coming into my mind again rendered me secretly very uneasy, and I felt, when the night drew down and I was at rest in the profound stillness of the underground kitchen, that I should regret not having made again a careful investigation of the wood.

I got up, saying: "I'll just take another walk through those trees, Miss Grant. I want to satisfy myself that there is not a second bell hidden somewhere in the green thickness. It would be insupportable, you know, to be awakened by a new kind of chiming to-night."

"Why should you imagine there is a second bell?" she asked, with her eyes seeming to enlarge to the very thought of it.

"I don't imagine there is," said I, "but no harm can follow another look

round; besides," I added, smiling, "I might chance upon the fellow that has troubled us for the past two nights, so that even should we be unable to hang him before sundown, we might seize him to one of those trees as Broadwater seized the half-blood to the foremast, and go to our rest without apprehension of being corked up."

I laughed out to let her suppose that I talked for talk's sake only, and fetching my pistols made for the forest, taking the road into it past the tree in which I had seen the real or imagined face, waving my hand to her as I strode into the shadow. The direction I was unconsciously following brought me, with some painful walking—for in places the tangle was as hard and stubborn as a fence—to the spot where stood the gallows-looking frame from which I had unhooked the bell. It was scarce within view of me when I caught sight of a large hat placed exactly over the hook from which the bell had depended. I looked and looked, greatly amazed, and, let me frankly own, with a mind for some moments not a little disordered by consternation. I was of course as sure as that I lived that no hat was upon the frame when I had unhung the bell. I stared nervously around me, mechanically drawing a pistol from my pocket, and looking first into one twilight avenue and then into another, then gazing narrowly at the herbage round about, afterwards staring overhead, listening meanwhile intently. I approached the hat by a step, and inspected it. It was such a piece of headgear as might have been washed up by the sea. I raised my hand and pulled it down, but instantly dropped it, for it was horribly clammy and cold, and made you think, from the sensation you got from it, of groping in the dark and stroking down a dead man's face. It was apparently a felt hat that had once been black, but it was now green and bronzed with time and wet. It was very broad-brimmed, with a sort of

sugar-loaf crown ; much such a sort of hat, indeed, as the boys clap upon Guy Fawkes' head when they carry him off to the stake. I turned it over with my foot to see what the inside of it looked like, but it had long since been divorced from any lining that may have garnished it in its heyday. It was old enough indeed, both in fashion and aspect, to have belonged to one of the people who had dug out and used the underground chambers. But who or what since the morning had placed it upon that bell-frame ? It gave me a kind of shrinking feeling, I can tell you, to think that there might be human eyes watching me out of some of the green shadow round about ; and as I stood there I never knew from instant to instant but that the flame of a fire-arm would leap from behind a tree, or an arrow sing past my ear.

The sight of this hat convinced me that I had not been mistaken in supposing the wild, grotesque face I had caught a glimpse of to be that of a man. Miss Grant was right. There must be one or more human creatures in hiding here. The bell could not ring itself ; the hat had been brought from a distance, or I must certainly have seen it when I first explored this place ; I say the old hat had been brought here and placed upon the frame, and if this did not signify human agency, then it was not to be accounted for but by supposing the devil himself to be at large upon the island. I was startled, astonished, alarmed, as I believe any man would have been ; but I was resolved, nevertheless, not to quit the wood without a further good hunt, and so pushed on, pausing incessantly to listen and to look, to kick at some suspicious huddle of huge blades of aloe-like growth, to stare into the trees, or to fight my way to some trunk looming with a yawn in it in the twilight so as to make one suppose it hollow. But to no purpose. I believe there was no part of that forest I did not traverse, and in all I spent a full hour in making the rounds

of it ; but not the least hint of anything approaching humanity did I see.

The puzzle was so supreme as to depress my spirits by the heaviness of the perplexity it excited ; but I made up my mind to say nothing about the hat to Miss Grant. I was now as convinced as she that there were more people than ourselves on this island, though but one more only, and I believed that it was his face I had seen amongst the leaves. All sorts of wild notions occurred to me as I made my way out of that little forest. It had been the face of an old man. Was the bell-ringer some aged pirate who had gone mad, and wandered about the place, living upon such fruit and herbs as he could grub up, grown expert in the art of climbing trees, and secreting himself by such years of practice as had enabled Selkirk to hunt the goat more fleetly than the goat itself could run, using the spreading branch for his bedroom, through not having intellect enough to hunt after and dig out the sand-covered portals of his subterranean home ? Or, thought I, is it conceivable that there are such things as spirits ?—that the old navigators' fables about demon-haunted islands are not the lies which our scientific age protests them to be ? Upon my word, thought I, as I broke my way along with a nervous glance over my shoulder, how many weeks, nay, how many days of marooning go to the adding of the most healthy brains ?

"What have you seen, Mr. Musgrave ?" asked Miss Grant, as I approached her.

"Just a parrot or two," said I.

"You have been a long while watching them," said she, eying me so attentively that I feared she would find in my face some small signs of the astonishment and misgivings which filled my mind.

"Oh," I exclaimed carelessly, "the forest is dark, as you know, and a sheer maze in its way, with spots where the high guinea-grass is tough

and piercing as a crop of bayonets. I was resolved to hunt the place through and through, a thing not to be done in ten minutes. Now, Miss Grant," I went on, with a glance at my watch, "suppose we go to tea, as I must call the meal—though for a real homely cup of tea just now I'd part with every inch of turtle betwixt the shells I opened this morning. Heaven bless us all, to what weak desires will marooning reduce a man!"

I had to build up the beacon-fire again that evening, and when we had made a meal off some cold turtle and plantains, a sweet biscuit or two, and a shellful of sherry and water fresh and cool from the brook—a sort of incipient sangaree—I fell to collecting as much wood as would go to the making of a great smoke, but the sun had been sunk some time before I had stacked and got ready the pile for firing. When I had made an end of this, I gathered a quantity of grass and leaves, and took the heap to the kitchen to serve me for a mattress by and by. The night came on very glorious, with the soaring of the moon, the thick-strewn stars, just stir enough of air to send the sweet smells of the dew-washed flowers lazily floating to us, and a delicate seething of surf to blunt the edge of the shrillness of the inland concert. To kill the time, I proposed that we should go and hunt for turtles' eggs, and we went together to the creek, keeping a bright look-out for the impress of the tread of the turtle. But though we saw marks in the sand which fairly well resembled the tracks we sought, they led us to nothing.

"Perhaps," said I, "the turtle doesn't lay in this month. If I could have foreseen our adventure, I should have read a little in the natural history of this part of the world."

We continued our search for some time, probing at the sand, but if there were any eggs about, they were too cleverly hid for us to come at, so we stepped down to the beach, facing the moon, where there was a clear, long,

white walk, flat and but a little less hard than a ship's deck, and paced to and fro for a long while; though there was no complete surrender of ourselves to each other this night as on former occasions, when she would reflect my mood, or I hers. The fact is, she could think of little but the underground bedroom, and I of the hobgoblin face and the old Guy Fawkes hat. Indeed my imagination was so wrought up, that twice when glancing towards the forest I could have sworn I saw the shape of a man flit a little way past the two trees where the hammock had swung; for the shadows there were lighter with the pouring of the moon, and one's sight went a little way into the block of blackness. But the hour came round at last when it was time we should endeavour to take some rest. Miss Grant reluctantly walked by my side to the entrance, looking down a little into the hatch as though her heart failed her.

"Indeed there is nothing to fear," said I.

"Oh, but it is like being buried alive," she exclaimed, descending nevertheless, but with a quickened breath. I lighted one of the wax candles and carried it to the inner room, where, wanting the convenience of a candle-stick, I stuck it in the mouth of a bottle, earnestly looking round me to see that all was well. The sky-light lay open. I asked if I should close it.

"No," she exclaimed, quickly.

"But supposing it should come on to rain in the night," said I, "an electric storm say, with a West Indian shower pouring off the edge of it? Besides, the mosquitoes will find their way in."

"I must take my chance," she exclaimed. "If that glass were shut, I should feel as if I were buried alive."

"Then good-night. May God bless you, and send you refreshing sleep and sweet dreams," said I, bringing her cold white hand to my lips. "My bed will be there," I added, pointing to the threshold of her door, "so that

literally nothing could enter this room without treading on my body."

She glanced at the skylight, and looked at me wistfully, as though she would have me linger yet. I lifted my hat and quitted the strange chamber, carefully drawing the curtain after me.

The moon rode high over the island ; her radiance lay upon the skylight and on the hatchway, as I may call it, and light enough came sifting in to enable me to see without a candle. I gathered the dry stuff I had collected for a mattress close against the shawl that hung from the doorway of the inner room, and made up a bed of rugs, with a rolled-up coat or two for a bolster. I then carefully looked to my pistols and placed them on the floor, one on either hand of me ; which done, I threw off my boots, removed my light camlet jacket, and lay down. The skylight was open, but I needed air, for the atmosphere was close with the furnace-brickwork that still retained the warmth of the fires which had been kindled in it during the day, and since Miss Grant's skylight lay open too, it mattered little that mine should be so ; for, should a downpour happen in the night—and I knew of old what a downpour in these parallels meant—the rooms would be flooded very nearly as swiftly with one as with both windows to let the wet in, specially with the entrance gaping like the mouth of a funnel to receive any deluge that might come. I lay down, I say, but not to sleep. I could hear Miss Grant moving with something of restlessness in her pacing, then all was still in her room ; and I heartily hoped she would soon forget our situation and her fears in slumber. The stillness was intense. I had anticipated a pretty deep hush in these underground cells, but the reality was oppressive beyond any kind of breathless repose that I could have imagined. Not so much as the hum of a mosquito stirred upon the ear ; the metallic-like chirruping outside was a little storm of noise in its way, I knew ; but not an

echo of it penetrated underground, spite of the open skylight. I lay musing upon our extraordinary condition. It was difficult to credit that my beautiful companion and I were finding shelter and seeking rest in what was practically as much a grave as any hole in the earth that should in God's own time receive our bodies. Up above in the moonlight, with the spread of the sea widening out black from the shaft of silver in its heart, the trees overhead, the stars beyond, the innumerable voice of insect-life in the air, our condition was real enough to the imagination—cruelly real indeed ; but down here it was like some wild fancy, one of those strange dreams which hover in the brain betwixt waking and sleeping. However, after lying awake for a good long while, I fell into a vein of dozing, rambling thinking, the sure precursor of sleep, more like the shadows of dreams flitting before methan the presentments of waking thoughts ; a sort of stupid confusion of pirates mistily and soundlessly flitting about the chamber, with a few turtle mixed up amongst them, and God knows what besides ; saving that, though reason was faltering, I was sensible enough to know I should presently be fast asleep.

I was in this condition of mind, my eyes fixed upon the skylight, though the lids were drooping fast and I was scarce conscious of what I viewed, when I saw a shadow as of the hat that I had met with in the forest, as it seemed to me, overhanging the open space. The posture of this shadow was that of a man peering down. 'Twas unmistakable ; I could not be deceived. The dark outline was clear against the stars, and it was the head of a man wearing just such a steeple-crowned hat as I had encountered, bending over and gazing down.

I was instantly startled into broad wakefulness. Brave I should be sorry to call myself, though I think there is no man whose nose I should hesitate to pull who called me otherwise to my face ; but at sight of that sugar-

loafed hat and the motionless, peering human shape revealed to a little past the shoulders, I must confess to having burst into a cold sweat. It was the being shocked perhaps out of the drowsiness into which I had sunk that made me think the thing a phantom for a minute or two. I lay stirless, softly sneaking my right hand to the pistol, by which time I had come to a sense of the reality of the vision; but before I could point the weapon, being resolved to fire, cost what it would, the hat vanished. Now, thought I, the fellow has been able to obtain a tolerable view of this interior, and concludes I am sound asleep. His next step will be to come below!

I rose very lightly, being anxious not to disturb Miss Grant, and holding both pistols in my hands, I stepped in my stockings over to the corner made by the projection of the furnace, where I crouched in the deep shadow that lay upon this part of the room, with my head lifted over the edge of the brickwork to enable me to command the entrance. Hardly had two minutes elapsed when I spied the hat again overhanging the skylight, but it did not offer such a mark as I could hope to hit from the place I stood in; so I continued to wait and watch. I could hear no sound, not the faintest crunch of a footfall upon the grit of the sand outside; but the quick breathing of the fellow was as audible as the beating of my heart in my ear, and as full a warrant as I could have asked that the thing was no ghost. The peering and meditative posture of the hat was preserved whilst I might have counted twenty; the shadow then disappeared. Now, thought I, will he return to the forest, or will he descend? Is he alone, or was the second apparition that of a companion wearing such another hat as the first had on? Suddenly I saw the sort of film of light that came clouding a little way into the corridor out of the hatch die out, and in an instant, with the swiftness of a leap almost, the man was in the room. Softly as the footfall of a cat I got my

pistol to bear upon him, but before I could pull the trigger he fell upon all fours, and a moment after I heard the clank of the bell grasped and overset. I sprang out of my hiding-place, took full aim, and fired. The explosion made a thunder in the room. By the flash of the powder I saw the creature spring to the height of the ceiling, whilst he uttered the most piercing scream that ever broke from mortal lips. The wild cry was echoed by a shriek in Miss Grant's room. I was half crazy with rage and consternation, and flinging down the pistol I had fired, I levelled the other at the creature as he ran, dropping to the earth with one hand as he went in staggering leaps through the dark passage, and sent a second ball at him. The report was followed by another piercing shriek horribly human. The curtain behind me was dashed aside, and Miss Grant stepped forth.

"What is it?" she cried.

The silver mounting of the pistol she held gleamed in her grasp as she raised her hand in addressing me.

"I have shot something," I exclaimed; "but whether man or beast I know not. Be it what it will, it has two bullets in its body. Let me have your pistol."

I took it from her, and walked right to the steps which led above. There was nothing in the passage. I sprang into the open and looked around. The moonlight lay bright as day, the shadows of the trees sloping eastwards black as indigo where they rested on the sand. Within a stone's throw of me was a dark object that looked like a small tortoise at the distance whence I viewed it. I approached, and found it to be the hat that I had found in the forest. Miss Grant had followed me noiselessly, and I only knew that she was at my side by her breathing, the sound of which was not a little startling to me, bending down as I was to examine the hat.

"Look, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed, in one of her tragic whispers,

"*that* must be the man you shot." She pointed with her white arm to the stretch of sand some distance past the opening that led to our cells, where I instantly observed a figure lying motionless. In a moment I was making towards it, but with increased bewilderment as I advanced; for as the outline stole out clearer and clearer in the icy radiance, I witnessed features which gradually but surely changed my alarm into a conflict of quite other emotions. The body lay on its back; its half-closed eyes looked straight up at the stars out of a brown and puckered face ringed with white whiskers; its arms were stretched out in the posture of a crucified person.

"It has three legs!" cried Miss Grant.

"By thunder, no!" I exclaimed, bursting into a wild laugh; "that is no leg, but a great tail! As I hope to go to heaven, 'tis a huge Madagascar ape!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A GALE OF WIND.

THE murder was now out, the mystery made very plain indeed, and the solution, like most others which come to a man in this life, looked so simple that one seemed half a fool for not having hit upon it at once. How this great monkey happened to be in the island who is to say? Not very likely, I think, that he was born here, unless he happened to be an only son, and both parents dead. Most likely he had belonged to a ship, and been cast away with the crew many years before. I do not know how long monkeys live, but this fellow, as he lay in the moonlight with his teeth gleaming in the grin of death out of the wrinkled leather of his face, framed by a pair of long snow-white whiskers, seemed eighty years old. It was likely that he had belonged to a ship because of his bell-ringing trick, and then his wearing that Guy Fawkes

hat looked as if he had been bred in his youth to a knowledge of clothes.

But be this as it may, the bell was rung no more. I pitched the hat into the sea and met with no other; no wild convulsed face looked at me out of the high greenery, and the skylight remained unshadowed by any outline of sugar-loaf headgear in peering and hearkening posture.

Miss Grant and I talked late into the night, for tame as the issue proved, it was, I can tell you, hotly exciting while it lasted. But we got some rest towards the small hours, sleeping well into the morning; and then my first business was to drag the monkey down to the creek, where the sand was steep with a depth of three fathoms to the shelf of it. There with no further service than a few sea-blessings upon its head for the worry and alarm it had caused me, I rolled the body overboard, guessing that it would presently float seawards, where John Sharkee lay in readiness to provide it with a sure tomb.

And now for three weeks nothing that I need tease you with happened; no such incident, I mean, as that of my discovery of the underground rooms, or the midnight tolling, and the sight of the hat on the bell-frame afterwards; but it grew into a bitter, distressful time for us as the hours swelled into days, and the days rolled into weeks, and found us still imprisoned upon this island, not utterly hopeless indeed of deliverance, though we presently scarce dared to expect it. God knows that never a shipwrecked eye kept a steadfaster look-out for vessels than I did; but though during those three weeks I reckoned that I had sighted ten sail in all, none of them ever grew to more than a glimmer of white upon the distant line; so showing and so fading—worthless to us as though they had been no more than the wreaths of steam or little curls of white vapour which they resembled. Only twice indeed did I fire my faggots and make a smoke. The distance the vessels

showed at made my heart hopeless, and I could scarce step a pace from one shadow to another through the roasting dazzle of sand without asking myself how it must have fared with us had there been no fresh water on the island. For food there were turtle and craw-fish in abundance, along with an occasional paroquet which I would knock over with Miss Grant's pistol, the precisest little weapon of the kind I had ever handled. We brought at the start no great relish to these birds, but they proved dainty eating for people in our situation, when carefully plucked, cleansed, and boiled. We found a plentiful growth of plantains, citrons, whose juice mingled with water furnished us with a refreshing drink, wild oranges, and a small delicious fruit resembling the Australian passion-fruit, but its proper name I do not know. There were, as you have heard, a large stock of fish-hooks in the little black chest in Miss Grant's room. I had no means of pushing out seawards to any distance to fish, so between us Miss Grant and I manufactured lines of twisted linen, which we laid up to strengthen the least rotted portions of the small stuff I found in the chest; then attaching a sinker to the baited hook, I buoyed it to a little piece of timber, the sinker going about two fathoms below the surface, and let the apparatus drift out from the mouth of the creek to the end of the line which I held in my hand. In this manner I caught a great number of fish, incredibly various in hues, shapes, and sizes; some of them coming out of the water like flashes of dark gold light, others green as emeralds, others with half-a-dozen of brilliant colours glowing upon them as though fantastically painted, yet with exquisite cunning, by an artist. It was merciful that we did not poison ourselves with some of these fish, for we ate all we took, if I except a great bloated, spotted thing with a green back, fins like a man's arm amputated at the elbow, and a white breast freckled with sulphur-

coloured spots. Even this creature I think we should have devoured but for its ugliness, yet nothing that we ate hurt us. Indeed our health continued very good, which I attribute to our being lodged out of the touch of the night air, to our exposing ourselves as little as possible to the sun, and to the sweetness and purity of the water we drank.

For days and days the weather had been lovely and quiet, the sun regularly going down behind the island rayless in the whirl of his crimson haze, the evening opening to his descent soft, dark, and fragrant as the heart of a violet; nights of marvellous stillness, saving always the island voices, with the firmament that seemed to hover like a sheet of silver dim in places, so lustrous was the star-shine, so thick the dust of the constellations when the moon was gone and left the heavens unclipped from sea-line to sea-line; with calm blue dawns dazzling fast into tropical glory, and then the long, brassy, fiery day, and the silent sea sparkling under the soaring sun.

But one afternoon, three weeks after the date on which we had been set ashore, there came a change. That a shift of weather was at hand one might have gathered by the general uneasiness expressed by the life on the island. The birds' whistling had a subdued note, the parrots' scream was softened somewhat, the ear detected a hint of agitation in the peculiar snoring noise made by the tree-toad; there was a constant hurried flight of feathered things amongst the trees, the continued restless glint of coloured plumage darting like prismatic rays amongst the leaves. The insects bit fiercely, and the universal humming rose with a sharp note of anger and fear in its shrilling that was new to me. Miss Grant told me that these queer symptoms of disquiet might be prophetic of an earthquake, and certainly the intolerable heat of that day should have led one to expect such a thing. Indeed the sultry air seemed to press down upon one with a sensible

weight, and with the stifling breath of the atmosphere of a hot oven.

When I saw the blue thickening into a kind of dinginess of no colour that I could give a name to, with a rounding of the sea at the edge of it, like a lifting up of its flood, though it would be no more than the shadowing it got from the sky, with a sort of airy whitish gleam the whole horizon round, I thought to myself, if a tropical outburst is to happen, it is as well that I should turn to at once and provide that all things under hatches shall be as snug as possible. So I fell to work to bring up the hatch-cover I had knocked to pieces, and shipped the fragments into a compact form over the opening, regretting that ever I had been fool enough to break it up. I then took a view of the skylights and mused a while over them; for, thought I, when they are shut, the sweep of wind and wet will speedily load them with sand, and then, with the entrance covered by the hatch, how is fresh air to enter these cells so that we shall be able to breathe? But it was imperative any way that the skylight should be closed, if, supposing the rain to fall heavily, the rooms were not to be swamped out of hand. I tried to consider how the buccaneering folks who had dug out the place dealt with an extremity of this kind, but was quite at a loss. Some trick they must have had, but it was above my art. I conferred with Miss Grant, and she was for facing the approaching tempest above. I told her that she must know more about tropical weather than I did, but that it seemed to me, if a West Indian tempest was threatened by the gathering gloom, we were bound to perish if we did not shelter ourselves from it; and what shelter was there on the island save the vaults in which we lived?

"Yes," she exclaimed, "but should they be flooded we must be drowned; for how shall we escape when the water is pouring in?"

Well, I understood this danger clearly, and was fairly nonplussed;

and indeed how we should have managed, had the weather fulfilled its threat of tropic storm, I don't know. But very fortunately for us, a little before sundown the sulky dimness above shaped out into bodies of clouds heading south, with a sea-board full of well-defined shaggy heads, showing rusty to the sun, lifting fast in the north. Then it came on to blow, in small moans at first, a sullen swell leagues in length rolling along the course taken by the clouds and swinging silent to the island, where it burst in thunder, with a roaring, foamless slide past the eastward-facing beach. But the moans quickly grew into the hooting and whistling of a brisk wind, increasing, even as one listened to it, to tempestuous bellowing high aloft, with a wild flying of the dry white sand, a fierce stooping and shearing of the trees, through which the wind seethed with a sound as of red-hot hissing, and a magnificent smoky scarlet that put a lining of blood while it lasted to the shadows flying athwart the angry beams. I saw, or hoped perhaps, that there was to be no rain, and that was comforting; but the weight of wind, and the blinding flashing into the eyes of the flying coral grit soon forced us below; though not before we had seen enough of the suddenly enraged ocean to stamp a memory fit to last for life. You almost feared for the island, so thunderous was the blow of the surge, so scaring the sight of the pallid bodies of foam sweeping in shrouds of faintness—like the colour of the brow of the snow-cloud discharging its white burthen to the tempest—through the evening gloom that rapidly followed the sun's going. The wind struck the cheek salt and heavy with spray, which swept through the lashed and writhing trees with the crackling, rending, and tearing noise of storm after storm of bullets volleying into them.

'Twas as wild a night as ever I remember. The glass frames above were soon coated with wet sand, but the occasional flash of lightning darting

out of some rushing cloud glanced with a violet glare in the passage through the chinks in the cover; but if ever thunder followed it was out-bellowed by the hurricane, or swept by the headlong rush of the blast clean out of hearing. We had husbanded our slender resources so carefully that we had a few wax candles left, and most grateful were we this night for the light one of them gave us. Without it we must have sat in total blackness throughout those long and raging hours.

"It is the proper sort of storm," said I on one occasion to Miss Grant, "to blow vessels ashore here. It should be an ill wind indeed if it blows us no good. What an imprisonment is ours! Enough to make one so wicked as to pray for a shipwreck, on chance of the sight of a survivor, or of a boat washing ashore, or material to help us to get away."

"It should frighten a poor shipwrecked sailor horribly, I think," she said, "to cleanse that glass up there and look through and see an illuminated room with a man and woman sitting in it."

She gave a little hysteric laugh, bringing her hands to her eyes.

It was a very nightmare of an experience then to my mind, and her beauty was powerless to soothe or soften it. There were three weeks of this life working in us, and had I been alone, though I should have kept my senses sound as a bell to this moment, I believe I must have fallen mad as a thirst-crazed sailor before the dawn broke. Expectation rose into positive agony with waiting for the thunderous subterranean humming to cease, for then the rain might come, and the necessity of carrying my companion into the open to face the black deluge, and whatever else might happen there, was only less frightful to my overstrained nerves than the fancy of such a quick flooding of these chambers as would give us no time to escape from them. A man should wield a pen above my power to put such a picture

of us and of this room before you as might make you witness it even dimly. I see at this moment the candle stuck in a bottle, with the remains of our poor supper of such odds and ends as we had been able to collect still upon the table—as mocking a regale as ever eye rested upon!—shadows like the reflection of human forms moping and mowing on walls and ceiling to the slant of the flame stirred by small hurryings of draught coming out of the black corridor; the black shapes of the old muskets and hangers, the doorway yawning past the half-drawn curtain, courting the glance to the dungeon gloom within—the whole gathering a preternatural element to my imagination, stirred to its depths as it was by the trembling of the earth to the shocks of the sea upon its northern board, from the look of wild beauty my companion's eyes got from the candle-flame, as they showed dark to it out of her face whitened to the very complexion of a spirit by our vigil and the thoughts that worked in her.

All through that night, down to an hour past dawn, it blew a fierce and heavy gale of wind, never rising however to the hurricane force that is to be expected in weather of this kind hereabouts. We knew by the cessation of the humming noise in our rooms that there was tranquillity overhead, but the skylights were so thickly coated with sand that no ray of light broke through, and the change in the weather was only to be gathered by listening. It took me some while to break my way out through the entrance in consequence of the heavy plastering of the hatch-cover by the wet soil hove by the wind upon it; and seeing that our dwelling-place must have been air-tight for some time, it was strange that we found no inconvenience from breathing the atmosphere. But then, to be sure, the chambers were tolerably big, and there were but two of us to breathe in them, with but a single candle-flame besides. I battered the hatch with one of the muskets, and so

forced it open, and on emerging found a sullen, wild, though silent morning, dense masses of white cloud hanging, brooding fashion, over the sea, with their violet shadows lifting up to them, as it were, great lagoons of blue sky between, the sun in one of them shining with a fiery and piercing light.

Indeed the wind was all gone ; but there was a great swell still running which made the sea a noble and majestic sight. The polished flowing of the vast folds caught the sunlight as they rolled, till the ocean seemed to be formed of sweeping hills of molten silver. The gale had played havoc with the island ; many trees lay fallen, and the weather side of the little forest showed as though the branches there had been trimmed by the shears of countless gardeners during the night. But the insects and flies had come off with their lives. Their concert was prodigiously shrill, with a note of thanksgiving in it, Miss Grant thought ; but it sounded to me more like an impertinent hymn of triumph, the clamour of multitudinous insignificance, as one might say, over the defeat of the mighty forces of Nature. We stood eagerly looking towards the sea, and along the sands far as our sight could trace them, not knowing what might have happened during the long, dark, howling hours ; but there was nothing to be seen save the mighty, brilliant blue welter sending its brows washing to the edge of the distant sky. We then made for the hummock, and took another view thence ; but the prospect was barren of wreck ; not a glimpse of the wet flash of a fragment of black timber—no hint of any sort of disaster at sea !

As we sat conversing, Miss Grant on a sudden gave way. Never once during our imprisonment had she let fall a tear ; but now she broke down. She covered her face with her hands, and wept most piteously, sobbing as if her heart were broken. If ever I had wondered whether I was in love with her, my doubts would have ended as I

watched her in her grief, waiting for the first passion of her sorrow to spend itself before I addressed her. The natural timidity of a woman she had indeed exhibited on several occasions ; but taking our wild, miserable, most distressful experiences throughout, her spirit had shown clear, noble, heroic, and it was this fine character in her that made her sudden outbreak miserable to witness. One would have given little heed to such a display of emotion as this in a woman who had been fretful and mopish during our trials, with tears always at hand, and a weak heart aggravating with repinings. But here was a girl whose courage had proved superior to every demand made upon it ; in those darker and sterner experiences, I mean, which might well have caused the spirit of the stoutest-hearted man to shrink within him. The sweetness of her nature had never failed her. Again and again had our gloomy underground haunt resounded with the gentle melody of her laughter, often uttered, as every instinct in me knew, for no other purpose than to cheer me ; and to see her giving way now—

I waited a little, and then I could no longer bear it. I took her hand and put it to my lips and fondled it, and said—but I know not what I said, only that I was sensible my secret had slipped from me. Whether she gathered the import of my words, whether indeed she even knew what I spoke, I cannot tell. The cloud passed presently, and she was again meeting my gaze with steadfast, shining eyes, that looked the more brilliant for the very tears she had wept. Well, thought I, everything that happens is for the best, we must believe ; yet for the rest of the day the memory that I had been hurried into saying more, much more, than I felt I ought to have addressed to her, haunted and bothered me ; but though I would eye her keenly, if furtively, and listen to her with an attention so strained that it could not have missed a single note in her utterance interpretable by my

sensitiveness, I could no more have told, when the night came and we had parted to take our rest, that she had heard or heeded what I had said to her, than I could have predicted what was to happen to us next day.

It was the morning of the twenty-first day of our captivity. I was awakened from a dream of my old home in England—a cheerful vision of an English landscape, with the soft May sky shining over budding hedges and the delicate green of spring vegetation—by the loud singing of a bird perched on a ledge of the open skylight, which I need hardly say I had long before purified of the sand that the storm had accumulated upon it. This singing had something of the note of a linnet in it, only very strong and piercing, and doubtless it was the melodious piping that set me dreaming of English meadows and woods, and the house in which I was brought up till I went to sea. I had passed a good night, felt strengthened and refreshed by the long rest, and at once kicked off my rug with the design of taking my usual morning plunge off the sand away round past the creek. All was quiet in Miss Grant's room. I climbed the steps, and found it a brilliantly clear morning, roastingly hot after the pattern of the days here, the sea very calm, with a light swaying like a long sigh running through it, and a soft air floating languidly down out of the north. I cast a careless look around the ocean, thinking more of my bath, maybe, than what might be in view; for this looking for ships had grown into a habit, and habit becomes mechanical. I then undressed and waded to the height of my hips, a depth I durst not exceed for fear of sharks, and after revelling for nigh half an hour in the cold blue swing of the little breakers, whose caressing foam sang to the ears like the seething of the froth of a sparkling wine, I stalked again on to the beach, dried, and fell to dressing myself.

Whilst I was thus occupied I sud-

denly spied something black out upon the water, but how far off I could not tell. I took it to be the back of a shark at first, or the black spine of a porpoise that would round away out of sight in a minute; then I thought it must be a piece of wreck; but, as it seemed to me to be very slowly growing, I walked to a clump of trees to shelter me from the heat of the sun, and sat down to watch the thing. It was little more than a speck when I first sighted it, but after waiting some time, and observing that it increased in size, I could not question that it was approaching the island, and that it was either a boat or canoe impelled by human agency, for there was no sail to bring her along, though the faint breeze favoured her; nor, though the tide might be helping her a bit, was the set of it swift enough to account for the thing's growth. I was gazing intently when I heard Miss Grant calling. I hallooed back, telling her to come to me. She arrived presently, exclaiming, as she approached, that she was growing alarmed by my long absence. I pointed to the object on the water.

"It must be a boat, I think," I cried. "I am watching it—waiting to see what it means."

She looked, instantly saw it, and cried, "Oh!" starting violently, with a quick clasping of her hands, and then, with her manner full of excitement, came and sat close beside me. "Oh, Mr. Musgrave, if it should prove a boat!"

"It *is* a boat; it is being rowed, too. Look attentively, and you will see the glint, on the right-hand side of it, of the wet blade of an oar lifting to the light."

"I see it!" she cried.

My mind was agitated beyond my capacity of expression by the sight of the boat. I seized Miss Grant's hand with both mine, pressing it whilst I cried out in my transport that a chance had come, that we might now regard our deliverance as certain, that my frequent bitter, imploring prayers were

heard at last, and we were now to be supplied with the means of escaping. The distress of the sea makes a very child of a man. I felt the tears which my eyes refused to distil scalding at my heart. One may bear up stoutly for days, for weeks, for months amid the misery of solitude; hope dying out in one to a mere spark amid the embers of dreams and expectations—I say, one may endure the heaviest afflictions the sea can heap upon the soul with a lion's spirit; yet it will be strange if, when succour comes at last, one does not give way as a little child might.

Within three-quarters of an hour of my first catching sight of the minute speck, it had enlarged upon the calm white heave of the sea to the proportions of what was apparently a ship's quarter-boat, with a spot of red in her that puzzled me, a mast like a hair rising out of the black rounding of the gunwales, and an occasional gleam of oars wielded most languidly and intermittently, as though handled by a dying man. Indeed, I cannot convey how suggestive of distress was this slow and irregular motion of the oars, gatherable from the sparkle of them whenever the blades rose languidly from the blue surface. Presently I saw that what I had taken to be a spot of red in the boat was a soldier's jacket, and waiting yet a little while longer, I observed that the fellow was a negro. There was no other occupant of the boat to be seen. I ran down to the beach, followed by Miss Grant, to motion the man to head for the beach at the head of the creek; for small as the breakers were it would have been madness to imperil so precious an object as the little

fabric by grounding her amongst them. He evidently understood me, for he pulled a little with his left hand to point his boat according to my gestures, and then let go both oars to stand up, with his hands clasped above his head, and his face lifted as in a posture of entreaty to God, whilst his body reeled in such a way that I expected to see him go overboard. He next made certain signs, pointing to his mouth and then down into the boat, and then clasped his hands again, but I could not understand him. I shouted, to encourage him, continuing to point towards the creek which would be visible to him, and presently he sat down and fell to his oars afresh, but rowing so weakly that it was miserable to watch him. He made shift however to bring the boat within a fathom or two of the head of the spit of sand, that formed one side of the entrance to the creek; then looking round, he got his port oar inboard out of the thole-pins, and had his hand on the loom of the other, when he fell back and disappeared.

My terror lest the boat should drift away rendered me as reckless as if I had fallen crazy. Without giving a thought to the sharks that might be about, I waded into the water till it was out of my depth, then swam with the utmost fury, and after a few strokes caught hold of the gunwale, and with a hard spring rolled head over heels into the little fabric, and seizing the oar that lay jammed in the thole-pins, I headed the boat into the creek, and sculled her right fair to the gleaming round of the little inlet without so much as glancing at what lay inside the craft, till her forefoot was aground and I had leaped ashore.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM COWPER.

COWPER has probably few readers now. One sometimes meets with an elderly lady, brought up in an Evangelical family, who, having been made to learn the "Moral Satires" and "The Task" by heart when a child, still remembers a good deal of them, and cherishes for the poet of Evangelicalism the tender affection which gathers in old age round the things which belong to childhood. But we have most of us ceased to be Evangelical, and most of us who love poetry having come under the spell of Goethe and of the lesser poets of the nineteenth century, find poor Cowper a little cramped, a little narrow, and, to tell the truth, a little dull.

Yet there are passages in Cowper's poetry which deserve to live and will live, and which will secure him a place, not indeed among English poets of the first rank, but high among those of the second. The pity is that they run great risk of being buried and lost for ever in the wilderness of sermons which fills up such a large part of "The Progress of Error" and "The Task". It is very hard to write sermons that will live, and, as a writer of sermons, I am afraid Cowper is likely to take his place on the very peaceful and dusty upper shelf in our libraries where the divines of the last century repose. But he deserves a better fate than this, and all lovers of English poetry ought to do what they can to save him from it. The difficulty is that we cannot do for him what can generally be done for other poets who have written dull things. We all know what Mr. Matthew Arnold has done for a man who, though a far greater poet than Cowper, has written things as dull as any Cowper ever wrote, and with as much innocent ignorance of their dulness. But Wordsworth's best things are not

passages torn from his longer poems, but separate pieces, complete in themselves, whether long or short, such as "Michael" or "The Highland Reaper". Unfortunately, Cowper cannot be treated in this way. For one thing, there is too little of him; his collected works are not bulky enough to bear much reduction in size. But the great difficulty is that his poetical work consists mainly in two long poems, and that it is here, scattered about in these and surrounded by dissertations, which, however moral, are highly unpoetical, that the pearls of his poetry must be looked for. There are indeed a few perfect lyrics, but they are so few that they do not interfere with the truth of the statement that it is in the main stream of his poetry, in "The Task" and the "Moral Satires", especially in the former, that the best of his work will be found embodied. But the stream is too often, like Cowper's own Ouse, rather deep, and rather muddy, and makes the search for the best a little difficult.

But when all has been said that can be said against him, lovers of Cowper need not fear for his future fame. His original popularity was due to three causes. One was that he stepped into an arena where there were no combatants. In 1785, when "The Task" appeared, Crabbe was the only poet of importance alive, and he had ceased for the time to write. Its author was at once recognized as the first of living English poets, and, if he would have allowed it, his friends would have no doubt been able, as they were anxious, to procure the Laureateship for him. The second cause was that he had not to contend with the difficulty which has stood in the way of so many poets. Wordsworth had to create a taste for his poetry, and did not succeed in

doing so till over thirty years after his best work was done. Cowper found a special public ready to his hand. The Evangelical movement was then at its height. Cowper, a sincere friend of the movement and a most genuinely religious man, appealed at once to Revivalist sympathies. His poems may be said to have borne in their very first page credentials addressed to the Evangelical party. Both his volumes were dedicated to Evangelical clergymen; the first to the Rev. John Newton, a leader in the party and a writer of some of their favourite hymns, as indeed Cowper himself had also been. Naturally Cowper at once became the poet of Revivalism, and his popularity rose with the rising tide of the movement. But the inevitable ebb has followed the flow, and Cowper has felt the effects.

But there was a third cause of his popularity. His poetry gratified a wider and more permanent taste than the taste for sermons in verse. He made himself the spokesman in a special way of two classes of people, always very numerous in England, if not generally very romantic, the lovers of the country and the lovers of home. These feelings are characteristically English. Foreigners are always struck with the English fondness for houses in the country, which presents such a contrast to the typical Frenchman's idea that Paris is the only place in the world in which life is endurable or even possible. And as to the English love of home, it has been pointedly remarked that the word "home" is untranslatable. The French and Germans have not the word, for the best of reasons, they have not the idea. The convivial pleasures which in England are associated entirely with the idea of home, are connected in French or German minds very largely with the Café or the Bier-garten. So that in this way Cowper becomes something more than the mere poet of a religious party: he becomes in some sense a national poet. What ordinary people like best in poetry is their own feel-

ings beautifully expressed. They sometimes have a liking for the mere glitter of rhetoric, or even an ear for the true music of verse, which will carry them into a fondness for poetry they do not in the least understand. There are people who have so felt the magic of the language of the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality", that they have learnt it by heart, and who yet could not give you an intelligible account of one idea in the poem. But in general, people cannot endure the discomfort of grasping a new idea. Now Cowper's readers had always loved simple English scenery: the quiet lanes, the pretty hedgerows, the lazy streams, the woods and hills and valleys had always had a vague charm for them. They had loved them in their own way, which was perhaps not a very romantic or enthusiastic or poetical way; and here was a poet who also loved them in just that same way. So, too, they had always enjoyed the "intimate delights of home", and here was a poet who sang of the joys of the fireside, the pleasures of the home in winter, even of the very teapot. "Our own thoughts neatly put, and little more", they might have cried, if it had been lawful in those days to parody Pope. Not that they would have been telling the whole truth, for of course there was much more in Cowper than in them; but they would naturally feel the kinship of Cowper's ideas with theirs, and overlook differences. Before, they hardly knew what they felt: "they could not speak", as Carlyle would put it; but now they found their utterance in Cowper. In this way Cowper is national and English. Neither his religion, the mainspring of his poetry, nor his two leading ideas, the love of retirement and the love of the country, had much interest for foreigners. And so he has never been much translated, or had in any sense a European reputation. To gain that, a poet must take his stand upon a common ground of universal interest. A philosophical, sentimental, or dra-

matic poet has a chance, if he be great enough. Shakespeare's vast knowledge of human nature, not to mention his dramatic genius, appeals to all alike. Byron's sentiment, and his fiery revolt against the shams and hypocrisies of his day, appealed perhaps even more easily to foreigners than to Englishmen. Of all this there was of course nothing in Cowper. But if his leading ideas were a little insular, I do not think we need say, with Mr. Goldwin Smith, that they were false. He says: "Cowper writes perpetually on the assumption that a life of retirement is more favourable to virtue than a life of action, and that God made the country while man made the town": and he adds, "Both parts of the assumption are untrue". Are they? Is it not a great drawback to a life of virtue among the working classes, and indeed among men of business in all classes, that they live so entirely a life of action? Is there no truth in their complaint or excuse, "I have no time for religion"? Will any one maintain that a growth in spirituality—that is, religion in the best sense of the word—is helped by occupations which crowd out and crush all attempts at the inner life? That is not the teaching of the most deeply religious men. And as for the other assumption which Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks false, that, too, has great poetic truth in it. In a poet's sense—that is, in a very real sense—God did make the country and man the town. The most prosaic person can distinguish between the works of Nature and man, and it did not need Mr. Ruskin to point out the difference between a street in a manufacturing town and a lane among country fields.

Granting, then, that Cowper's leading ideas are not so fatal to his claims as has been supposed, what is our precise debt to him? "Poetry", says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "is the noble and profound application of ideas to life". And we may say of poetry what Mr. Ruskin has said of pictures; the greatest poem is that which contains the great-

est number of the greatest ideas. Definitions like these make it at once clear that Cowper's place cannot be among the highest. He is certainly not rich in ideas; the very words "noble and profound" suggest to the mind an altogether loftier spiritual atmosphere than that which Cowper commonly breathed. When Milton writes an epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, his store of noble and profound ideas, or perhaps rather his profoundly noble and spiritual cast of mind, enables him at once to touch the highest of human faculties, the imaginative reason. The poem leaves on us that impression of perfect calm, combined with intense delight, which only true poetry can give. The real poet is our friend at all times, but also at all times our teacher, in whose presence we at once stand rebuked if we come before him in any mean or trivial frame of mind. Reverence of this kind can only be felt for the greatest: for men like Michael Angelo or Milton, men who, by their own lofty natures, are enabled to make themselves the interpreters of all that is noblest and most eternal in the nature of man; who can lay their fingers on those perfect chords which are to be struck in every human heart, though it requires a master-musician to strike them. Cowper can do none of these things; he never makes us feel far beneath him; he does not inspire us with reverence and awe, as Milton does, nor with amazement as Shakespeare does. Rather he fills us with affection; we may say of him what Mr. George Saintsbury has said of Thomson: every one feels that he has seen what Cowper has put into words for him; every one also feels that Cowper has added a charm for him when he shall see the scene again. For this kind of poet friendliness and affection are the feelings which become the prevailing ones. We seem to know him and love him; and his poems are our own thoughts "tinged with emotion and overheard".

That is Cowper's real function; his

work is a wise and tender application of simple ideas to life. It is the poetry of the second rank. He does not give us, as the third-rate poets of the eighteenth century too often give us, the jealousies and meannesses of vulgar and vain people; he gives us the true ideas of genuine, if simple, people. He feels the beauty of every hedgerow, and no vulgar or trivial man can do that; he sees it with his own eye and feels it in his own soul, not as Pope saw the beauties of Windsor Forest. He can paint the picture of the humblest and simplest character in the only true way, not lingering like a Dutch artist to trace with pleased ingenuity every coarse or ugly feature in it; nor deforming it beyond recognition with the simpering unrealities of the nymph and shepherd school of poetry. His claim as a poet is really nothing more and nothing less than this—he had an eye to see some of the things that were worth seeing in the world and a voice to utter them.

To feel this, you have only to take a stroll in a Huntingdonshire or Buckinghamshire lane, or indeed in any country lane, with "The Task" in your hand. The elderly Methodist rises before you as the very *genius loci* as you read such a passage as this:

The night was winter in its sharpest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now
at noon

Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern
blast,

The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault
is blue

Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale:
And through the trees I view the embattled
tower,

Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings, as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and
elms

Whose outspread branches overarch the
glade:

The roof, though movable through all its
length

As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall

The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders
thought.

The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half-
suppressed;

Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he
shakes

From many a twig the pendant drops of
ice,

That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation
here

May think down hours to moments.

Or, again, it needs only a stroll
by the Ouse to show how perfectly in
harmony with its surroundings, how
absolutely genuine, a picture like this
from "The Sofa" is:

Here Ouse slow winding through a level
plain

Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled
o'er,

Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their
bank,

Stand never overlooked our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and over-thwart the
stream,

That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square
tower,

Tall spire, from which the sound of cheer-
ful bells

Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths and smoking villages re-
mote.

Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily
viewed,

Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years;
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Passages like these are typical of
Cowper at his best. And they come
home to most of us at some time or
other, especially if our lot has been
much cast in quiet places. They will
not give us much inspiration: Cowper's
Muse is not often an inspiring one.

But there are moods, which come to most of us, in which we do not wish for, perhaps do not feel quite equal to receiving inspiration: moods, which find us lonely or tired or depressed; in which we are not fit to be braced by any strong blasts, but yet find the soft breezes that blow from Cowper's poetry cooling and refreshing. And lovers of the country may enjoy in Cowper what few other poets with the conspicuous exception of Wordsworth will give them; they can enjoy in him perfect truthfulness. He describes what he has seen. The robin's "slender notes", the "drops of ice that tinkle in the withered leaves below", the bells just undulating upon the listening ear are what his poet's eye and ear had seen and heard in his daily walks; and every one feels their simple truth as well as their simple beauty.

But Cowper has a second function; he is the poet of the home as well as the poet of the country. And perhaps the plain home at Olney, as we know it from his poetry and his letters, with his study and his greenhouse where he worked, one for winter, the other for summer, and the parlour where he read to the ladies in the evening, filled full as it was with quietness and contentment and affection, is as interesting to us now after all is over as the more famous villa at Twickenham where so many great people, so very different from humble Mrs. Unwin, were wont to assemble. Somehow affection follows Cowper everywhere; and it is hard to read his letters without the wish that we could drop in without notice, and have a quiet evening by the fireside with the poet of Olney and his friends. It is the feeling of course which comes up always in picturing a past scene; if only we could have been there! But it is not often that we are so sure of the reception we should get and of our own feelings, as we are in this case. Very generally our historical enthusiasm carries us only so far as the wish to have seen, without at all

inducing any wish to have been seen. How amusing, for instance, to have a glance at the wits in the Twickenham Villa; but how nervously should we have to ransack our brains and memories for smart sayings before we could venture on such a company. But at Olney or at Weston Underwood we know we should feel at home at once; and our host would be much more likely to be afraid of us than we of him. Still, even if we could get leave from the fairies to look in at that quiet scene, the poet could not tell us more clearly than he has told us how much he loved it. His letters are full of affection for it, and his poems frequently exhibit the same feeling. It could not be better given than in this passage from "The Winter Evening", a passage full of the "riches of the quiet eye".

But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy a while
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows of the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me,
So spent in parlour twilight; such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking
mind:
The mind contemplative, with some new
theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
Soothed with a waking dream of houses,
towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, creating what I saw.
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
The sooty films that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's near
approach.

* * * * *
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing
blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons
home
The recollected powers; and, snapping
short
The glassy threads with which the fancy
weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.

How calm is my recess ; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed
within !

The same note is struck in his address
to Winter in the same poem :

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

All this is certainly not very profound. But it has the note of sincerity ; and, what is even more, the note of poetry, though of the humbler sort no doubt ; and if it is not very highly tinged with emotion, still the tint, the true tint, is there. It is on passages like those quoted, which are fairly frequent, that Cowper's claims on us must be mainly based. For admirable as are a few of the smaller poems, like "Boadicea" and the immortal "Toll for the brave, the brave that are no more", and that almost perfect sonnet, "Mary, I want a lyre with other strings", they are so few that they could not really do more for Cowper than the "Burial of Sir John Moore" has been able to do for its almost unknown author. To settle the rank of a poet, quantity must be considered as well as quality ; and for that reason, in judging Cowper we must look to "The Task", for in "The Task" the body of his best work is to be found.

But Cowper has something else to interest us, besides his intrinsic worth as a poet. He occupies a most important place in the history of English poetry. That great gulf, the gulf between Pope and Wordsworth, which seems to be so immeasurably vast, and to do such credit to our powers of leaping, or rather to those of Wordsworth, if it be taken at one bound, can be passed over quietly enough and without its width being more than observed, if we make use of the bridge which Cowper has provided. Cowper disliked Pope, and thought his method and style suitable only to himself, if

suitable at all. He says as much as this several times in his letters. He says it, for instance, in a letter to Johnson, his printer, who had tampered with some of his verses : "I know that the ears of modern verse writers are delicate to an excess, and that their readers are troubled with the same squeamishness as themselves. For this we may thank Pope ; but unless we could imitate him in the closeness and compactness of his expression, as well as in the smoothness of his numbers, we had better drop the imitation, which serves no other purpose than to emasculate and weaken all we write. Give me a manly rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem full of musical periods, that have nothing but their oily smoothness to recommend them".

Some lines in "Table Talk" express much the same thing :

Give me a line that ploughs its stately
course,
Like a proud swan, conquering the stream
by force :
That like some cottage beauty strikes the
heart
Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.
When labour and when dulness, club in
hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's
stand,
Beating alternately in measured time,
The clockwork tintinabulum of rhyme,
Exact and regular the sounds will be,
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for
me.

Even more pointedly he contrasts his translation of Homer with Pope's in a letter to his friend Hill [March 10th, 1791] : "I have two French prints", he writes, "hanging in my study, both on Iliad subjects ; and I have an English one in the parlour, on a subject from the same poem. In one of the former Agamemnon addresses Achilles exactly in the attitude of a dancing-master in a minuet ; in the latter, the figures are plain, and the attitudes plain also. This is, in some considerable measure, I believe, the difference between my translation and Pope's".

Thus Cowper's feelings about Pope and his school, expressed at various times and in various ways, are clear enough. But no one can escape from his environment. Whatever Cowper might say or feel, Pope and his school were dominant; they held the field; their theory and system was still everywhere in the air. Cowper himself could not escape the subtle infection. In the very lines in which he is calling for poetry of the "cottage beauty" type, he shows how much he is under the influence which he deplures. Nothing could be more completely in Pope's manner than

Beating alternately in measured time,
The clockwork tintinabulum of rhyme.

These are lines that would not have disgraced the skilful workmanship of the Twickenham craftsman if they had been pieced together in his workshop.

Naturally the influence of Pope is seen more in Cowper's first volume than in his second; partly, no doubt, because he was then a beginner in poetry, and had not the full courage which is required for originality, and which only the independence born of success can give. But probably the main reasons for the traces of Pope's influence discoverable in the "Moral Satires" is that Cowper was in Pope's world of ideas in writing them, and he was using the metre which Pope had made his own. Rhymed couplets written in 1782 of a didactic order and about society and manners could hardly fail to fall under Pope's influence. The matter of Cowper's Satires was similar to that of Pope's Epistles, except that Cowper's moralizing is religious and Pope's is philosophical, and probably the one was as interesting to the Methodist enthusiasts of the end of the century, as the other had been to the fashionable dabbles in philosophy at its beginning; and perhaps the one is nearly as interesting, or rather as uninteresting, to us as the other. But if Pope's matter be dull as Cowper's, his man-

ner will always save him from entire neglect. That extraordinary power of finished and pointed epigram, which he acquired by such prodigious labours, his gift of saying telling things, in which he almost rivals the great French wits, and the vigour and brilliance of his antitheses, will always secure him a hearing. He is a mine of epigrams which will be always current coin in conversation, and it is safe to prophesy that his designs for coins of that kind are never likely to be superseded. Cowper did not apparently revise his original poems very carefully; he had neither the desire nor the power of being particularly smart. Any one who knows Cowper's letters, and appreciates the delicious vein of humour they everywhere display, will agree that Cowper had more humour than wit. His humorous touches are always absolutely natural, whereas the kind of epigrammatic wit aimed at in the "Moral Satires" has always something forced and artificial in it. *Ars est celare artem*. Pope's wit is so artificial as almost to seem natural sometimes; Cowper's epigrams display more labour than Pope's, though they actually received much less.

It is clear that the tradition of the school of Pope hampered Cowper in his first poems. But they are admittedly inferior productions, and written in rhyme. What then of "The Task"? Does Pope's fatal influence disappear with the disappearance of his metre? Not altogether perhaps. The poetic language of the eighteenth century, the taste for Latinisms and the four-syllabled epithets which were supposed to give a poem dignity and elegance, have not been entirely got rid of. But when all resemblances have been taken into account, it remains true that in taking up "The Task" you are entering a new world, a world quite different from the polite and elegant world of fashionable wits and learned ladies, of Pan and Flora, and nymphs and shepherds. "The Task" breathes an atmosphere of

simplicity and reality. It is the child, not of "Windsor Forest", but of "The Seasons". Indeed, when we have reached "The Task", the link between Cowper and the dominant school seems broken; all that remains of it is the rather too frequent appearance of "swains" and "vales" and "groves" and "the Fair", and similar fashionable furniture for a literary drawing-room of a hundred years ago. Cowper's real master, so far as he had one at all (for he often declares that he imitated no one) was Thomson. Thomson had like Cowper a genuine appreciation of Nature; and like Cowper he loved her best, because he knew her best, in her simpler moods. "The Seasons" and "The Task" are both poems in blank verse on the beauties of Nature, and as such naturally invite comparison. Moreover they are often not unlike in style and manner. In spite of incidental heavinesses Cowper's work is more deeply tinged with emotion; he shows more imagination, in fact more poetry. But it is certain that the resemblance is very striking. It was felt at the first appearance of "The Task", and Cowper alludes to it in a letter to Mr. Newton [December 13th, 1784]. He says, "Having imitated no man, I may reasonably hope that I shall not incur the disadvantage of a comparison with my betters. Milton's manner was peculiar. So is Thomson's. He that should write like either of them would in my judgment deserve the name of a copyist, but not of a poet." There is no doubt that he did not consciously imitate any one. He had been but a very rare reader of English poetry, and, according to his own extraordinary account, for twenty years before publishing this first volume he had only read one English poet. Apparently, after publishing, he continued something of the same practice on principle: "English poetry", he says, "I never touch, being pretty much addicted to the writing of it, and knowing that much intercourse with these gentlemen betrays us unavoidably into a habit of

imitation which I hate and despise most cordially". But there is no doubt that he was an admirer of Thomson: he says in a letter to Mrs. King [June 19th, 1788]: "Thomson was admirable in description: but it always seemed to me that there was somewhat of affectation in his style, and that his numbers are not well harmonized". "Thomson was admirable in description"! Praise from Cowper on such a point is worth consideration, for it is also Cowper's characteristic to be admirable in description. And no doubt Cowper was unconsciously influenced by Thomson: as he says himself, "we imitate in spite of ourselves just in proportion as we admire". Any one well acquainted with "The Seasons" would almost inevitably, in sitting down to write a poem like "The Task", find Thomson ringing in his ears. And Cowper the critic must have told Cowper the poet that his true work and function was to get rid of the "somewhat of affectation" in Thomson's style, and strictly refrain from the habit he sometimes indulges of describing what he had never seen, while maintaining to the full, or even increasing, his power of beautifully and truthfully describing what he had seen. And this, in plain fact, is precisely what Cowper actually did in "The Task".

But, after all, when all has been said that can be said, when Cowper has been weighed in the balance, and his poetic merits and demerits noted, it must be confessed that, great as is the charm of his poetry, the charm of his personality is even greater. His letters, among the most perfect letters in the language, are the key to his poetry, and double its interest. Go to them, go and see him in every mood, happy and unhappy, wise and witty, serious with Mr. Newton, jocular with Lady Hesketh, kind and affectionate with every one, and new light will be let in on every line of his poetry. Every one valued and kept his letters from the beginning to the end; so that, full as they are, and as all letters

ought to be, of quiet talk about himself, we have a pretty complete history of him. Indeed there are few people we know better. Especially to Lady Hesketh he poured out all his heart, and it is above all from his letters to her that we get the full history of his pre-eminently pathetic life. Just a hundred years ago their correspondence was at its height; and there are few things of a hundred years ago which stand so clear before our eyes as the little circle at Olney and Weston Underwood. The life and its story are simple enough; and yet few stories are more touching. We have enough of sentiment and to spare nowadays; have we none to give to a poet, driven to poetry as a remedy for insanity, bearing, and bearing uncomplainingly, through a long life singularly devoid of incident or change the unutterably heavy burden of dark and distressing religious delusions, and then at last, after having given new and true delights to all of his contemporaries who could appreciate poetry, sinking down to the grave through deeper and ever deeper gulfs of dejection? Have we Christians of the nineteenth century no sympathy for a man who might almost be taken as the type of a Christian, a man whose whole story breathes patience in sorrow and suffering, constant affection, constant selfishness, that "turning of the other cheek", that "losing of life" which has been well called the secret of Jesus? And then his death,—except one or two faithful friends, no one seems to have been particularly concerned about him. The first poet of the day dying in melancholy and misery, and no one regarding it! It is a curious spectacle to us now, accustomed to such extremes of publicity that we almost know when our great men get up and when they go to bed. But in no circumstances would Cowper have been well known. An interviewer would have found him a bad speculation. There is absolutely nothing of self-assertion or egotism in him; he had no interesting literary peculiarities,

and, certainly from the newspaper's point of view, no picturesque personality. Many poets leave their mark wherever they go: everywhere, for instance, where Byron went, he left his footprints. There could not be a greater contrast to this than is afforded by the case of Cowper. Westminster cares nothing for him. There are no Cowper's Buildings in the Temple; no stories current of him at Olney or Weston; at Dunham Lodge nothing remains in connection with his stay except a hole in the ceiling through which it is said they used to sing hymns to him in his illness; no poet's walk; not even a favourite tree. So it was all through: he did not greatly impress people. Poets whom the world despised have generally enjoyed the worship of a few friends at any rate. Cowper's friends seem to have treated him with but little deference; rather indeed with the contrary. What a contrast to the adulation Dr. Johnson was all the while receiving; or even to the attitude of Gray's friends towards him. No doubt Cowper himself was the obstacle; he was so modest and retiring, so inclined to look up to others and lean on them, so perfectly humble, that it would have been impossible to make a hero or a literary dictator of him. Probably it was this modesty and shyness of character, combined with the unfavourable circumstances in which he lived, which prevented him from leaving us more and better poetry. Mr. Matthew Arnold has ascribed Gray's unproductiveness to his living in an age of prose. May it not well be that Cowper would have struck a higher and a fuller note if he had not all his life been weighed down by the deadening influence of Mr. Newton, and the depressing religious atmosphere which, mainly through that influence, he was for over thirty years compelled to breathe? The poet who could write the "Lines on the Loss of the Royal George" and the "Sonnet to Mary", could have done more work of the same quality. But no poet ever had

so little to inspire him in his surroundings as Cowper. Even a Fate so unkind as his could not deny him Nature; but she placed him in a spot where Nature wears her least attractive dress. His spiritual director long strictly forbade him to write poetry, and always discouraged it; the same rigorous will persuaded him to sell his books and set him to work as a district-visitor, a task for which his nervous temperament rendered him peculiarly unfit. In the earlier part of his life few inspiring events occurred; and in the latter part, though there were enough and to spare of inspiring events, he was as far removed as he could well be from their influence. His companion through life was a lady much older than himself, who was indeed a good angel to him in his troubles, but was hardly the woman to inspire his Muse. In such circumstances the wonder is not that he has left us so little good work but that he has left us so much. What might Wordsworth have been if fate had ordained that he should live and die in the fens instead of among the lakes; that he should be born in 1731, contemporary with nothing in particular, instead of in 1770, contemporary with the infant French Revolution; and that he should spend his life in the society of good Mrs. Unwin instead of that of his wife and sister and Coleridge?

But the consideration of what might have been is proverbially foolish. Only in this case there is a moral attached.

We can never know how many "mute inglorious Miltons" have been buried in the gulf of professional eminence of which Hume's biographer is so naturally led to speak, or crushed by inexorable scientific law, forcing them into harmony with their surroundings, however far beneath them those surroundings may have been. Probably parents will never be brought to believe that there can possibly be anything better for their sons than the loaves and fishes of the world; but the rest of us may perhaps some day learn that after all it is at once pleasantest and best to let our neighbours follow their own bent and develope on their own lines.

Meantime regrets cannot now undo the sadness of Cowper's life: that curious melancholy which entered into all his thoughts and made him even think of a postman as a

Messenger of grief

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some.

We must leave all that alone; and as far as his ill-health goes, we may even think of him as one of those who were guided to the path of fame by Plato's bridle of Theages. Certainly, when all has been said, in spite of that large portion of his life of which insanity robbed him and us, in spite of his frequent sufferings, his melancholy, his isolation, he has left us a legacy for which those who love English poetry can never cease to be grateful.

J. C. BAILEY.

CHECHINA.

A RECOLLECTION OF FRASCATI.

I.

From the low wall we leaned, and looking down
 Saw sunset leave the slope of vines asleep,
 And over all the dim campagna leap,
 And on Gennaro touch a little town:
 But (thence beholding night arise and frown),
 Muffle itself in purple veils, and creep
 Glimmering up from mountain steep to steep,
 Where night o'ertook it on the top and crown.
 We turned our faces—dear was every day,
 I think it was a pang to see one die!
 We turned to watch the village children play,
 And then the brown Chechina met mine eye;
 Then first we saw our loved Frascati child;
 Our little mountain girl so grand, so wild!

II.

"I call myself Chechina." She stood out
 From twilight with the daylight on her face:
 She came, and stood, and answered, with such grace
 As ne'er in palace grew. The village rout
 Hung like her silent courtiers about.
 I said: "Though peasant and though prince be base,
 Here I do think the ancient Roman race
 Is pure within as manifest without.
 I think this child for one, in all her land,
 The lie, the lust of gold shall never stain"—
 We asked her parentage; I held her hand,
 While, prouder than a peacock in its train,
 "Mio padre é un vignero," she:
 Her great love made him great, it seemed to me.

III.

The prettiest bud since summer-time began,
 To us whose summer bloomed with joys like flowers;
 The sweetest blowing in Frascati bowers,
 That little daughter of the vineyardman!
 Now, like a nymph the darling rustic ran,
 Now, like a tragic muse she turns and lowers,
 Now, like a Roman matron moves and towers.
 —Ah, could some poet see her as I can!
 The child Chechina, goddess-browed beneath
 Deep-gathered hair all veined with glistening gold;
 Whose large eyes sudden-lifted took our breath,
 And thrilled us from that face of ten years old.
 Ere she had thrice upon a poet smiled,
 The world had won a song about the child.

IV.

But like a fragrant smoke his song would be ;
 His dream, and not the thing he felt and knew,
 Until the poet saw her smile come true :
 Not until then, O singer, till to thee
 Turned the wild mountain heart that leapt to me,
 And met this heart of mine that bounded too—
 Could either child or thou have honour due,
 Nor couldst thou see Chechina as I see.
 But her brown cheek I shall not kiss again,
 Nor hear her voice right through the ilex copse,
 Or sweet and small, like finches after rain
 That sit and chirrup down the glittering drops ;
 Or, if I only say my temples ache,
 Cease into tender silence for my sake.

V.

I tore my sketch, and cried, "Stay there, stay there,
 Chechina! Hold thy grapes up by the stalk!"
 Called him who knows to guide the rapid chalk,
 "Quick, quick, do that for me, for I despair!"
 And saw him too, my artist, fail, and tear—
 Quoth he, "A maddening model, that would balk
 The sun himself;" and, as he turns to talk,
 The grapes are here, the wild Chechina where?
 O she was drest in twenty moods an hour!
 Delicious in her sweetness or her scorn:
 Now, simply generous with all her power,
 Brought apronsful of fruit and Indian corn;
 Now, with her giving hand waved coin aside,
 But kissed a kerchief from my neck untied.

VI.

We left her gleaning grapes on Alban hills;
 We went away with summer as we came:
 She keeps her portion in our hearts the same,
 But in the sweetest memory something chills
 Like something dead. Now sudden sorrow fills
 Our doorway, and we ask, perplexed, its name,
 And why it comes with cruel face like blame—
 So fades Chechina, mixt with wrongs and ills.
 Our thymy paths are changed to flinty ways;
 Our pet bird pipes not down the brawl of life;
 Our young acacia fresh with April days,
 Dimly we see, disgraced with dust of strife.
 I sketched the child an hour, and failed again:
 An hour God gave me. Let this sketch remain.

MARY BROTHERTON.

A MODERN NOVELIST.

ON DONNE À QUI DEMANDE.

TERENCE HEBER's wife was a beautiful woman and no more, so his friends said, just as when he had married hershe had been no more than a beautiful girl. It had happened quite unexpectedly; indeed, his marriage with Rose Markham had been the one episode in his life which he had not anticipated. Terence had constantly been in love; it was a state of feeling he appreciated; it brought with it the assurance of vitality, and supplied the necessary stimulus to artistic effort. Further, apart from its reflex action, he regarded the condition as a convenient school for the study of character. "Emotion", he said, "was the lime-light which served to throw the pictures of life's magic-lantern into sharp relief". It animated the conceptions of his imagination, and invested his creations with a keen personal interest, an interest which at times, and that not infrequently, rose to genuine excitement. He had few scruples in drawing from life; he permitted himself freely to impersonate, if not his models, at least their sensations and his own; he carried the art of veiled portraiture to its highest perfection. In fact, this special exercise of his literary skill afforded him a double satisfaction, for it enabled him to enliven the hours of composition with reminiscences of the pursuits of his leisure, while all social intercourse and relationships gained an additional zest from his consciousness of the practical uses to which he could put them as an author. He regarded life as a reversible slide; not only did it offer the actual satisfactions of active enjoyment, but it also presented an in-

exhaustible supply of raw material for him to manipulate. To select, reproduce, and combine various phases of nature was his chosen avocation; and the one form of duty he recognized was to present only such subjects as were capable of awakening his own sympathy and that of his audience. That he was himself part of this raw material, and the part, moreover, most at his disposal, was no disadvantage in his eyes. He defined his personality as "an undigested fact", and brought to its investigation the practical imagination of the born naturalist.

To sum up his case, the study of life was one which commended itself to his taste and promoted his literary success; and he maintained that no one was much the worse, if no one was any the better, for his experimental researches in that branch of emotion which it is the novelist's main business to illustrate.

Men and women of the society which Terence frequented accepted with indifference alike the unprofessional results and the professional application of his theory. If the masculine mind viewed his conduct with tolerant irritation, the feminine conscience excused it with affectionate liberality; and on all sides it was allowed that his experiences had not been without a beneficial influence on his talent.

Before thirty Terence Heber had run through a course of what, for want of a better name, he called "minor sentiments". At thirty he achieved the ambition of his earlier years, and found himself entertaining a *grande passion* for a woman his elder in years and his superior in social position and

moral quality. The result was that Terence re-entered life, as he thought, a disappointed man.

At this point in his career his friends lost sight of him for some months. It was, however, rumoured that, resuming his customary emotional experiments, he had found time to become engaged to Miss Jerome, a young writer and a literary *protégée* of his own. Miss Jerome, it was further stated, had broken off the engagement, having been given abundant cause and excuse for declining to fulfil it. This report lost credence when it was known that he had discovered and was about to marry Rose Markham.

It was during a week of enforced idleness, after a too severe strain of work, that Terence had become acquainted with the Markhams. One of several sisters, Rose had been considered the unsuccessful daughter. The rest were spoken of collectively as "the handsome Miss Markhams"; they possessed what they were pleased to refer to as "traditional" good looks, the beauty in question being of a somewhat emphatic type. By their side Rose appeared a graceful, colourless sketch; her face, with its delicate perfection of outline, her neutral-tinted brown hair, the somewhat ascetic grace of her figure, looked as much out of place in her mother's drawing-room as a Greek statue in a modern dress.

Terence had been quick to detect the incongruity of her face and its setting. He found pleasure in polishing this fragile shell and detaching it from its unsuitable surroundings. The task was new to him. The other women with whom he had, to use the expression of an American writer, "made friendship", had been, so to speak, ready made, belonging by birth or adoption to the world which claimed him citizen. Rose, with her gracious tranquillity of manner, her harmonious voice and gentle face, trying in vain to reproduce the family pattern of assertive success, presented a little comedy the pathetic significance of

which Terence appreciated. For the first time she found herself singled out and sought after by a man of a different stamp from those who were accustomed to find entertainment at her home.

The fact gave rise to the amused comments of her sisters. Terence was distinctly a man of whose admiration they might be proud. He was undeniably handsome, and was quite devoid of the assumed negligence of the would-be artist in regard to his dress; he had among the intellectual laity a reputation for talent verging on genius—a reputation, be it owned, he had taken pains neither to acquire nor to retain—and his manner to women was gentle and chivalrous, even if its exaggerated deference suggested a vein of contempt.

"What does Rose find to say to him?" so her sisters debated in friendly conclave. "If he marries her, what will they talk about?" Their anxiety was not groundless; but in those long summer evenings the scent of carnation and musk, the fragrance of the mown lawns, filled the pauses of conversation.

"She talks to me more than you ever do," Terence observed one day, pointing to a portrait of her which he had been painting, and which, like all he did, displayed considerable desultory talent.

"Yes," Rose replied, taking his jest as a well-merited reproach; "but you know I never can talk."

"You can do more. You can listen, and that is far better for a vain fellow such as I am," Terence answered. He was fond of making superfluous self-accusations; he had no desire to impose upon the world, but there was an ingenuity even about his candour, and his confessions tended rather to convict him of humility than of guilt—a tendency which discredited his truthfulness unjustly in the eyes of his friends. Rose, however, only heeded his self-condemnation so far as it was her acquittal.

"But I am not clever even at listening; I often do not understand; I cannot amuse people," she continued gravely.

Had her voice been less soft, had the outline of her face, framed in summer twilight, been less perfect, he would have believed her.

"I hate clever women," he answered hastily, "women who are never happy unless on a stage. After all, for us men, whose business is to do and to act, the face of one spectator matters more than the skill of all our fellow-performers."

For the moment his errant mind reverted to one face, the face of the woman who had not loved him, which no effort of his had availed to stir from its dispassionate composure. But as he ended he saw that Rose had appropriated the reference; she was not acclimatized to the abstract-personal conversations to which he was addicted, and mistook both their candour and their reserves.

"I would always," she said with a slow smile—she rarely smiled—"be looking on."

In a few months they were married. Terence Heber felt that her beauty had found its right place in the picturesque disorder of his home; he was proud of it; he watched her movements, criticized her dress, praised her adaptability to her new life. For a year, so far as she was concerned, all went well. She was pliable, content, quiescent, not clever enough to perceive her want of cleverness when no one told her of it, nor sensitive enough to divine her husband's sentiments when he did not express them.

"I cannot talk," she had told him before her marriage, and so she told him after, with the same placid humility, when he hinted that conversation was apt to languish between her and those of his old acquaintances with whom he maintained his former intimacy. "I have not read books, nor heard music, nor lived with clever people. I do not know what they are talking about; it does not interest me. Poor Terry, you

should not have married a fool!" she would end, little guessing that he was beginning to believe it.

So matters stood when Mrs. Heber met Maud Jerome, and asked her to the house. Maud accepted her invitation and came.

People said Maud was a failure. Rose had heard hints of her story, and it was her own fault if she remained ignorant of the precise nature of the girl's quarrel with life, for Miss Jerome's story had been, to a certain extent, public property, as she herself was fond of implying, whether in bravado or in earnest it was difficult to tell.

"To have even a failure in one's past is something—for a woman," she said; "anything is better than a blank."

It was Miss Jerome's first visit. Rose made no response. Maud read her silence.

"You are surprised at my talking of it. You think that if one cared one would not; it is not the custom in your world to discuss one's losses. But that is because it looks at things from a false point of view. For me—for us—we do not profess reserve; we see no particular nobility in ignoring our mistakes, or, as we prefer to name them, our misfortunes. Providence provides facts—why should we pretend not to see them? We recognize no privileged classes, no monopolies of good fortune; it does not surprise us that the fate of a hundred other women should be ours as well. We know the good and the evil, and expect our fair share of each."

"I am sorry," Rose answered vaguely; "I have never been unhappy."

"That is why I like you." Maud's eyes, restless and dissatisfied, softened; then her variable features changed at Terence's entrance.

He, too, looked for a moment disconcerted as he came forward and shook hands with his unexpected guest.

"I did not know that you knew my husband," Rose said.

Terence laughed—he had promptly recovered his usual ease.

"Perhaps Miss Jerome thought the acquaintance no passport to your favour, Rosie," he answered for her, and Mrs. Heber made no further inquiry.

"What made you ask Maud Jerome here?" he asked, when she had taken her leave. His tone betrayed transient dissatisfaction.

"I thought she would amuse you. She is clever, is she not? And I like her. Where did you know her?" Rose answered simply.

Terence smoothed her brown hair, as he bent over the chair where she sat, quiet and content.

"Clever? No." Terence evaded the last question. "She makes a common mistake: she confuses feelings with thoughts, and when she thinks she is expressing an idea she is only trying to put a sensation into words. That is why she fails, why she cannot even talk well. To express thought is a fairly simple process—thought, speech, and even writing, being a trio by long custom intimately connected; but to translate sensation into either of the three requires a skilled interpreter, which she is not."

He spoke, as he often did, to an abstract listener rather than to his wife.

"I like her," Rose repeated.

"So did I,"—Terence abandoned his analytical tone. "Yes, have her here by all means. Perhaps you are right, and she may—amuse me."

He was at that time engaged on a new work of fiction, or, as was suggested, of autobiography. He did not resent the charge, though when on one occasion Miss Jerome alluded to the accusation he denied it.

"No," he said, "this time it is not true. I am writing the romance we all write when our own is ended."

"That is?" she asked.

"Difficult to define, but a difference every writer knows," he answered.

"Up to a certain date, you mean, perhaps, the artist turns feelings into sentiments for literary reproduction;

whereas afterwards, being better practised, he can, when in need of such stimulants, turn sentiments into feelings for the exigency of the moment." She spoke sharply.

"From a sentiment which is the result of a feeling evoke a feeling which is the result of a sentiment," said Terence lightly. "Well, it is possible. But in the present case I have taken a new departure altogether. To start with, I have for the first time bestowed the fatal gift of beauty on my heroine."

"I always thought it was the want, not the possession, which deserved that adjective," Miss Jerome interposed.

Mr. Heber's eyes rested for a moment upon the speaker's face. It was thin and brown, with sharply-cut features and dark, discontented eyes. Then he went on, without commenting on her interruption.

"Besides," he said, "it is a moral problem—my story, and the question is this: Is it permissible to deviate from the path of virtuous mediocrity in order to scale the heights of what I have ventured to call 'A Moral Martyrdom?'"

"Have you solved the problem?" Maud inquired.

"Judge. My heroine endeavours to live down, in outward seeming, to a crime of which from the best of motives she wishes to be thought guilty. She becomes, in so doing, at length capable of committing the said offence, and at the crisis of the story the guilt she had falsely espoused becomes hers by right."

"I see no heroism in making a lie the basis of action," Maud replied. A curious strain of severity was an inconsistent but vital element in her nature.

"I did not expect you would. You, Miss Jerome, will never be tempted to cry *mea culpa* over your neighbour's sin."

"It is enough to bear the penalty without adopting the crime." She moved abruptly as she spoke, but not before Terence had noted the sudden

painful flush which she had sought to hide.

The novel succeeded : it had more depth, people said, than his former writings. Terence belonged to a school—if school it can be called where all consider themselves masters—for whom the old heavens, if not the old earth, are passed away. Pending their reconstruction on some better plan, he was disposed to enjoy the exemption afforded by the interval from earlier restrictions. He fancied he had rejected a faith he had never been capable of holding, and a creed to the comprehension of which he had never attained. On the other hand, he had a lucid enthusiasm for the qualities appertaining to the best of the human race, and a shallow idealism which reflected the deeper thoughts of others and lent them a sympathetic and individual colour of his own. Added to this, he possessed an instinctive delicacy, which he indulged as necessary deference to social conventions. Further, he was so thoroughly in sympathy with himself that his readers caught the infection. With his customary frankness Terence acknowledged this last source of his popularity.

"Writers should not efface themselves," he asserted in his preface to the book in question. "They should take the public into their confidence, should invite it to sit at their writing-table, and to inspect their work-room. We should counteract its tendency to demand perfection of the author by appealing to it to palliate the inevitable frailties of the man. Without obtruding one's personality one should make it felt that upon that personality, as upon a faulty exponent, lie the sins of the artist whose ideas are compelled to filter through so imperfect a medium."

Whether his theory was just or not, its results were satisfactory, and the fortunes of the Hebers prospered.

Rose saw more of Terence than in the first year of their married life. He had ceased to demand of her those

qualities of intelligence she did not possess, and his temporary impulse of disappointed impatience had subsided. On her part she exacted no companionship from her husband, and her friendship with Maud Jerome supplied what might be lacking to her in that respect. It was a friendship of affection rather than of common tastes or interests ; a somewhat silent partnership in which Miss Jerome, as happens to women without domestic ties, fell into a recognized place in the Hebers' household. Rose took her presence as a matter of course ; Terence treated her with the tentative confidence of a trusted comrade who yet presents a slightly enigmatical study of human nature.

Perhaps most people could have read at first sight the story which was being enacted : the two women each giving of their best—Rose gentle, affectionate, and content ; Maud remorseful, weakly acquiescent to circumstances, all the threads of her life drawn to one perilous issue—while Terence accepted the situation in an attitude of sympathetic neutrality and of gentle curiosity as to its possibilities of crisis and catastrophe.

The stress of work and excitement had left him with an indisposition for effort ; he accepted whatever interests came most easily within reach, and if he calculated the cost it was not Maud's risk he estimated.

"Help me to keep him amused," was Mrs. Heber's constant request to her friend. "He wants some one to talk to, and you always manage to interest him."

Yet on Maud, even more than on Terence, the strain of the last years had told. Outside the Hebers' house she was silent, dull, and constrained. One evening, in Terence Heber's drawing-room an old acquaintance made jesting comment on her altered ways. She changed colour, as had become her wont, with quick inconsequence.

"She is now, as Haslitt—is it ?—says, too happy to be gay," Terence, standing near, answered in her place.

"Reverse it; I was too gay, perhaps, to be happy," she said, but her voice reached his ear alone. The other speaker had moved away with a sense of having made a false step.

"Poor gaiety! Why blame her?" Terence protested. "You deal out scant justice altogether to the past. Correct the fault; it is unphilosophical and crude. For my part, there is not one scene, even the most trivial, to which I would not willingly give an *encore*."

"Fortunately for illusions, Nature allows no repetitions," she observed.

"You beg the question. Why call the pleasantness of the past illusion?" Terence asked, with gentle kindness.

"Because it is the realm where imagination reigns supreme." Maud spoke with unguarded vehemence, "We see a green leaf, fresh and living, where were in truth but dry, lifeless fossils."

"So you think it is better to leave Yarrow unrevisited, as Wordsworth thought before he unearthed his inevitable moral lesson," Terence replied—he was watching her worn face with more attention than usual. There was a pause. She did not answer his last words. He felt sorry for her; her eyes, restless and unhappy, gave him a sense of disquiet; he would have liked to have rid himself of an uncomfortable fear from which even his easy-going conscience shrank—a fear that he might have had some share in her life's unsuccess. He spoke on an impulse, half selfish, half affectionate.

"You can, at least, afford better than most people to indulge memory. You were wise and good, too good for me, and, unlike Rose, you knew it. Have you ever quite forgiven me?"

It was a close September night. The last guest had at length taken leave. Rose leant against the balcony, looking silently down on the square garden below. A large yellow moon hung in the foggy sky; the leaves of the flaming Virginian creeper rustled and dropped at the slightest stir of a fitful breeze. She was think-

ing of the summer before her marriage, of the flower-garden of the big country-house which had been her home, of the corn-fields beyond the high iron gates. There was no regret in her mind. Regret is an active reflection on the pictures memory retains; it is a contrasting, an adding up of accounts when the balance is on the wrong side. Rose simply followed the train of past impressions—the gardener watering at sunset, the sound of the mowing-machine in the morning, the stain on her white dress when a crushed geranium had soiled it, her mother's annoyance—she smiled now to remember how long it was since anyone had scolded her. Each separate scene drifted before her passive gaze, while the moon grew dimmer and the fog thickened.

Terence's voice recalled her to the present. He was close beside her, and turning she saw his face in the uncertain light.

"Poor Terry! how ill you are looking!" she cried, startled, putting both her hands on his shoulders.

"Come," he said, "you have had enough moonlight, and Miss Jerome is waiting to say good-night."

Rose paused to shut the window, and when she came back into the room Maud was alone.

"Poor Terry!" his wife repeated; unconsciously she adopted a tone of gentle commiseration when she spoke of him.

"Poor!" Maud repeated under her voice; then aloud, "Rose, did you know he was the man I was once to have married?"

She spoke abruptly and rather breathlessly.

Rose made no reply; then, as if vaguely aware something had been demanded of her, she stooped and kissed the girl absently.

"He is ill to-night," she said, thinking aloud as was habitual to her when only Maud was present. Maud's tired face contracted.

"Rose," she began again, low and

urgently, "do you—do you understand?" She broke off. Terence had re-entered the room, and Mrs. Heber was not even listening to her.

Two years had come and gone. At Biarritz, in a room the shaded windows of which look straight upon the sea, Terence was dying. He was upon the very eve of starting upon that voyage of discovery whose results remain unrecorded. It was the hottest hour of the day; the other inmates of the *Maison Martin*—a young couple with two children still in the stage of babyhood—were asleep or silent. Rose, too, was resting, and Maud Jerome had taken her place in the sick-room. An unfinished manuscript lay on the table by the bed, two or three French novels, the newspaper of the day, and a pile of unanswered letters.

Never since that September night in London had Maud reverted to the subject of her broken engagement with Rose Heber's husband. Yet through all those months that night had made the background of her thoughts.

"Tell me, Maud, have you ever quite forgiven me?" he had asked.

"Once I loved you too little to forgive, now I love you too much." Her answer, reckless of consequences; the self-reproachful pity with which he had responded to her words, repented as soon as uttered; his hand as it touched hers, his kiss as it burned on her cold fingers—every detail of the scene, her half-begun confession to Rose of the past and of the present, remained stamped on her memory; remembered by her, forgotten by him.

"How often the whole existence of a woman seems made for nothing but to serve as a chance episode in the life of a man," she thought now, as, reviewing the past with unresentful patience, she sat by the open window. The blue sea, the bluer sky, what would they be to her a week, a day hence, she speculated—to her who had no right to mourn, no claim to sorrow,

save as the universal birthright? Then, conscious that Terence had stirred, she turned. His eyes were wandering from her face to the letters on the table, to the window; then he spoke.

"It was good of you to come out to us. Rose could not have done without you." Then his thoughts reverted to himself. "Do you know—they have not said it—but I am going to die." He looked as if the idea amused him faintly. "Those letters will remain unanswered. Death is a great experiment—" the last words came like an after-thought.

"Do you—do you mind?" Maud's question escaped her involuntarily.

"Do I mind?" he repeated slowly. "Yes;" then he paused and smiled, and added, "a little. I should even like to prolong the situation. Dying is a new experience, though one of which the use is uncertain."

She saw that he was laughing at himself; perhaps he had laughed at himself throughout more than people suspected. Once again she looked away from him. She watched the receding sails of a small boat till they lessened to a mere white speck on the water.

"Tell me, what do you think of dying?" Terence spoke again.

"That it is the only evil under the sun," she said with subdued anger. "It is the prison where our joy lies chained. Death is our jailer."

"Do not think that, Maud. I have a better theory. I think he holds us hostages, not prisoners—a hostage, not a prisoner," he repeated, as if to himself.

She rose. Once more she looked down on the bay. The sail she had followed was out of sight; other sails of other boats drifted towards the same track.

"I must call Rose—I promised," she said. She paused on her way beside him; his eyes rested a little anxiously on her, till she smiled back at him, then stooping she lifted his hand to her lips.

There was no struggle during that last hour ; Death had, as it were, signed a truce with Life. The children below wakened ; people stirred in the house ; the children's mother stole up the stairs to make some kind inquiry, and came back, the inquiry unmade.

"Which of the three will it hit hardest?" she said, rejoining her husband.

"One recovers everything but death," he said, checking a smile.

In the room above, Mrs. Heber rose from her knees. She had at first repeated some fragmentary prayers,

now she had forgotten her praying ; there was nothing new to tell God, except that Terry was dead.

"What is it, Rose?" asked Maud, as she moved. Maud's face looked dull and blind as Rose's sad eyes were lifted from her husband and fell on her.

"He did not love either of us," said Mrs. Heber in her low, still voice. It was as though she expressed a thought so familiar as to have lost its significance. "Poor Terry!"

Mrs. Heber had, after all, understood.

IN MACEDONIA.

"SALONIQUE—*sûle et unique*," contemptuously ejaculated our captain as we ran up the Thermaic Gulf, and, strangers as we were, ventured to remark favourably on the distant view of Cassander's capital, rising up the low hills before us; and so saying he lighted a fresh cigarette, turned on his heel, and philosophically dismissed the unsavoury city from his mind until such time as he should be actually there. Not so ourselves. We had not yet trod its malodorous alleys or stumbled among its perpetual puddles, and we only turned from the approaching picture of gables, domes, minarets, and cypress-trees set in a straggling frame of white wall, to look back at the grand prospect now emerging behind us from the mists of sunrise; for hanging as it seemed in mid-air, with mighty base all enveloped in sea fog, with mile on mile of snow blushing rose-coloured in the morning sun, was Olympus itself, awful as of old. Among the mountains of Greece it has no rival; and indeed there can be few in the world that so immediately impress the beholder with a sense of magnitude. Seen, as it almost always is for the first time, from the sea, its height appears enormous, far beyond its actual measurement of not quite ten thousand feet, and the illusion is assisted by the vast snow-cap which in April comes far down its mighty sides. Its neighbours, both south and west, are by no means small, but it dwarfs them all alike, and verily one understands why the Giants piled Ossa upon Pelion to attain its summit. The snowy cone of the former was before us at the moment, and while we lay at Volo it seemed that nothing could be finer than Pelion's shaggy, riven sides, whereon Jason cut the timber for his Argo, and Chiron trained Achilles to be Homer's hero. But

seen from Salonica, at morning, mid-day, or evening, the superb seat of Zeus triumphantly attests the constant appositeness of Greek myth, which honoured it above all other mountains of the Mediterranean.

Once past the venal *douane* and inside Salonica, the force of both the captain's epithets is amply vindicated. The principal products may be summed as beggars, deformities, dirt, fruit, and Jews. The latter are lords and masters of the place, and almost make it appear a foreign city garrisoned by a handful of Turks. Even the ubiquitous and assertive Greek, who in most Levantine cities, and above all in his own country, is more than a match for the Jew (whence there are so few Jews in Greece) must yield to him here. For the first time one sees the Hebrew as he may have looked in the days of his independence: not as elsewhere occidentalized, pliable, transformed in outward habit and manner, if still bearing in his face the unmistakable signs of his origin; but erect, black-bearded, clad in the flowing robe of his fathers, conscious that he is of the dominant race, though his fez proclaims political allegiance to the Sultan. In these stern dark faces one sees at last the possible heroes of the Old Testament, if at the same time those that killed the prophets and consented to the stoning of Stephen. The women are picturesque, seldom really handsome, and in this are inferior to the Greeks. Seventy thousand Jews are there in Salonica at the smallest computation, out of a total population of some hundred and ten thousand: verily a city of Israel! Consequently the language of the place is the language of the Jews, a strange degraded form of Spanish, assuredly not understood in Seville, and rapidly approximating to the Levantine Italian.

The latter tongue, even in its purer form, will serve the traveller better than anything else in this city of varied and villainous speech; it bears enough resemblance to their hybrid tongue for the Jews to understand it; the Greeks speak it fairly well; there are many pure Italians in the town; and a Turk understands it as well as anything beyond his own language. Greek is spoken very generally and very well; Turkish is necessary to command respect, especially in the rural districts; but besides these three or four tongues, there is a medley of Bulgarian, Albanian, Wallach, and what not, which makes the old Via Egnatia which runs through the town a very street of Babel.

A bye-street in Salonica is a slum indeed, ill-paved and filthy and odorous to the last degree; but the quay is well-paved and fairly clean, and the best walk in Salonica, if only for the view of Olympus down the Gulf. Some three main streets run almost parallel with it, the middle one being in the line of the old Via Egnatia, paved during most of its long course, and the place above all others wherein to see the strangest sights of Salonica. There congregates a confusion of nationalities and of dirt unsurpassed at least in Europe. The street is of course narrow, and a walk along it from the place where the Vardar Gate ought to be, but is not, thanks to a Vandal of a pasha who built his house therewith some years ago, to the rickety arch of Constantine, is a difficult, if an amusing performance. Now come two or three tattered *zaptiehs* (mounted police), clattering along the pavement with horses as ragged as themselves; now a pasha rides more gravely by, though he is quite as dangerous, proceeding as he does, in a manner totally irrespective of foot-passengers; now a Bulgar, with a string of hares or unsavoury meats on a pole, swings his wares into your face as he turns to wrangle with a customer; there a dancing bear is blocking the way and snarling at the de-

lighted peasants who stand round him; here a string of camels, or two or three donkeys laden with perfect bushes of furze, must be avoided. These donkeys are often laden with long stakes for firewood or palings, and these, catching the spokes of passing wheels, spin their patient bearers round like whipping-tops. Everywhere are porters bearing on their bent backs those enormous and unwieldy loads which no man would ever carry out of Turkey; and all around such a confusion of high-pitched voices as can only be fitly compared to the parrot-house in the Regent's Park. Every one talks to every one else from the back of the little shops where they sit cross-legged behind their wares, and what with the intervening distance, and the multitude of competitors in the talking-match, a man with a weak voice would have no chance of a hearing; consequently the struggle for existence has eliminated such, and they do not exist at this day in Salonica.

The city wall and citadel, so conspicuous from the sea, are no longer in a state of defence, nor could they be made so now. They would delay neither Greeks nor Austrians, whichever is to get this portion of the spoils of dismembered Turkey. But perhaps Greece had better confine her aspirations to Janina just at present, and not forget withal one or two facts. Turkish soldiers are ill-clad, ill-shod, and unkempt to the last degree, but they have proved over and over again that they can and will fight. Plenty of people who should know, assert that so far as sheer "give and take" went, they were as good men as the Russians in the last war; and, fine troops as are the Guards who strut about Athens, it may well be that the Turkish soldier of the line can fight quite as stoutly, and he has the advantage of numbers. The Turkish infantry, if ill-paid, is very well fed, and has a real *esprit de corps*, begotten of the devotion to the Padi-sha, which in its way is no less strong than the undoubted national spirit of modern Greece; and if the Powers

were to stand aloof and see the battle out, the Turks might be nearer to Athens at the finish, than the Greeks to Constantinople or even Salonica. The latter perhaps are not wholly blind to this, and their present Premier is not likely to lead them astray; but, after seeing Salonica, one cannot but think that the "favourable conjuncture" will have to be very favourable indeed, if King George is to sit on the throne of Cassander and Boniface. The Jews will always be directly opposed to a Greek occupation, the foreign elements in the place apparently desire no change, and even among the villagers, so often quoted as favourable to Greece, we failed to find a preponderance of Hellenic blood. It is another matter in Epirus; there the population is at least as Greek as in Attica, the Turkish hold is weak, and putting aside historical sentiment, the Greeks have a real claim on Janina by the Treaty of Berlin. In Macedonia they can only justify their claim by a somewhat imperfectly understood past, for Demosthenes would hardly have comprehended the indissoluble integrity of Macedonia and Hellas, and might, were he to hear the phrase for the first time, even call it a barbarian lie invented in Pella; while if the Byzantine Empire be the justification—and the only really Greek Empire was that of Nicaea and its consequence at Constantinople after 1251—the historical argument becomes very hard to follow in a time when Greece herself was Frankish and when Salonica was Genoese, Bulgarian, or what not. Indeed, on this ground she might claim many other cities more accurately than Salonica.

The antiquities are fast disappearing before Time and the Turk. Of the Macedonian capital there is little or nothing to be found, though much lies buried under the crowded houses at a depth of ten or twelve feet, as witness the fragments and monumental inscriptions which are always turned up when the foundations of houses are disturbed; several have been found

recently in the Jewish quarter, but the stone-masons do not allow them to survive for long. An archæologist will always find new ones by searching stone-masons' yards and the like; but he will look in vain for many of those already published. Almost all will be of the Roman period, when Thessalonica had become an important military and commercial station, the capital of a province and the key of the Egnatian Way. Of Christian Thessalonica there are remaining the many churches now converted, though with little alteration, into mosques. Murray's Handbook sufficiently describes them all, and it only remains to be said that their future preservation depends on a foreign occupation, for the mosaics are fast being ruined and the pillars chipped and defaced; while the original pavements seem in most cases to have disappeared, for they have now a heterogeneous flooring of brick, fragments of Hellenic stone and what not, and their frequent use as barracks or receptacles for refugees does not tend to their advantage. Of the famous or infamous Hippodrome, the scene of Theodosius' massacre, no trace can be found; and the same may be said of most relics of antiquity for which one searches painfully at Salonica. The crowded town has swallowed them up. Occasionally in impenetrable gardens a broken column or two might be found, if an archæologist were allowed to search; but, worst of all, the imagination cannot play in these busy overcrowded streets as it can in open spaces. Not the least of the claims of Athens to be the most interesting ancient city in the world, rests on its open spaces. The Acropolis has only its ruins; weeds and grass grow between the stones and half bury the fallen fragments (save where the excavator has been at work during the last few years), and nothing obstructs the mind in its passage back to the day of former splendour. There is no jarring modernism, no break in the logical sequence of decay. Around lie the Pnyx, the Museum Hill, the Areo-

pagus, the wild waste of the southern slope, all alike deserted, all ready to be peopled by the flitting shadows of imagination, too delicate, too shy for the vivid colours, the moving throng, the noise, the dirt, the life of Salonica.

The Turks are trying hard to simulate an interest in antiquities, and, being entirely ignorant thereof, regard the less ignorant with jealousy. Anything found of intrinsic value goes into the vast grave of the Sultan's treasury, if not arrested previously by the greed or the complaisance of an official. A show is even made of preserving such dusty relics as inscriptions: seven comparatively valueless Roman *stelæ* are set up in state round the courtyard of the Konak, where the weeds grow over them and the children jump upon them. The usual archaeological processes are not very well known yet in Salonica, and it needs some imperturbability to take a paper-impression either in the courtyard of the Konak or in the open. In the former, besides a gallery of soldiers, boot-blacks, beggars and so forth, your operations will be watched by the officials from the windows; and possibly you will be presently summoned courteously to the Bureau of Public Instruction up stairs. The Minister of Public Instruction (whose office, it need hardly be said, is a sinecure) has, as usual, nothing to do, and is the natural channel through which the Governor-General may obtain a nearer view of a foreigner who, under the mask of putting wet paper on useless stones, is doubtless making plans of the Konak for the benefit of Austria. The *modus operandi* is as follows: the Minister is very desirous to converse with any one interested in antiquities; will you follow the messenger? Leaving your impressions to the tender mercy of the wind and the boot-blacks, you comply, and are introduced in bad French to one of those dirty bureaux peculiar to Turkey, where no work is ever done, but where a Minister, a Secretary, and

one or two officers sit all day long drinking coffee, praying at intervals, and smoking incessantly. Presently comes the second part of the farce: the Governor has had an antique pin presented to him at Cavalla; will you be so good as to come into his room and tell him its value? You once more follow your guide, this time to a drawing-room upholstered in dirty yellow satin. The Governor enters; you *salaam*; the pin is produced, being a wholly valueless intaglio in a modern setting: you solemnly pronounce it genuine and priceless, and, your photograph having been mentally taken by the officials present, once more *salaam* and retire. To take a "squeeze" in the open is to be for twenty minutes the centre of a crowd consisting of all the dogs, boys and loafers of the particular quarter, an obstructor of traffic, and the mark of a hundred questions in half the languages of the Levant. Not that the crowd is troublesome or offensive—far from it; it helps in every way it can, by putting its fingers on and through the paper to keep it on the stone, and only the necessity of getting a nearer view compels it to block out all the available light; but the whole ordeal is distinctly novel and conducive to a certain slackness in future as to taking impressions in public places.

The town is safe enough, and the same holds good of the country for a few miles round. The streets are quiet at night in spite of the paucity of police and lamps, but there is no harm, and there may possibly be some good, in carrying a revolver; it will always scare a footpad in the town, if it is useless against a brigand in the country. Many travellers strongly discountenance the six-shooter in these countries; but the matter may be summed up in this wise: if a man has not self-control, if he is subject to sudden excitement or terror, he ought not to travel in the East at all: if he is none of these things then a revolver, which he will probably

never use, will often give him a confidence which may enable him to go into queer places and among queer people, and do valuable work which he would otherwise have left undone. In extreme cases also it will serve against the fierce dogs on the mountains; in very extreme cases only, for he who slays the dog may have to do the same for the master. But if attacked by two or more dogs at once, for whom stick and stone have no terrors, a revolver must be used, or the matter may become serious, for the dogs are hardly to be distinguished from wolves; if one dog is killed it will be enough, sometimes a shot in the air will be sufficient, and then you must avoid the shepherd himself as you best can.

Two things have given Salonica a bad name; the massacre of the two consuls ten years ago, and the constant brigandage in the district. As to the former, it was the work solely of the lowest part of the populace, infuriated by a religious quarrel with the Greek Church, and finally inflamed by the gratuitous presence of the two consuls who were identified with the opposite party. The story was well enough known at the time. For some days the Mussulman population, already distracted by the political troubles which ultimately led to the deposition of Abdul Aziz, had been excited by the refusal of the Greek priests to give up to her parents a young girl who herself wished to enter the orthodox communion. On the fatal day a meeting was announced in one of the mosques in order to protest against this slight to the Mahometan religion, and nothing further would have occurred, had not the two consuls, impelled by a foolish curiosity, and relying on their inviolability, entered the place of assembly. They were recognized; the mob waxed furious at their insulting presence, and barred their exit. The leading Turks present stood round them as a guard, and for a long time kept the rabble at bay, and had the Governor sent at once for the men-of-wars' men from the harbour,

(the soldiers were accidentally in the country districts) all would have been well; but he lost his head, hesitated, the mob broke down all resistance and beat and hacked the unlucky consuls to death. In less than a week, seventeen ships of war were in the port. The Turks did all they could by way of reparation; they paid huge sums to the bereaved families, and hanged the ringleaders on the quay, some in bravado fitting the noose to their own throats and jumping off the ladder. But the office of the victims and the terrible circumstances of the crime have darkened and perpetuated the stain on the reputation of Salonica.

The causes and character of Macedonian brigandage are complicated by a possible political element; but it is no easy matter to learn the true state of the question. Turks and philo-Turks assert positively that it is supported by secret societies in Bulgaria and Greece, with the view of discrediting the Ottoman Government in the eyes of the Powers; but in spite of the preponderance of Greeks in the brigand bands, one is loth to believe in the complicity of the Greek nation, even through a secret society. In any case, the authorities are absolutely innocent of such foul play, and do what they can in the absence of an extradition treaty. It would be well, nevertheless, to be more careful, and not to allow notorious ruffians to harbour in Thessaly, as was asserted to be the case not long ago, for no diplomatic jealousies ought to give security to a blood-stained monster like the infamous Nicko, who was said to have lived for some time at Larissa. The taking of Colonel Syngde was the least of this brute's misdeeds, the atrocious character of which shocked even his own villainous profession. Here is one which can be absolutely certified. Some years ago he took two little children, for whom he demanded four and three hundred *liras* respectively. The larger sum was paid, and, like a strict man of business, he gave up the child; in the second case he had to do with

poor parents to whom the sum demanded was an impossibility. Fifty *liras* were sent up, and sent back again. The wretched parents sold all that they had, raised a subscription, and got together another hundred. Nicko sent this back as before, with the brief message that, if he was not satisfied in three days, the child would not be living. He kept his word; the parents received the body in four quarters, and Nicko told his own horrified ruffians that business was business, in this as in anything else.

But be the causes what they may, the country is never quite safe, even though no cases of brigandage have occurred for months, or even years. The Turkish authorities do their best spasmodically; but they cannot clear out Olympus, so long as the dubious frontier-line runs among that mass of mountains. Nor do they quite seem to realize the full extent of the offence against society and the discredit to themselves which are involved in the continual existence of brigandage; for when they do lay the offenders by the heels, they often inflict upon them wholly inadequate punishment. A case like Colonel Synge's galvanizes them into energy for the time, while an angry Consul threatens a visit from the Squadron, and the deduction of the ransom from the Cyprus surplus; but no one who knows Turkey can expect that to last. Let no one make a mistake about the character of a Greek brigand-chief: he is not a picturesque, chivalrous rascal, a King of the Mountains, a Byronic freebooter; he is a filthy, sordid, cruel trader in human flesh and blood, with as brutal an attention to business as the most unwashed, rum-drinking, slave-master of fiction. To be sure, he is not in the habit of keeping ladies in bondage, because it does not do to be encumbered with captives who cannot keep up with his band in the flight to the mountains; if he is obliged, as in the last case, to take the wife also, he sends her back to treat for the ransom.

This latter is a mere question of supply and demand, and an Englishman is worth a good deal more than any one else. Nicko began with a demand for £20,000 in the case of Colonel Synge; and finally released him (thanks to the diplomacy and unremitting exertions of Mr. Blunt, the well-known Consul-General of Great Britain at Salonica) for £14,000 and forty gold watches, the latter being bought for something less than a pound apiece in Salonica. The money was paid in gold and every coin was counted and tested by the commercial robber, two or three which had become a trifle light being rejected: and, as Mr. Blunt's *kavass* ruefully remarks, they gave *him* nothing for bringing it all the way up the mountain. These brigands seem to treat their prisoners fairly well, so long as all goes right, giving them what food is procurable, and allowing them the use of newspapers and the like, sent up by their friends; while nothing delights them so much as to be regarded in the light of belligerent powers treating with the authorities on equal terms. But let any hitch occur, and they will threaten anything—from making their victim into a human bonfire with petroleum (as they did to Colonel Synge), to simply going through the pantomimic action four or five times a day of cutting his throat. These pleasant threats, combined with the torture of bonds and the far worse agony of hope deferred, make a thirty days' detention in Olympus a terrible ordeal which leaves an abiding mark on those that have endured it.

There are never brigands actually established in the plain of Salonica: their haunts are the district under Olympus, and the mountains near Monastir and Serres; but give them time to hear of a prize worth taking in the lowland, and they will come far and brave much to take it. Colonel Synge's farm lay only three hours from the Vardar and was surrounded by a village, but the brigands attacked him and set his house on fire unmolested. Mr. Soutar was taken in the peninsula

of Cassandra, the western prong of Chalcidice, by the brigands from Olympus, Manuel, Aristides, and Nicolas, who crossed the gulf with their band of ruffians in a *caïque*, and carried off their prize from the middle of a brigade of soldiers. This will show that no one, and least of all an Englishman after these enormous ransoms paid by the British Government, can ever be safe for long; and he must either make, as we did, short expeditions of two or three days only from a town, or take his chance. The old bands are now broken up, but some of their members are still at large, and the stray cases that occur from time to time near the mountains show that the danger still exists, and would become pressing did a suitable prize expose himself. Police and guards generally are not of much avail; they would, and indeed could, do little against an organized attack, while with the solitary highwayman the traveller himself could probably cope; but they certainly give an official air to the party which commands respect in the villages, and might make a weak band of brigands chary of attacking. In any case, if the Consul's advice is not implicitly followed, the captive traveller has no claim on his government for ransom. The brigand has, as a rule, no other calling; he is not an impecunious shepherd who takes to the road, as is so often the case in Albania, but his villainous trade is almost hereditary. He plays a role for his own hand, killing his prisoners if not ransomed, or if he be too hotly pursued, as in the terrible case of Mr. Vyner in Attica; but he doubtless takes to himself some credit for being a good if somewhat disreputable patriot.

At the other end of the great marshy plain lies all that remains of Pella. We left the city founded by the weak, cruel Cassander, still as full of life as it had been through all its long chequered history; we came, six hours later, to the city of the mighty Philip to find it as though it had never been.

A Roman fountain, two bits of fluted Doric columns near Alaklisi, a fragment of wall, some scattered rubbish, was all that we could find of the creation of one of the world's master-minds, the city whereby Philip signalized the birth of the Macedonian empire, the city which gave birth to Alexander and moulded the destinies of two continents. And yet beyond all doubt this is as Philip himself would have wished; that it is desolate to-day while Salonica lives, is only the sequence of his far-seeing, ever-happy schemes. No one who has stood on the site of Pella and looked at the dull marsh and level plain below, marking the remoteness of the sea and the absence of all strategical importance in the position, can suppose for one moment that it was intended for the permanent capital of the new Empire of Macedon. Little wonder that Alexander was suspected of a preference for an Asiatic capital. Why then did Philip found it? Study the history of the Macedonian people, read Alexander's speech to the mutineers at Opis (be it Arrian's or be it Alexander's), and it will become evident enough. Mr. Tozer, who is one of the very few who have been actually on the site, says that Philip wished to bring his people nearer to the sea than they had been at Vodina or Monastir; he should rather have said that Philip wished to bring his people into the plain, to make them from wild mountaineers the civilized world-conquerors that they became. Pella could never have been a port of consequence. When it was created, Macedonia was still shut out of her own seaboard and not yet prepared to assert her right thereto; but Pella in the plain proved the essential point of departure, whence the transformed highlanders marched to subdue their whilom rivals of Thrace, to crush in Olynthus the Hellenic monopoly of their seaboard; to annex Thessaly, to spare Athens, to traverse Asia from the Hellespont to the Hyphasis. Hence

the enormous interest of this vacant site, the more suggestive for its very vacancy.

No one who looks at the marsh can believe in its having ever furnished decent communication with the sea; but at the same time its unhealthiness is probably mythical. We saw no signs of disease in Jenidjeh, and felt no bad effects from our stay there. It is accordingly not for the port or canal that an archæologist should search, but for the city itself in the neighbourhood of Alaklisi. The object of our visit was to estimate the possible success of such research, and we were compelled to admit that it was by no means assured. The site is so vast, the indications are so slight, and the difficulties of procuring labour and obtaining security would be very great in existing circumstances. Add to this that the whole site is under cultivation, and the proprietors must be bought out at a considerable cost from their fertile fields. If excavation be anywhere undertaken, it must be in the neighbourhood of the track which leads from Alaklisi across the main road, and which is marked by the two broken Doric columns aforesaid. The difficulties once overcome, much ought to be found, for neither Alaklisi nor Jenidjeh have stolen very much; the city wall seems mainly to have been quarried for the latter. An uninteresting, stifling, dirty place is this successor of Pella, in whose *khan* we slept in despite of noisy soldiers (collected there with a view to coming troubles on the frontier) and obtrusive entomological specimens. Far more interesting in many ways is the Bulgarian village of Alaklisi on the other side of the old site, with its barbarian population from whom we bought various relics of

Pella, including some eighty coins, for about five shillings sterling. Jenidjeh is full of refugees from Bulgaria, living in very holes of the earth, though, we were told, of good position in their own country. A wild-looking lot is that one meets between the Vardah and Jenidjeh, each sullen man sitting sideways on his mule or donkey, armed to the teeth, and riding silently on in Indian file. The customary salutations to the passing traveller seem little in vogue here, and altogether one hardly covets a more intimate acquaintance. The strangest group that we passed consisted of five dancing bears of all ages, sleeping peacefully in the sun by the side of their snoring masters! Animal life was further represented by numbers of buffaloes, used for draught, countless coney or lemur, cranes and herons in the marshes, and storks on trees and chimneys. Near the fountain of Pel an eagle has also taken possession of a tree, but he sailed away unscathed from an attack with our only available weapon of long range, a Martini rifle.

But whatever the defects of Pella as a site, whatever the dulness and deadness of its marshes, one need only lift one's eyes to the glorious mountain ring encircling it in a half-moon from the superb Olympus to the long white-capped blue line running down in front of Cavalla. It was worth the journey to stand in the centre of that gorgeous arc, even had the site of Pella no other interest; and we left the solitary plateau, if with subdued hopes of resuscitating the city of Philip, at least with an understanding of the motives of its foundation.

D. G. HOGARTH.

ORLANDO BRIDGMAN HYMAN.

BY AN OLD PUPIL.

IN Mr. Locker-Lampson's "Patchwork" he tells us of meeting a distinguished acquaintance to whom he happened to speak of the Athenæum Club as a delightful place, because it gave you the best chance of meeting the most interesting people—artists and men of science, statesmen and soldiers, great travellers and great scholars. His remark however failed to elicit any sympathy, the reply being, "Yes; that is all very well if you want to meet that sort of person, but as a matter of fact one doesn't"! To those whose opportunities are limited the superb indifference of such a rejoinder will sound even more grotesque than to members of the Athenæum Club. When we do find a remarkable man interesting it is difficult to over-rate a privilege that so rarely offers itself.

The subject of this paper, dead many years since, has acquired enviable distinction in a book¹ which at least cannot be accused of indiscriminate panegyric. His claim to be remembered is therefore to some extent a public one, and may furnish these reminiscences with their excuse, if any other be needed than the personal affection of a pupil. Our acquaintance was short indeed: it lasted little more than a month—two periods I think of about a fortnight each, separated by an interval of nearly two years, but they were fortnights of such rare enjoyment as are not immediately suggested by the words private tuition. When some twenty-two years ago I asked a friend to find me some one in London with whom I

could read, the name of Hyman was unknown to me; and my friend could tell me nothing about him except that he was a Fellow of Wadham College, and that a schoolfellow had pronounced him an excellent "coach." He had been, I believe, a lecturer at King's College, and when he gave up the post lived on in London in lodgings, taking pupils when they were sent to him. The house where he lodged when I knew him was in Porchester Place, off the Edgware Road. The only facts about himself that I remember his telling me were that his father was a German Jew, and (I think) that he had been at school at Reading. Long afterwards at Oxford, the late Rector of Lincoln College spoke to me of him: "Hyman", he said, "was the first man who taught me what scholarship meant". These words made me think of the vast gulf which there then was between my opportunities and my deserts. I had left school, and was then engaged in the somewhat humiliating pursuit of a scholarship which had more than once slipped from my grasp as easily as the ghostly mother of Ulysses from the hero's embraces; and it was in no elevated or disinterested frame of mind that I lighted upon my good fortune. One can scarcely exaggerate the bathos of asking for the services of a man who could "tell you what scholarship meant", to get helped to a scholarship! But little as I deserved "the blind benefit of fate" thus conferred on me, it did not take long to discover that something different in kind as well as in degree from ordinary "coaching" had fallen to my lot. It seemed to me almost at once that this man had read more books than I had ever seen, and that he gave you the marrow

¹ Mark Pattison's "Memoirs," page 142. He speaks of Hyman "as offering in *his talk* a type of high scholarship which I had never been in contact with before."

of his reading "like wealthy men who care not how they give". The difference in degree spoken of above may be understood very literally. I was supposed to go for an hour's lesson; when I called to make arrangements, he begged that the lesson might be an hour and a half, as he "wasted men's time so by talking"; I seldom got away, as a matter of fact, under three hours, and would not have grudged another two, so rich was the reward of listening. He could illustrate at pleasure anything we were reading from ancient or modern literature, and never missed a chance of an apposite story. Like Praed's Vicar, his talk

Slipped from politics to puns,
And passed from Mahomet to Moses.

Great scholars are not generally credited with superfluous modesty, but I never knew any one so distrustful as Hyman of his own reputation. He thought his college paid him almost an extravagant compliment in asking him to continue examining for Fellowships, adding that it was of course only a pretty act of courtesy, as he had been long left behind in the race of learning. He always denied any knowledge of modern languages, but when I assumed in consequence that he read Dante, whom he was quoting, in a translation, he broke in with fervid eagerness, "Oh, no, sir. I never could abide translations. My accent you see is dreadful, but I can make them out—I can make them out." I ought to mention that he had this Johnsonian peculiarity of invariably addressing you with "Sir". There was one phrase of his indicating a certain amount of self-complacency, but even that was impersonal. When he was conscious that he had told a more than usually good story, he would look up and say, "Very funny fellows those, sir; very funny fellows those." He told me that he thought he had read most of "the pretty books that were going", meaning literature as distinguished from works of science and philosophy. Even in these last he had of course to make exceptions in

classical literature—as "Of course, sir, I know all my Aristotle pretty well." He certainly did know the classics pretty well, and pretty well by heart. When I began reading Homer with him I noticed he had no book—no books in fact, except three dictionaries on which sat three cats, taking up a sort of official position as friends and counsellors! At the head of the table was a stuffed cat, indicating the strength and continuity of his friendships, and that he was not enslaved to the principle *Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!* But he did not feel the want of books, certainly not of a Homer. Start him with the first line, and he knew at once where you were, and could correct your blunders as promptly as if he had the text before his eyes. I believe that at any given place in Homer he could have quoted for an indefinite number of lines. There was something specially delightful about the way he would dwell on the best things in famous books. The sixth *Æneid* and the speech of Pericles were prime favourites. His body would be bent double with fervour as he tasted these choice morsels again and again—*dulcem elaborabat saporem*.

And historical characters he found no less moving than famous passages. Caesar was his great admiration—"No one to put against him, sir, is there?" he would say, "no one to put against him." He never however exalted the ancients at the expense of the moderns, was tender of the eighteenth century, and at the same time quite abreast of the criticism of the nineteenth. He was particularly fond of quoting Gibbon, whom he ranked above all other historians. At the same time he took a little amusement out of the eighteenth century, much as he loved it, for its scant knowledge of Greek, and its apparent preference for Latin literature.

He was distrustful of the mere antiquarian scholar, and hinted wickedly that there were some like the fellow-prisoner of the Vicar of Wakefield who would be not unwilling to

practise incantations with the name of Sanconiathon. Speaking once of a man, then well known in the world of scholarship, he said to me: "Don't they say, sir, that he knows more Greek than any one in England, without knowing anything else?"

It was said that at King's College he was a very pungent critic of those whose scholarly equipment was less complete than his own. I feel sure these criticisms must have been humorous rather than bitter. It was often not a little irritating and disappointing to be asked if one had heard some of the terrible things said by the famous people in old Oxford days of one another (Whately, I remember, was of the number), and the next minute to be denied them from considerations of humanity; "Ah well, sir," Hyman would say, "I don't think I'll tell you. It's not good for young men to hear these bitter things!"

The thing which naturally impressed you most in Hyman's teaching was the way in which he brought all his knowledge to bear on one place; so that over and above full verbal exposition and interpretation you would get illustrations without end, some serious and some playful, of the passage before you. There are, no doubt, books which we have felt to be more instructive than many teachers; though as a rule the Platonic indictment against books, and the solemn silence they preserve when you most wish to ask them questions, is a phrase that we can all understand. And when you are talking to, and can question a man who carries ever so lightly a weight of learning which two-and-twenty Homeric waggons would not enable his hearer to put to ready use, the educating power of such talk is something very different even from a very good book—something, perhaps, which the strongest minds can do without, but which to all, except the strongest, renders such a service that they must be very dull or very graceless if they are not the better for it in heart and head. Hyman was a man who never

divorced the manner from the matter of his author. Just because he held Plato to be something greater than the particles he uses, no study of his particles would seem to him too great, if they contributed anything whatsoever to a better understanding of the man and his mind.

There was another side to Hyman's character which lent it a further charm, and made it impossible for his pupils to be anything else than his friends. The Humanities were his studies in every sense of the word; and the ingenuous arts have seldom done their work so finely. Those who had seen some of his queer ways, and had heard of some of his queer habits, and how he lived all alone, might be excused for thinking that such a man would prove somewhat of a crazed and crusty old scholar. There is no doubt that there were things about him that were strange enough; and I fear that as his health gave way, his mind gave way with it. Even when I knew him, it was said that he would cut his books to pieces after he had read them. But whatever these habits amounted to, they never affected the relevancy and vivacity of his talk or the beauty and courtesy of his manners. There is an ancient story of a famous personage who, on a visit to India, at some place where he was entertained was not a little pained at finding "Welcome" written over the lunatic asylum! Had officious people confined this eccentric old scholar for the infelicitous use he made of his scissors and for his other vagaries, I would hazard the assertion that any visitors he might have had would have got such a welcome as not many of the sane know how to give—not even when they put into it all the graciousness they can command. His power of entertaining was much more than mere cleverness. He had that beautiful ancient courtesy which, while it never forgets what may be claimed by the code, adds not a little on the score of equity. Such courtesy treats the stranger as if the presumption

were in favour of his being good company, is easy itself, and tries to make him so; and has at least this degree of success, that he becomes much better company than he would otherwise have been. I have never, I think, met any one who understood better than Hyman what may be called the optimism of good manners. I well remember how one day a school friend called for me before our lesson was over. He came up stairs by invitation, and sat with us during the few minutes we were finishing our book. When we had got to the end, Hyman turned to my friend, and in the easiest, pleasantest manner, drew him out about his work and his office, questioning him about Somerset House with as much interest as if it had been the Roman forum, where there were still to be gathered floating traditions of Cicero and Hortensius. The interview was never forgotten, and I was often asked afterwards about "that wonderful old fellow, your coach".¹ Hyman himself preferred this designation, and would humorously dwell on the honourable traditions of his calling. ["Milton, sir," he used to say, "was a coach, and Bob Lowe has been a coach, and I'm a coach."

But there was something in him beyond courtesy; there was real friendliness. He remembered all his friends with affection, and could not bear to think of their having enemies. Speaking of a very distinguished pupil—an extreme republican—he said once to me, "I believe they think he would send all the Tories to the guillotine—but, sir, if you could hear his kindly laugh, you would never believe he wanted to guillotine any one."

The last time I saw him I had a curious illustration of his humanity in the commonest sense. I would not stay, for he was going out—a thing sufficiently remarkable as he had formerly made it a rule to take no

exercise. "My friend and I, sir," he said, "are going out. I will introduce you to my friend directly." He opened a door, and there stalked in the leanest and ugliest old greyhound I ever beheld. When the edict came out for the destruction of vagrant dogs, he was seized with a great compassion for this greyhound, whom he had often observed rushing past his windows. Accordingly he gave some money to a neighbouring shopkeeper to secure the dog and save it for him. "Exercise, sir," he said, "is good for my friend, and now I go out!" A friend of mine who had seen them go across the park together, told me they made the most wonderful-looking pair he had ever seen in his life.

Hyman's appearance was to me singularly attractive, though it had a touch of the grotesque. He always wore an ancient dress-coat, which must have been nearly coeval with the invention of this form of apparel. He was tall and stooped, and his face was lined and seamy like an old apple, every line serving for a channel of humour and benevolence as he said some good or some kindly thing. At these times he would get up from his chair, and sway his body forward, and repeat his sentences with a raised voice and a tone of mingled jest and earnest, which, once heard, no one could ever forget.

It is often said that a hard life makes a hard man. It was not so in his case. An old clergyman, a contemporary of his, once told me that Hyman had nothing but his exhibition at college, and that his poverty was cruelly pinching at times. He told me himself that all he ever had from his father was the half of a five-pound note! (he did not say what had happened to the other half!),—"And what was I to say, sir, when friends asked me about a young man, and what he would want at Oxford?" What indeed! But this hard life had never induced him to adopt that principle of tribal justice which makes some visit their spleen on their fellows as a compensation for their own hard

¹ He was not really old, by the way, at that time; not much over fifty, I should think, but he looked much more. He was "Ireland" Scholar in 1834.

usage by fortune! Hyman was not the man to look for such revenges from the whirligig of time, and moved about "this delightful world" as if it had been always delightful to him; though it was not Nature but humanity that engaged his love, for, like the Vicar of Wakefield, "happy human faces" had more interest for him than "the colour of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly". I can think of no fitter epitaph for him than the famous line from his favourite sixth *Æneid*. In Elysium, we are told, the poets and heroes have their place apart, but another "blest seclusion" is reserved

for a still larger band,—for "those whose services to others have won them a grateful memory".

I never saw or heard anything of the last years of Hyman's life, but I fear there was much illness and weakness. I am glad to think that my recollections are all of a man at his best and brightest. I do not know even where he lies buried—but perhaps it is as well. It is not among "the cold *hic jacets* of the dead" that we most easily recall those richer lives whose cheery, generous warmth has lessened our own poverty.

TO LORD TENNYSON.

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 6TH, 1889.

THE fourscore years that blanch the heads of men
 Touch not immortals, and we bring to-day
 No flowers to twine with laurel and with bay;
 Seeing the spring is with thee now, as when
 Above the wold and marsh and mellowing fen
 Thy song bade England listen. Powers decay,
 Hands fail, eyes dim, tongues scarce their will can say,
 But still Heaven's fire burns bright within thy pen.—
 Oh singer of the knightly days of old!
 Oh ringer of the knell to lust and hate!
 Oh bringer of new hope from memory's shrine!
 When God doth set in Heaven thy harp of gold,
 The souls that made this generation great
 Shall own the voice that helped their hearts was thine.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

HIPPOLYTUS VEILED.

A STUDY FROM EURIPIDES.

CENTURIES of zealous archæology notwithstanding, many phases of the so varied Greek genius are recorded for the modern student in a kind of shorthand only, or not at all. Even for Pausanias, visiting Greece before its direct part in affairs was quite played out, much had perished or grown dim—of its art, of the truth of its outward history, above all of its religion as a credible or practicable thing. And yet Pausanias visits Greece under conditions as favourable for observation as those under which later travellers, Addison or Eustace, proceed to Italy. For him the impress of life in those old Greek cities is not less vivid and entire than that of mediæval Italy to ourselves; at Siena, for instance, with its ancient palaces still in occupation, its public edifices as serviceable as if the old republic had but just now vacated them, the tradition of their primitive worship still unbroken in its churches. Had the opportunities in which Pausanias was fortunate been ours, how many haunts of the antique Greek life unnoticed by him we should have peeped into, minutely systematic in our painstaking! how many a view would broaden out where he notes hardly anything at all on his map of Greece!

One of the most curious phases of Greek civilization which has thus perished for us, and regarding which, as we may fancy, we should have made better use of that old traveller's facilities, is the early Attic deme-life—its picturesque, intensely localised variety, in the hollow or on the spur of mountain or sea-shore; and with it many an early growth of art parallel to what Vasari records of artistic beginnings in the smaller Italian cities—many a relic of primi-

tive religion. Colonus and Acharnæ, surviving still so vividly by the magic of Sophocles, of Aristophanes, are but isolated documents of a wide-spread manner of life, in which, amid many provincial peculiarities, the first, yet perhaps the most costly and telling steps were made in all the various departments of Greek culture. Even in the days of Pausanias, Piræus was still traceable as a distinct township, once the possible rival of Athens, with its little old covered market by the seaside, and the symbolical picture of the place visible on the wall. And that is but the type of what there had been to know of three-score and more village communities, having each its own altars, its special worship and place of civic assembly, its trade and crafts, its name drawn from physical peculiarity or famous incident, its body of heroic tradition lingering on, while Athens, the great deme, absorbed more and more of those achievements, passing away almost completely as political factors in the Peloponnesian war, yet still felt, we can hardly doubt, in the actual physiognomy of Greece. That variety in unity, which its singular geographical formation secured to Greece as a whole, was at its utmost in these minute reflections of the national genius, with all the relish of local difference—new art, new poetry, fresh ventures in political combination, in the conception of life, springing as if straight from the soil, like the thorn-blossom of early spring in magic lines over all that rocky land. On the other hand, it was just here that ancient habits clung most tenaciously—that old-fashioned, homely, delightful existence, to which the refugee, pent up in Athens in the years of the Peloponnesian war, looked

back so fondly. If the impression of Greece generally is but enhanced by the littleness of the physical scene of events intellectually so great—such a system of grand lines, as in one of its fine coins, restrained within so narrow a compass—still more would this be true of those centres of country life. Here, certainly, was that assertion of seemingly small interests, which brings into free play, and gives his utmost value to, the individual, making warfare, equally with more peaceful rivalries, deme against deme, the mountain against the plain, the sea-shore (as in our own old Border life, but played out here by wonderfully gifted people) tangible as a personal history, to the doubling of its fascination for those whose business is with the contemplation of the dramatic side of life.

As with civil matters, so it was also, we may fairly suppose, with religion: the deme-life was a manifestation of religious custom and sentiment, in all their primitive local variety. As Athens, gradually drawing into itself the various elements of provincial culture, developed, with authority, the central religious position, the demes-men did but add the worship of Athena Polias to their own pre-existent ritual uses. Of local and central religion alike, time and circumstance had obliterated much when Pausanias came. A devout spirit, with religion for his chief interest, eager for the trace of a divine footstep, anxious even in the days of Lucian to deal seriously with what had counted for so much to serious men, he has, indeed, to lament that "Pan is dead:"—"They come no longer!"—"These things happen no longer!" But the Greek, as his very name also, *Hellen*, was the title of a priesthood, had been religious abundantly, sanctifying every detail of his actual life with the religious idea; and as Pausanias goes on his way he finds many a remnant of that earlier estate of religion, when, as he fancied, it had been nearer the gods, was certainly nearer the earth. It is marked, even in decay, with

varieties of place; and is not only continuous but *in situ*. At Phigaleia he makes his offerings to Demeter, agreeably to the paternal rites of the inhabitants, wax, fruit, undressed wool "still full of the *sordes* of the sheep." A dream from heaven cuts short his notice of the mysteries of Eleusis. He sees the stone, "big enough for a little man", on which Silenus was used to sit and rest; at Athens, the tombs of the Amazons, of the purple-haired Nisus, of Deucalion:—"it is a manifest token that he had dwelt there". The worshippers of Poseidon, even at his temple among the hills, might still feel the earth fluctuating beneath their feet. And in care for divine things, he tells us, the Athenians outdid all other Greeks. Even in the days of Nero it revealed itself oddly; and it is natural to suppose that of this temper the demes, as the proper home of conservatism, were exceptionally expressive. Scattered in those remote, romantic villages, among their olives or sea-weeds, lay the heroic graves, the relics, the sacred images, often rude enough amid the delicate tribute of later art; that too oftentimes finding in such retirement its best inspirations, as in some Attic Fiesole. Like a network over the land of gracious poetic tradition, as also of undisturbed ceremonial usage surviving late for those who cared to seek it, the local religions had been never wholly superseded by the worship of the great national temples; were, in truth, the most characteristic developments of a faith essentially earth-born or indigenous.

And how often must the student of fine art, again, wish he had the same sort of knowledge about its earlier growth in Greece, he actually possesses in the case of the Italian. Given any development at all in these matters, there must have been phases of art, which, if immature, were also veritable expressions of power, intermediate discoveries of beauty, such as are by no means a mere anticipation of service only as explaining historically larger

subsequent achievements, but of permanent attractiveness in themselves, being often, indeed, the true maturity of certain amiable artistic qualities. And in regard to Greek art at its best, the Parthenon, no less than to medieval art at its best, the Sistine Chapel, the more instructive light would be derived rather from what precedes than what follows its central success, from the determination to apprehend the fulfilment of past adventures rather than the eve of decline, in this critical moment which partakes of both. Of such early promise, early achievement, we have in the case of Greek art little to compare with what is extant of the youth of the arts in Italy; while Overbeck's careful gleanings of its history form indeed a sorry relic as compared with the intimations of Vasari regarding the Renaissance. Fired by certain fragments of its earlier days, of a beauty, in truth, absolute, and vainly longing for more, the student of Greek sculpture indulges an ideal of youthful energy therein, yet withal of youthful self-restraint; and again, as with survivals of old religion, its privileged home, he fancies, must have been in those venerable Attic townships, as to a large extent it passed away with them.

The budding of new art, the survival of old religion, at isolated centres of provincial life, where varieties of human character also were keen, abundant, asserted in correspondingly effective incident—this is what irresistible fancy superinduces on historic details, themselves meagre enough. The sentiment of antiquity is indeed a characteristic of all cultivated people, even in what may seem the freshest ages, and not exclusively a humour of our later world. In the earliest notices about them, as we know, the Attic people are already impressed by the immense antiquity of their occupation of its soil, of which they are the very first flower. And we must fancy some at least of those old demes-men sentimentally reluctant to change their habits, fearful of losing

too much of themselves in the larger stream of life, clinging to what is antiquated as the work of centralization goes on, needful as that work was, with the great "Eastern difficulty" already ever in the distance. The fear of Asia, barbaric, splendid, hardly known, yet haunting the curious imagination of those who had borrowed thence the art in which they were rapidly excelling it, developing, as we now see, crafts begotten of tyrannic and illiberal luxury in the interest of Greek humanity, was finally to suppress the rivalries of those primitive centres of activity, the "invincible armada" of the common foe coming into sight; as, at a later period, civil strife was to destroy their last traces. The old hoplite, from Rhamnus or Acharnæ, pent up in beleaguered Athens during that first summer of the Peloponnesian war, occupying with his household a turret of the wall, as Thucydides describes—one of many picturesque touches in that severe historian—could well remember the ancient provincial life which this conflict with Sparta was bringing to an end. He could recall his boyish, half-scared curiosity in those Persian ships, coming first as merchantmen, or pirates on occasion, the half-savage, wicked splendours of their decoration, the monstrous figure-heads, their glittering freightage. Men would hardly have trusted their women or children with that suspicious crew, hovering through the dusk. There were soothsayers, indeed, who had long foretold what happened soon after, giving shape to vague, supernatural terrors. And then he had crept from his hiding-place with other lads to go view the enemies' slain at Marathon, beside those belated Spartans, with whom this new war seemed to revive the fierce local feuds of his younger days. *Paraloi* and *Diacrioi* had ever been rivals. Very distant it seemed now, with all the stories he could tell; for in those crumbling little towns, as heroic life had lingered on into the actual, so, at an earlier date, the supernatural into the heroic; the last traces

of those divine visitors vanishing, like mist at dawn, in retreat from the land, on which, however, they had already begotten "our best and oldest families".

It was Theseus, uncompromising young master of the situation, in fearless application of "the modern spirit" of his day to every phase of life where it was applicable, who, at the expense of Attica, had given Athens a people, reluctant enough, as Plutarch suggests, to desert "their homes and religious usages and many good and gracious kings of their own" for this elect youth, who thus figures, passably, as mythic shorthand for civilization, making roads and the like, facilitating travel (how usefully !), suppressing various forms of violence, but many innocent things as well ; as must needs be in a world where, even hand in hand with a god-assisted hero, Justice goes blindfold. He slays the bull of Marathon and many another local tyrant, but also exterminates that delightful creature, the Centaur. The Amazon, whom Plato will reinstate as the type of improved womanhood, has but the luck of Phæa, the sow-pig of Crommyon, foul old landed-proprietor. They exerted, however, the prerogative of poetic protest, and survive thereby. Centaur and Amazon, as we see them in the fine art of Greece, represent the regret of Athenians themselves for something that could never be brought to life again, and have their pathos. Those young heroes contending with Amazons on the frieze of the Mausoleum had best make haste with their bloody work, if young people's eyes can tell a true story. A type still of progress triumphant through injustice, set on improving things off the face of the earth, Theseus took occasion to attack the Amazons in their mountain home, not long after their ruinous conflict with Hercules, and hit them when they were down. That greater bully had laboured off on the world's highway, carrying with him the official girdle of their queen, gift of Ares, and therewith, it would seem,

the mystic secret of their strength ; for, at sight of this new foe, she came to a strange submission : the savage virgin had turned to very woman, and was presently a willing slave, returning on the gaily appointed ship in all haste to Athens, where in supposed wedlock she bore King Theseus a son.

With their annual visit to the—to the Gargareans !—for the purpose of maintaining their species, parting with their boys early, these husbandless women could hardly be supposed a very happy, certainly not a very joyous people ; figure rather as a sorry measure of the luck of the female sex in taking a hard natural law into their own hands, and by abnegation of all tender companionship making shift with bare independence, as a kind of second-best—the best practicable by them in the imperfect actual condition of things. But the heart-strings would ache still where the breast had been cut away. The sisters of Antiope had come, not immediately, but in careful array of battle, to bring back the captive. All along the weary roads from the Caucasus to Attica, their traces had remained in the great graves of those who died by the way. Against the little remnant, carrying on the fight to the very midst of Athens, Antiope herself had turned, all other thoughts transformed now into wild idolatry of her hero. Superstitious, or in real regret, the Athenians never forgot their tombs. As for Antiope, the conscience of her perfidy remained with her, adding the pang of remorse to her own desertion, when King Theseus, with his accustomed bad faith to women, set her, too, aside in turn. Phædra, the true wife, was already there, peeping suspiciously at her arrival ; and even as she yielded to her lord's embraces the thought had come that a male child might be the instrument of her anger, and one day judge her cause.

In one of those doomed, decaying villages, then, King Theseus placed the woman and her babe, hidden, yet

safe still within the Attic border, as men veil their mistakes or crimes. They might pass away, they and their story, together with the memory of other antiquated creatures of such places, who had had connubial dealings with the stars. The white, paved waggon-track, a by-path of the sacred way to Eleusis, zigzagged through sloping olive-yards, from the plain of silvered blue, with Athens building in the distance, and passed the door of the rude stone house, furnished scantily, no one had ventured to inhabit of late years till they came there. On the ledges of the grey cliffs above the laurel groves, stem and foliage of motionless bronze, had spread their tents. Travellers bound northwards were glad to repose themselves at The Notch, and take directions, or provision for their journey onwards, from the highland people, who descended hither to sell their honey, their cheese, and woollen stuff, in the tiny market-place. At dawn the great stars seemed to halt a while, burning as if for sacrifice to some pure deity, on those distant, obscurely named heights, like broken swords, the rim of the world. A little later you could just see the newly opened quarries, like streaks of snow on their russet-brown bosoms. Thither in spring-time all eyes turned from Athens devoutly, intent till the first shaft of lightning gave signal for the departure of the sacred ship to Delos. Racing over those rocky surfaces, the virgin air descended hither with the secret of profound sleep, as the child lay in his cubicle hewn in the stone, the white fleeces heaped warmly round him. In the wild Amazon's soul, to her surprise, and at first against her will, the maternal sense had quickened from the moment of his conception, and (that burst of angry tears with which she had received him into the world once dried up) kindling more eagerly at every token of manly growth, at length driven out every other feeling. And this animal sentiment, teaching the human hand and heart in her, had

become a moral one, when King Theseus, leaving her in anger, visibly unkind, the child had crept to her side, and tracing with small fingers the wrinkled lines of her woe-begone brow, carved there as if by a thousand years of sorrow, sown between them the seed of an undying sympathy.

She was thus already on the watch for a host of minute recognitions on his part, of the self-sacrifice involved in her devotion to a career of which she must needs drain out the sorrow, careful that he might find only the joy. So far, amid that spare living, the child, as if looking up to the warm broad wing of her love above him, seemed replete with comfort. Yet in his moments of childish sickness, the first passing shadows upon the deep joy of her motherhood, she teaches him betimes to soothe or cheat pain—little bodily pains only, hitherto—ventures sadly to assure him of the harsh necessities of life: "Courage, child! Every one must take his share of suffering. Shift not thy body so vehemently. Pain, taken quietly, is more easily borne".

Carefully inverting the habits of her own rude childhood, she learned to spin the wools, white and grey, to clothe and cover him pleasantly. The spectacle of his unsuspecting happiness, though at present a matter of purely physical conditions, awoke a strange sense of poetry, a kind of artistic sense in her, watching, as her own recreation in life long-deferred, his delight in the little delicacies she prepared to his liking—broiled kids' flesh, the red wine, the mushrooms sought through the early dew—his hunger and thirst so daintily satisfied, as he sat at table, like the first-born of King Theseus, with two wax-lights and a fire at dawn or nightfall, dancing to the prattle and laughter, a bright child, never stupidly weary. At times his very happiness would seem to her like a menace of misfortune to come. Was there not with herself the curse of that unsisterly action? and not far from him, the terrible danger of the

father's, the step-mother's jealousy, the mockery of those half-brothers to come? Ah! how perilous for happiness the sensibilities which make him so exquisitely happy now! Ere they started on their dreadful visit to the Minotaur, says Plutarch, the women told their sons and daughters many tales and other things to encourage them; and, even as she had furnished the child betimes with rules for the solace of bodily pain, so now she would have brought her own sad experience into service in precepts beforehand for the ejection of its festering power out of any other trouble that might visit him. Already those little unavoidable disappointments which are as the shadow of all conscious enjoyment, were no petty things to her, had for her their deeper pathos, as children's troubles will have, in spite of the longer chance before them; were as the first steps in a long story of deferred hopes, or anticipations of death itself and the end of them.

The gift of Ares gone, the mystic girdle she would fain have transferred to the child, that bloody god of storm and battle, hereditary patron of her house, faded from her thoughts with the memory of her past life. The more completely, because another familiar though somewhat forbidding deity, accepting certainly a cruel and forbidding worship, was already in possession, and reigning in the new home when she came thither. Only, thanks to some kindly local influence (by grace, say, of its delicate air) Artemis, this other god she had known in the Scythian wilds, had put aside her fierce ways, as she paused awhile on her heavenly course among these ancient abodes of men, gliding softly, through their dreams mainly, with abundance of salutary touches. Full, in truth, of grateful memory for some timely service at human hands! In these highland villages the tradition of celestial visitants clung fondly, god or hero, belated or misled on long journeys, pleased to be among the sons of men, as their way led them up the

steep, narrow, crooked street, condescending to rest a little, as one, under some sudden stress not clearly ascertained, had done here at The Notch, in this very house, thereafter for ever sacred. The place and its inhabitants, of course, had been something bigger in the days of those old mythic hospitalities, unless, indeed, divine persons took kindly the will for the deed—very different, surely, from the present condition of things, for there was little here to detain a delicate traveller, even in the abode of Antiope and her son, though it had been the residence of a king.

Hard by stood the chapel of the goddess, who had thus adorned the place with her memories. The priests, indeed, were already departed to Athens, carrying with them the ancient image, the vehicle of her actual presence, as the surest means of enriching the capital at the expense of the country, where she must now make poor shift of the occasional worshipper on his way through these mountain passes. But safely roofed beneath its sturdy tiles of grey Hymettus marble, upon the walls of the little square recess enclosing the deserted pedestal, a series of crowded imageries, in the devout spirit of earlier days, were eloquent concerning her. Here from scene to scene, touched with silver among the wild and human creatures in dun bronze, with the moon's disk around her head, shrouded closely, the goddess of the chase still glided mystically through all the varied incidents of her story, in all the detail of a written book.

A book for the delighted reading of a scholar, willing to ponder at leisure, to make his way surely, and understand. Very different, certainly, from the cruel-featured little idol his mother had brought in her bundle—the old Scythian Artemis, hanging on the wall, side by side with the forgotten Ares, blood-red, she reveals herself to the lad, poring through the dusk by taper-light, as at once a virgin, necessarily therefore the creature of solitude,

yet also as the assiduous nurse of children, and patroness of the young. Her friendly intervention at the act of birth everywhere, her claim upon the nursing, among tame and wild creatures equally, among men as among gods, nay! among the stars (upon the very star of dawn) gave her a breadth of influence seemingly co-extensive with the sum of things. Yes! his great mother was in touch with everything. Yet throughout he can but note her perpetual chastity, with pleasurable though half-suspicious wonder at the mystery, he knows not what, involved therein, as though he awoke suddenly in some distant, unexplored border of her person and activity. Why the lighted torch always, and that long straight vesture rolled round so formally? Was it only against the cold of these northern heights?

To her, nevertheless, her maternity, her solitude, to this virgin mother, who, with no husband, no lover, no fruit of her own, is so tender to the children of others, in a full heart he devotes himself—his immaculate body and soul. Dedicating himself thus, he has the sense also that he becomes more entirely than ever the chevalier of his mortal mother, of her sad cause. The devout, industrious hands clear away carefully the dust, the faded relics of her former worship, renewed once more as the sacred spring, set free from encumbrance, in answer to his willing ministries murmurs again under the dim vault in its marble basin, work of primitive Titanic fingers—flows out through its rocky channel, filling the whole township with chaste thoughts of her.

By much labour at length he comes to the veritable story of her birth, like a gift direct from the goddess herself to this loyal soul. There were those in later times who, like Æschylus, knew Artemis as the daughter not of Leto but of Demeter, according to the version of her history now conveyed to the young Hippolytus, together with a somewhat deeper insight into her character. The goddess of Eleusis, on

a journey, in the old days when, as Plato says, men lived nearer the gods, finding herself with child by some starry inmate of those high places, had lain down in the rock-hewn cubicle of the inner chamber, and, certainly in sorrow, brought forth a daughter. Here was the secret at once of that genial, all-embracing maternity, and of those more dubious tokens, the lighted torch, the winding-sheet, the arrow of death on the string—of sudden death, truly, as from the bow of that other Artemis, which may be thought after all the kindest, as prevention of all disgraceful sickness or waste in the unsullied limbs. For the late birth of this shadowy daughter was identified dimly with the sudden passing into Hades of Persephone, her first-born. As he scans her acts anew, an awful surmise comes to him: his divine patroness moves there as death, surely. Still, however, putting aside gratefully all suspicious fancies, he seized even in these ambiguous imageries their happier suggestion, satisfied in thinking of his new mother as but the giver of sound sleep, of the benign night, whence—mystery of mysteries!—good things are born softly, from which he awakes betimes for his healthful service to her. Either way, sister of Apollo, sister of Persephone, to him she would be a power of sanity, sweet as the flowers he offered her gathered at dawn, setting daily their purple and white frost against her ancient marbles. There was more certainly than the first breath of day in them. Was it something of her person, her sensible presence, by way of direct response to him in his early devotion, astir for her sake before the very birds, nesting here so freely, the quail above all, in some privileged connection with her story, still unfathomed by the learned youth? Amid them he too found a voice, and sang articulately the praises of the great goddess.

Those more dubious traits, nevertheless, so lightly disposed of by Hippolytus (Hecate still counting for him as Artemis goddess of health) became

to his mother, in the light of her sad experience, the sum of the whole matter. While he drew only peaceful inducements to sleep from that two-sided figure, she reads there a volume of sinister intentions, and liked little this seemingly dead goddess, who could but move among the living banefully, stealing back with her night-shade into the dawn where she had no proper right. The gods had ever had much to do with the shaping of her fortunes and the fortunes of her kindred; and the mortal mother felt nothing less than jealousy from the hour when the lad had first delightedly called her to share his discoveries and learn the true story (if it were not the malicious counterfeit) of the new divine mother to whom he has so absolutely entrusted himself. Was not this absolute chastity itself a kind of death? She, too, in secret makes her gruesome midnight offering with averted eyes. She dreams one night he is in danger: creeps to his cubicle to see: the face is covered, as he lies, against the cold. She traces the motionless outline, raises the coverlet: with the nice black head deep in the fleecy pillow he is sleeping quietly, dreams of that other mother gliding in upon the moonbeam, and awaking turns sympathetically upon the living woman, subdued in a moment to the expression of her troubled spirit, and understands.

And when the child departed from her for the first time, springing from his white bed before the dawn, to accompany the elders on their annual visit to the Eleusinian goddess, the after-sense of his wonderful happiness, though it stirred a new sort of anxiety for the future, yet tranquillising her in spite of herself by its genial power over the actual moment, defined her work in life henceforward as a ministry, in full consciousness of its risk, to so precious a gift: it became her religion, the centre of her pieties. She missed painfully his continual singing hovering about the place, like the earth itself made audible in all its

humanities. Half-selfish for a moment, she prays that he may remain for ever a child, to her solace, welcoming now the promise of his chastity (though chastity were itself a kind of death) as the pledge of his abiding always with her. And these thoughts were but infixed more deeply by the sudden stroke of joy at his return home in ceremonial trim and grown more manly, with much increase of self-confidence in that brief absence among his fellows.

For from the first the unwelcome child, the outcast, had been successful, with that special good fortune which sometimes attends the outcast. His happiness, his invincible happiness, had been found engaging, by the gods perhaps, certainly by men; and when King Theseus came to take note how things went in that rough life he had assigned them, he felt a half liking for the boy, and bade him come down to Athens and see the sights, partly by way of proof to his already somewhat exacting wife of the difference between the old love and the new as measured by the present condition of their respective offspring. The fine nature, fastidious by instinct, but bred with frugality enough to give all the charm of contrast to that delicate new Athens, draws, as he goes, the full savour of its novelties, the marbles, the space and finish, the busy gaiety of its streets, the elegance of life there, still refining somehow the thought of his own rude home. Without envy, in hope only one day to share, to win them by kindness, he gazes on the motley garden-beds, the soft bedding, the showy toys, the delicate keep of the children of Phædra, who turn curiously to their half-brother, venture to feel his long strange gown of home-spun grey, like the soft coat of some wild creature who might let one stroke it. Close to their dainty existence for a while, he regards it as from afar: looks forward all day to the lights, the prattle, the laughter, the white bread, like sweet cake to him, of their ordinary evening meal: returns again

and again, in spite of himself, to watch, to admire, feeling a power within him to merit the like: finds his way back at last, still light of heart, to his own poor fare, able to do without what he would enjoy so much. Grateful for his scanty part in things—for the make-believe of a feast in the little white loaves she too has managed to come by, sipping the thin white wine, as he touches her dearly, she is shocked with the sense of some unearthly submissiveness in his contentment, while he comes and goes, singing now more abundantly than ever a new canticle to his divine mother. Were things, after all, to go grudgingly with him? Sensible of that curse on herself, with her suspicions of his kinsfolk, of this dubious goddess to whom he has devoted himself, she anticipates with more foreboding than ever his path to be, with or without a wife—her own solitude, or his—the painful heats and cold. She fears even these late successes: it were best to veil their heads. The strong as such had ever been against her and hers. The father came again: noted the boy's growth. Manliest of men, like Hercules in his cloak of lion's skin, he has after all but scant liking, feels, through a certain meanness of soul, scorn for the finer likeness of himself. Might this creature of an already vanishing world, who for all his hard rearing had a manifest distinction of character, one day become his rival, full of loyalty as he was already to the deserted mother?

To charming Athens, nevertheless, he crept back, as occasion served, to gaze peacefully on the delightful good fortune of others, waiting for the opportunity to take his own turn with the rest, driving down thither at last in a chariot gallantly, when all the town was assembled to celebrate the king's birthday. For the goddess, herself turning ever kinder, and figuring more and more exclusively as the tender nurse of all things, had transformed her young votary from a hunter into a charioteer, a rearer and

driver of horses, after the fashion of his Amazon mothers before him. Thereupon all the lad's wholesome vanity had centered on the fancy of the world-famous games then lately established, as, smiling down his mother's terrors, and grateful to his celestial mother for many a hairbreadth escape, he practised day by day, fed the animals, drove them out, amused though companionless, visited them affectionately in the deserted stone stables of the ancient king. A chariot and horses, as being the showiest outward thing the world afforded, was like the pawn he moved to represent the big demand he meant to make, honestly, generously, on the ample fortunes of life. There was something of his old miraculous kindred, alien from the busy new world he came to, about the boyish driver with the fame of a scholar, in his grey fleecy cloak and hood of soft white woollen stuff, as he drove in that morning. Men seemed to have seen a star flashing, and crowded round to examine the little mountain-bred beasts, in loud, friendly intercourse with the hero of the hour—even those usually somewhat unsympathetic half-brothers, now full of enthusiasm for the outcast and his good fight for prosperity, as indeed people ever instinctively admired his wonderful placidity, and would fain have shared its secret, as it were the carelessness of some fair flower upon his face. A victor in the day's race, he carried home as his prize a glittering new harness in place of the very old one he had come with. "My chariot and horses"! he says now, with his single touch of pride. Yet at home, savouring to the full his old solitary happiness, veiled again from time to time in that ancient life, he is still the student, still ponders the old writings which tell of his divine patroness. At Athens strange stories are told in turn of him, his nights upon the mountains, his dreamy sin, with that hypocritical virgin goddess, setting the jealous suspicions of Theus at rest once more. For so "dream"

not those who have the tangible, appraisable world in view. Queen Phædra even looks with pleasure, as he comes, at home now here too, singing always audaciously, on the once despised illegitimate creature, so visibly happy, occupied, popular.

Encompassed by the luxuries of Athens, far from those peaceful mountain places, among people further still in spirit from their peaceful light and shade, he did not forget the kindly goddess, still sharing with his earthly mother the prizes, or what they would buy, for the adornment of their spare abode. The tombs of the fallen Amazons, the spot where they had breathed their last, in the very sanctuary of Artemis, he piously visited, informed himself of every circumstance concerning the event with devout care, and, thinking on them amid the dainties of the royal table, boldly brought them too their share of the offerings to the heroic dead. Aphrodite, indeed—Aphrodite, of whom he had scarcely so much as heard—was just then the best-served deity in Athens, with all its new wealth of colour and form, its gold and ivory, the acting, the music, the fantastic women, beneath the shadow of the great walls still rising steadily. Hippolytus would have no part in her worship: instead did what was in him to revive the neglected service of his own goddess, stirring an old jealousy. Aphrodite! she too had looked with delight upon the youth, already the centre of a hundred less dangerous human rivalries among the maidens of Greece, and was by no means indifferent to his indifference, his instinctive distaste; while the sterner, almost forgotten Artemis found once more her great moon-shaped cake, set about with starry tapers, at the appointed seasons. They knew him now from afar, by his emphatic, shooting, arrowy movements; and on the day of the great chariot races “he goes in and wins.” To the surprise of all he compounded his handsome prize for the old wooden image taken

from the chapel at home, lurking now in an obscure shrine in the meanest quarter of the town. Sober amid the noisy feasting which followed, unashamed, but travelling by night to hide it from their mockery, warm at his bosom, he reached the passes at twilight, and through the deep peace of the glens bore it to the old resting-place, now more worthy than ever of the presence of its mistress, his mother and all the people of the village coming forth to salute her, all doors set mystically open, as she advances.

Phædra too, his step-mother, a fiery soul with wild, strange blood in her veins, forgetting her fears of this illegitimate rival of her own children, seemed now to have seen him for the first time, loved at last the very touch of his fleecy cloak, and would fain have had him of her own religion. As though the old neglected child had been another, she tries to win him as a stranger in his manly perfection, grown more than an affectionate mother to her husband’s son. But why thus intimate and congenial, she asks, always in the wrong quarter? Why not compass two ends at once? Why so squeamishly neglect the powerful, any power at all, in a city so full of religion? He might find the image of hersprightly goddess everywhere to his liking, gold, silver, native or stranger, new or old, graceful, or indeed, if he preferred it so, in iron or stone. By the way, she explains the delights of love, of marriage, the husband once out of the way: finds in him, with misgiving, a sort of forwardness, as she thinks, on this one matter, as if he understood her craft and despised it. He met her questions in truth with scarce so much as contempt with laughing counter-queries, why people needed wedding at all? They might have found the children in the temples, or bought them, as you could flowers in Athens.

Meantime Phædra’s young children draw from the seemingly unconscious finger the marriage-ring, set it spinning on the floor at his feet, and the staid youth places it for a moment on his

own finger for safety. As it settles there, his step-mother, aware all the while, presses suddenly his hand over it. He found the ring there that night as he lay; left his bed in the darkness, and again for safety, put it on the finger of the image, wedding once for all that so kindly mystical mother. And still, even amid his earthly mother's terrible misgivings, he seems to foresee a charming career marked out before him in friendly Athens, to the height of his desire. Grateful that he is here at all, sharing so freely at last life's banquet, he puts himself for a moment in his old place, recalling his old enjoyment of the pleasure of others: feels, just then, no different. Yet never had life seemed so sufficing as at this moment—the meat, the drink, the drives, the popularity as he comes and goes, even his step-mother's false, selfish, ostentatious gifts. Yet she, too, begins to feel something of the jealousy of that other divine, would-be mistress, and by way of a last effort to bring him to a better mind in regard to them both, conducts him (immeasurable privilege!) to her own private chapel.

You could hardly tell where the apartments of the adulteress ended and that of the divine courtesan began. Haunts of her long, indolent, self-pleasing nights and days, they presented everywhere the impress of Phædra's luxurious humour. A peculiar glow, such as he had never before seen, like heady lamplight, or sunshine to some sleeper in a delirious dream, hung upon the bold, naked, shameful imageries, as his step-mother trimmed the lamps, drew forth her sickly perfumes, clad afresh in piquant change of raiment the almost formless goddess crouching there in her unclean shrine or sty, set at last her foolish wheel in motion to a low chant, holding him by the wrist, keeping close all the while, as if to catch some germ of consent in his indifferent words. And little by little he perceives that all this is for him—the incense, the dizzy wheel, the shreds of stuff cut secretly from his sleeve, the sweetened cup he drank

at her offer, unavailingly; and yes! his own features surely, in pallid wax. With a gasp of flighty laughter she ventures to point the thing out to him, full at last of visible, irrepressible dislike. Ah! it was that very reluctance that chiefly stirred her. Healthily white and red, he had a marvellous discretion about him, as of one never to be caught unaware, as if he never could be anything but like water from the rock, or the wild flowers of the morning, or the beams of the morning star turned to human flesh. It was the self-possession of this happy mind, the purity of this virgin body, she would fain have perturbed, as a pledge to herself of her own gaudy claim to supremacy. King Theseus, as she knew, had had at least two earlier loves: for once she would be a first love; felt at moments that with this one passion once indulged, it might be happiness thereafter to remain chaste for ever. And then, by accident, yet surely reading indifference in his manner of accepting her gifts, she is ready again for contemptuous, open battle. Is he indeed but a child still, this nursling of the forbidding Amazon, of that Amazonian goddess—to be a child always? or a wily priest rather, skilfully circumventing her sorceries, with mystic precautions of his own? In truth, there is something of the priestly character in this impassible discretion, reminding her of his alleged intimacy with the rival goddess, and redoubling her curiosity, her fondness. Phædra, love-sick, feverish, in bodily sickness at last, raves of the cool woods, the chase, the steeds of Hippolytus, her thoughts running madly on what she fancies his secret business: with a storm of abject tears, foreseeing in one moment of recoil the weary tale of years to come, star-stricken as she declares, dares to confess her longing to half-suspicious attendants; and the cruel inherited nature of the daughter of the Minotaur now at full force in her, awake one morning to find Hippolytus there kindly at her bidding, drove him openly forth in a tempest

of insulting speech. There was a mordent there, like the menace of misfortune to come, in which the injured goddess also was invited to concur. What words! what terrible words! following, clinging to him, like acrid fire upon his bare flesh, as he hasted from Phædra's house, thrust out at last, his vesture remaining in her hands. The husband returning suddenly, she tells him a false story of violence to her bed, and is believed.

King Theseus, all his accumulated store of suspicion and dislike turning now to active hatred, flung away readily upon him, bewildered, unheard, one of three precious curses (some mystery of wasting sickness therein) with which Poseidon had indulged him. It seemed sad that one so young must call for justice, precariously, upon the gods, the dead, the very walls! Admiring youth dared hardly bid farewell to their late comrade: are generous, at most, in stolen, sympathetic glances towards the fallen star. At home, veiled once again in that ancient twilight world, his mother fearing solely for what he may suffer by the departure of that so brief prosperity, enlarged as it had been, even so, by his grateful taking of it, is reassured, delighted, happy once more at the visible proof of his happiness, his invincible happiness. Duly he returned to Athens, early astir, for the last time, to restore the forfeited gifts, drove back his gaily painted chariot to leave there behind him, actually enjoying the drive, going home on foot poorer than ever. He takes again to his former modes of life, a little less to the horses, a little more to the old studies, the strange, secret history of his favourite goddess,—wronged surely! somehow, she too, as powerless to help him; till he lay sick at last, battling one morning, unaware of his mother's presence, with the feverish creations of the brain; the giddy, foolish wheel, the foolish song, of Phædra's chapel, spinning there with his heart bound thereto. "The curses of my progenitors are come upon me!" he cries.

"And yet, why so? guiltless as I am of evil." His wholesome religion seeming to turn against him now, the trees, the streams, the very rocks, swoon into living creatures, swarming around the goddess who has lost her grave quietness. He finds solicitation, and recoils, in the wind, in the sounds of the rain; till at length delirium itself finds a note of returning health. The feverish word-ways open unexpectedly upon wide currents of air, lulling him to sleep; and the conflict ending suddenly altogether at its sharpest, he lay in the early light motionless among the pillows, his mother standing by, as she thought, to see him die. As if for the last time, she presses on him the things he had preferred in that eating and drinking she had found so beautiful. The eyes, the eyelids are big with sorrow; and again, as he understands, making an effort for her sake, the healthy light returns into his: a hand seizes hers gratefully, and a slow convalescence begins, the happiest period in the wild mother's life. When he longed for flowers for the goddess, she went a toilsome journey to seek them, growing close, after long neglect, wholesome and firm on their tall stalks. The singing she had longed for so despairingly hovers gaily once more within the chapel and around the house.

At the crisis of that strange illness she had supposed her long forebodings about to be realised at last; but upon his recovery feared no more, assured herself that the curses of the father, the step-mother, the concurrent ill-will of that angry goddess, have done their utmost: he will outlive her: a few years hence put her to a rest surely welcome. Her misgivings, arising always out of the actual spectacle of his profound happiness, seemed at an end in this meek bliss, the more as she observed that it was a shade less unconscious than of old. And almost suddenly he found the strength, the heart, in him, to try his fortune again with the old chariot; and those still unsatisfied curses, in truth, going on

either side of him like living creatures unseen, legend tells briefly how, a competitor for pity with Adonis, and Icarus, and Hyacinth, and other doomed creatures of immature radiance in all story to come, he set forth joyously for the chariot-races, not of Athens, but of Trœzen, her rival. Once more he wins the prize: he says good-bye to admiring friends anxious to entertain him, and by night starts off homewards, as of old, like a child, returning quickly through the solitude in which he had never lacked company, and was now to die. Through all the perils of darkness he had guided the chariot safely along the curved shore: the dawn was come, and a little breeze astir, as the grey level spaces parted delicately into white and blue, when in a moment an earthquake, or Poseidon the earth-shaker himself, or angry Aphrodite awake from the deep betimes, rent the tranquil surface: a great wave leapt suddenly into the placid distance of the Attic shore, and was surging here to the very necks of the plunging horses, a moment since enjoying so pleasantly with him the caress of the morning air, but now, wholly forgetful of their old affectionate habit of obedience, dragging their leader headlong over the rough pave-

ments. Evening and the dawn might seem to have met on that hapless day through which they drew him home entangled in the trappings of the chariot that had been his ruin, till he lay at length, grey and haggard, at the rest he had longed for dimly amid the buffeting of those murderous stones, his mother watching impassibly, sunk at once into the condition she had so long anticipated.

Later legend breaks a supernatural light over that great desolation, and would fain relieve the reader by introducing the kindly Asclepius, who presently restores the youth to life, not, however, in the old form or under familiar conditions. To her, surely, counting the wounds, the disfigurements, telling over the pains which had shot through that dear head now insensible to her touch among the pillows under the harsh broad daylight, that would have been no more of a solace than if, according to the fancy of Ovid, he flourished still, a little deity, but under a new name and veiled now in old age, in the haunted grove of Aricia, far from his old Attic home, in a land which had never seen him as he was.

WALTER PATER.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE is Kirsteen?"

"Deed, mèm, I canna tell you; and if you would be guided by me you wouldna wail and cry for Kirsteen, night and day. You're getting into real ill habits with her to do everything for you. And the poor lassie has not a meenit to hersel'. She's on the run from morning to night. Bring me this, and get me that. I ken you're very weakly and life's a great trouble, but I would fain have ye take a little thought for her too."

Mrs. Douglas looked as if she might cry under Marg'ret's reproof. She was a pale pink woman seated in a large high easy-chair, so-called, something like a porter's chair. It was not particularly easy, but it was filled with pillows, and was the best that the locality and the time could supply. Her voice had a sound of tears in it as she replied:

"If you were as weak as I am, Marg'ret, and pains from head to foot, you would know better—and not grudge me the only comfort I have."

"Me grudge ye ainything! no for the world; except just that bairn's time and a' her life that might be at its brightest; but poor thing, poor thing!" said Marg'ret, shaking her head.

The scene was the parlour at Drumcarro, in the wilds of Argyllshire, the speakers the mistress of the house *de jure*, and she who was at the head of affairs *de facto*, Marg'ret the housekeeper, cook, lady's maid, and general manager of everything. Mrs. Douglas had brought Marg'ret with her as her

maid, when she came to Drumcarro as a bride some thirty years before; but as she went on having child after child for nearly twenty years, without much stamina of either mind or body to support that continual strain, Marg'ret had gradually become more and more the deputy and representative, the real substitute of the feminine head of the house. Not much was demanded of that functionary so far as the management of its wider affairs went. Her husband was an arbitrary and high-tempered man, whose will was absolute in the family, who took counsel with no one, and who after the few complaisances of a grim honeymoon let his wife drop into the harmless position of a nonentity, which indeed was that which was best fitted for her. All her active duties one by one had fallen into the hands of Marg'ret, whose first tender impulse to save the mistress whom she loved from toils unfitted for her, had gradually developed into the self-confidence and universal assumption of an able and energetic housekeeper born to organize and administer. Marg'ret did not know what these fine words meant, but she knew "her work," as she would have said, and by degrees had taken everything in the house and many things outside it into her hands. It was to her that the family went for everything, who was the giver of all indulgences, the only person who dared speak to "the maister", when clothes were wanted or any new thing. She was an excellent cook, a good manager, combining all the qualities that make a house comfortable, and she was the only one in the house who was not afraid of "the maister", of whom on

the contrary he stood in a little awe. A wife cannot throw up her situation with the certainty of finding another at a moment's notice as a good house-keeper can do—even if she has spirit enough to entertain such an idea. And poor Mrs. Douglas had no spirit, no health, little brains to begin with and none left now, after thirty years of domestic tyranny and “a bairn-time” of fourteen children. What could such a poor soul do but fall into invalidism with so many excellent reasons constantly recurring for adopting the habits of that state and its pathos and helplessness? especially with Marg’ret to fall back upon, who, though she would sometimes speak her mind to her mistress, nursed and tended, watched over and guarded her with the most unfailing care. Drumcarro himself (as he liked to be called) scarcely dared to be very uncivil to his wife in Marg’ret’s presence. He knew better than to quarrel with the woman who kept so much comfort with so little expense in his spare yet crowded house.

“Who is your ‘poor thing, poor thing’?” said a cheerful voice, with a mimicry of Marg’ret’s manner and her accent (for Marg’ret said poor as if it were written with a French *u*, that sound so difficult to English lips) “would it be the colley dogue or the canary bird or maybe the mistress of the house?”

Marg’ret turned round upon the only antagonist in the house who could hold head against her, or whom she could not crush at a blow—Kirsteen, the second daughter, who came in at this moment, quite softly but with a sudden burst open of the door, a sort of compromise between the noise it would have been natural to her to make, and the quietness essential to the invalid’s comfort. She was a girl of nearly twenty, a daughter of the hills, strongly built, not slim but trim, with red hair and brown eyes and a wonderful complexion, the pure whiteness like milk

which so often goes with those ruddy locks, and the colour of health and fine air on her cheeks. I would have darkened and smoothed my Kirsteen’s abundant hair if I could, for in those days nobody admired it. The type of beauty to which the palm was given was the pale and elegant type, with hair like night and starry eyes either blue or dark; and accordingly Kirsteen was not considered a pretty girl, though there were many who liked her looks in spite of her red hair, which was how people expressed their opinion then. It was so abundant and so vigorous and full of curl that it cost her all the trouble in the world to keep it moderately tidy, whereas “smooth as satin” was the required perfection of ladies’ locks. Her eyes were brown, not nearly dark enough for the requirements of the time, a kind of hazel indeed, sometimes so full of light that they dazzled the spectator and looked like gold—also quite out of accordance with the canons of the day. She was slightly freckled: she was, as I have said, strongly built; and in the dress of the time, a very short bodice and a very straight and scanty skirt, her proportions were scarcely elegant, but her waist was round if not very small, and her arms, in their short sleeves, shapely and well formed, and whiter than might have been expected from their constant exposure to air and sun, for Kirsteen only put on her gloves on serious occasions. The air of health and brightness and vigour about her altogether, made her appearance like that of a burst of sunshine into this very shady place.

“Deed,” said Marg’ret, putting her hands on each side of her own substantial waist in a way which has always been supposed to imply a certain defiance, “it was just you yoursel’”.

“Me!” the girl cried with a sort of suppressed shout. She cast a laughing glance round with an apparent attempt to discover some cause for the pity. “What have I done wrong

now?" Then her eyes came back to the troubled almost whimpering pathos of her mother's looks, and a cloud came over her bright countenance. "What has she been saying, mother, about me?"

"She says I'm crying on you for something day and night, and that you never have a minute to yourself; and oh, Kirsteen, my dear, I fear it's true."

Kirsteen put her arms akimbo too, and confronted Marg'ret with laughing defiance. They were not unlike each other, both of them types of powerful and capable womanhood, the elder purely and strongly practical, the other touched with fancy and poetry and perhaps some of the instincts of gentle blood, though neither in father nor mother were there many graces to inherit. "You are just a leein' woman," said the girl with a flash of her bright eyes. "Why, it's my life! What would I do without my Minnie?—as the song says." And she began to sing in a fresh, sweet, but uncultivated voice:

He turned him right and round about,

Said, scorn not at my mither,

True loves I may get mony ane

But Minnie ne'er anither.

Before Kirsteen's song came to an end, however, her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "What were you wanting, mother," she said hastily as she dropped the tune which was a very simple one, "to make her speak?"

"Oh, I was wanting nothing, nothing in particular. I was wanting my pillows shifted a little, and the big plaiden shawl for my knees, and one of my wires that fell out of my reach, and my other clew for I'm nearly at the end of this one. Ay! that's better; there is nobody that knows how to make me comfortable but you."

For Kirsteen in the meantime had begun to do, with swift and noiseless care, all that was wanted, finding the clew, or ball of worsted for the stock-

ing her mother was knitting, as she swept softly past to get the big shawl, on her way to the side of the chair where she arranged the pillows with deft accustomed skill. It did not take a minute to supply all these simple requirements. Marg'ret looked on, without moving while all was done, and caught the look half-soothed, half-peevish, which the invalid cast round to see if there was not something else that she wanted. "You may put down that book off the mantelpiece that Robbie left there," Mrs. Douglas said, finding nothing else to suggest, "it will curl up at the corners, and your father will be ill-pleased—"

"Weel?" said Marg'ret, "now ye've got your slave, I'm thinking ye've nae mair need of me, and there's the grand supper to think of, that the maister's aye sae keen about. When will ye have markit a' thae things, Miss Kirsteen? For I maun see to the laddie's packing before it's ower late."

"There's the last half dozen of handkerchiefs to do; but I'll not take long, and they're small things that can go into any corner. I'll do them now," said Kirsteen with a little sigh.

"There's nae hurry;" Marg'ret paused a little, then caught the girl by the sleeve, "just take another turn in the bonnie afternoon before the sun's down," she said in a low tone, "there's plenty of time. Run away, my bonnie lamb. I'll see the mistress wants naething."

"And you that have the supper and the packing and all on your hands! No, no. I'll do them now. You may go to your work," said Kirsteen with a look half tender, half peremptory. She carried her work to the window and sat down there with the white handkerchiefs in her hand.

"And what colour will you mark them in, Kirsteen? You have neither cotton nor silk to do it."

Kirsteen raised her head and pulled out a long thread of her red hair. "I am going to do it in this colour," she

said with a slight blush and smile. It was not an unusual little piece of sentiment in those days and the mother accepted it calmly.

"My colour of hair" she said, smoothing with a little complaisance her scanty dark locks under her cap, "was more fit for that than yours, Kirsteen, but Robbie will like to have it all the same."

Kirsteen laughed a little consciously while she proceeded with her work. She was quite willing to allow that a thread of her mother's dark hair would be better. "I will do one with yours for Robbie," she said, "and the rest with mine."

"But they're all for Robbie," said the mother.

"Yes, yes," Kirsteen replied with again that conscious look, the colour mantling to her cheeks, a soft moisture filling her eyes. The handkerchief was marked in fine delicate little cross stitches upon the white cambric, and though Mrs. Douglas's dark hair was like a spider's web, the red of Kirsteen's shone upon the fine fabric like a thread of gold.

The handkerchiefs were not yet finished when two young men came into the room, one so like Kirsteen that there was no difficulty in identifying him as her brother, the other a swarthy youth a little older, tall and strong and well knit. Robbie was on the eve of his start in life, leaving home, and Ronald Drummond, who was the son of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, was going with him. They were both bound with commissions in the Company's service for India, where half of the long-legged youths, sons of little Highland lairds and Lowland gentlemen, with good blood and plenty of pride and no money, the Quentin Durwards of the early nineteenth century, found an appropriate career. The period was that of the brief peace which lasted only so long as Napoleon was at Elba, long enough, however, to satisfy the young men that there was to be no

chance of renewed fighting nearer home and to make them content with their destination. They had been bred for this destination from their cradles, and Robbie Douglas at least was not sorry to escape from the dullness of Drumcarro to a larger life. Several of his brothers were already in India, and the younger ones looked to no other fate but that of following. As for the girls they did not count for much. He was sorry to say good-bye to Kirsteen, but that did not weigh down his heart. He was in high excitement, eager about his new outfit, his uniform, all the novel possessions which were doubly enchanting to a boy who had never before possessed anything of his own. He was eighteen, and to become all at once a man, an officer, an independent individuality, was enough to turn the head of any youth.

Ronald Drummond was different. He was going from a much more genial home: he had already tasted the sweets of independence, having served in the last campaign in the Peninsula and been wounded, which was a thing that raised him still higher in the scale of life than the three years' advantage in respect of age which he had over his young comrade. He was neither so cheerful nor so much excited as Robbie. He came and stood over Kirsteen as she drew closer and closer to the window to end her work before the light had gone.

"You are working it with your hair!" he said, suddenly, perceiving the nature of the long curling thread with which she threaded her needle.

"Yes," she said, demurely, holding up her work to the light. "What did you think it was?"

"I thought it was gold thread," he said. And then he took up one of the handkerchiefs already completed from the table. "R. D.," he said, "That's my name too."

"So it is," said Kirsteen, as if she had now discovered the fact for the first time.

"Nobody will do anything like that for me," he added, pathetically.

"Oh, Ronald! if not the hairs of their heads but the heads themselves would do ye good ye should have them—and that ye know."

"It is very true," said Ronald, "and thank you, Kirsteen, for reminding me how good they are; but," he added, after a moment, in a low voice, "they are not *you*."

She gave vent to a very feeble laugh which was full of emotion. "No, they could not be that," she said.

"And R. D. is my name too," said the young man. "Kirsteen!" She looked up at him for a moment in the light that was fading slowly out of the skies. He had taken one of the handkerchiefs from the pile, and touching her sleeve with one hand to call her attention, put the little glistening letters to his lips and then placed the handkerchief carefully in the breast pocket of his coat. Standing as he did, shutting out, as she complained, all the light from Mrs. Douglas, this little action was quite unseen, except by the one person who was intended to see it. Kirsteen could make no reply nor objection, for her heart was too full for speech. Her trembling hand, arrested in its work, dropped into his for a moment. He whispered something else, she scarcely knew what—and then Marg'ret marched into the room with the two candles which were all the lights ever used in Drumcarro parlour, and all was over and done.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was "a grand supper" as Marg'ret had announced, at Drumcarro this evening, for which though it was almost entirely a family party, solemn preparations were being made. The house was full of an unusual odour of good cheer, unusual goings and comings through the house betrayed the excitement and sense of a great event approaching which was diffused through the family. On ordinary occasions the

family dinner took place between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, followed by tea at seven with much wealth of scones and jam, new-laid eggs and other home produce—and the day ended for the elders by the production of "the tray" with its case of spirit-bottles and accompanying hot water. Now and then by times, however, this great ceremonial of a supper took place, always on the eve of the departure of one of the boys to make their fortune in the world. These occasions were consequently not surrounded by the brightest recollections to the grown-up portion of the family, or to their mother. The supper indeed to her was a feast of tears, probably as great, though a more usual indulgence than the other characteristics of the festival. It was rarely that Mrs. Douglas ventured to weep in presence of her lord, but on that night he said nothing, made no comment upon her red eyes, and suffered the whimper in her voice without any harsh, "Hold your tongue, woman!" such as usually subdued her. And it was recognized in the house that it was the mother's rôle and privilege on these occasions to cry. The children were not disturbed by it as they might have been by tears which they were less accustomed to see shed.

The dining-room was the best room in Drumcarro as in many Scotch houses of the kind, being recognized as the real centre of life, the special room of "the maister" and the scene of all the greater events in the family. There were two windows in it which at a time when the existence of the window-tax curtailed the light, was of itself a fine feature, and it was well-sized and not badly furnished, with a multitude of substantial mahogany chairs, sideboard, cellaret, and a long dining table of very dark mahogany, shining like a black mirror, which was capable of being drawn out to almost any length, and which had attained the very highest polish of which wood was capable. Covered with a dazzling white cloth,

lighted with four candles, a most unusual splendour—set in the silver candlesticks, which were the pride of the family—and surrounded by all the Douglasses who still remained at home, it was an imposing sight. Flowers had not yet been thought of as decorations of a table; such frivolities were far in the depths of time. A large square dish set in a high stand of plated silver with straggling branches extending from it on every side, each of which contained a smaller dish full of confectionery, pieces of coloured “rock” from Edinburgh, and sweeties procured from “the merchant’s” for the occasion, occupied the centre of the table. It was called the *épergne* and was considered very splendid. The central dish was piled high with ruddy apples, which gave an agreeable piece of colour, if any one had thought of such fantastic folly. The four candlesticks, each with a pair of snuffers in its tray placed between them, completed the decorative portion of the table. The candles were not the delicate articles which advancing civilization has learned how to produce, but smoky “moulds” which tinged the atmosphere with a perceptible emanation, especially when they stood in need of snuffing. They threw a ruddy light upon the faces closely assembled round the board, bringing out most fully those of the more youthful members of the family, and fading dismally towards the ends of the long table at which the principal personages were placed. There were but two visitors of the party, one the minister, invited in right of having more or less superintended Robbie’s studies, such as they were, and seated on Mrs. Douglas’s right hand; the other an old Miss Douglas known as Aunt Eelen, from whom there were certain expectations, and who occupied a similar place of honour by the side of Drumcarro. The hero of the evening was at his father’s left hand. The rest of the party were Mary the eldest daughter, Jeanie the youngest, Kirsteen, and two

boys aged fourteen and twelve respectively, the remaining sons of the house. The fare was excellent, and in another region might have been thought luxurious; but it was impossible to conceal that the large dish of delicious trout which stood smoking before Mrs. Douglas, and the corresponding hecatomb of grouse to which her husband helped the company after the trout had been disposed of, came from the loch and the moor on Drumcarro estate, and therefore were as much home produce as the eggs and the cream. This fact elicited a somewhat sharp criticism from Miss Eelen at the foot of the table.

“The grouse is no doubt very good,” she said, “and being to the manner born as ye may say, I never tire of it; but for a genteel supper like what you have always given to the lads—”

“Faith,” said the laird, “they’ll find it most genteel where they’re going. The Englishmen will think it the finest table in the world when they hear we have grouse every day; and Robbie’s no bound to condescend upon the number of other dishes. I know what I am doing.”

“No doubt, no doubt: I was only making a remark. Now I think a bit of cod from the sea or a made dish of fine collops, or just a something tossed up with a bit of veal, they’re more genteel—and I know that’s what you’re always thinking of, Neil—of course, for the boys’ sakes—”

“There’s a made dish coming, mem,” said Merran, who was waiting.

“Oh, there’s a made dish coming! I thought Marg’ret would mind what was for the credit of the house. Robbie, my man, ye ought to feel yourself a great personage with all the phrase that’s made for you. When Sandy went away, who was the first, there was nothing but a haggis—but we’ve learned many things since then.”

“A haggis is a very good thing, it’s fit for a king’s table.”

“But not what you would call refined, nor genteel. Give me the leg

and a piece of the back—there's more taste in it. I hope you will always be grateful to your father for giving ye such a grand set out."

"I think," said the minister at the other end, "that you and Drumcarro, mem, give yourselves more and more trouble every son that leaves ye. This is the fifth I have seen."

"Oh, don't say me, Mr. Pyper," said the mother. "I know just nothing about it—when your son's going away, and ye think ye may never set eyes on him again, who's to think of eating and drinking? He may do it, but not me."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pyper. "Still to give the lad a something pleasurable to look back upon, a last feast, so to speak, has many points in its favour. A lad's mind is full of materialism, as you may call it, and he will mind all the faces round the friendly board."

"It's not very friendly to me," said the mother, with a sob, "my four bonny boys all away, and now Robbie. It just breaks my heart."

"But what would you do with them, mem, if they were here?" said the sensible minister; "four big men, for they're all men by this time, about the house? No, no, my dear leddy, you must not complain. Such fine openings for them all! and every one getting on."

"But what does that matter to me, Mr. Pyper, if I am never to see one of them again?"

"Oh yes, mem, it matters—oh, ay, it matters much. The young of no species, much less the human, can bide at home. Fathers and mothers in the lower creation just throw them off, and there's an end. But you do more than that. You put them in the best way of doing for themselves, and the King himself cannot do better. Alas!" said the minister, "no half so well, decent man—for look at all these young princes, one wilder than the other. And every one of yours doing so well."

"Oh, yes, they're doing well enough—but such a long way away. And me so delicate. And Robbie never quite strong since he had the measles. It's borne in upon me that I will never see him again."

"You need not say it, mother," said Kirsteen, "for that's what nobody can know; and it's just as likely he may be sent home with despatches or some great grandee take a fancy to him and bring him back. And when we're sitting some day working our stockings he'll come linking in by the parlour door."

"Oh, you're just as light as air," said the mother, "there's nothing serious in ye. You think going to India is just like going to the fair."

Kirsteen darted a quick glance at her mother, but said no more. Her eyes kept filling much against her will. She was in great terror lest a big drop might brim over and run down her cheek, to be spied at once by Jeanie or the boys. For nothing would be hid from these little things: they could note at the same moment the last bit of a bird which they had all counted on, being transferred to Aunt Eelen's plate, and keep an eye upon the favourite apple each had chosen, and spy that suspicious brightness in Kirsteen's eyes. Nothing could be hid from their sharp, little, all-inspecting looks.

There was a breathless moment when the cloth was drawn, and the black gleam of the mahogany underneath changed in a moment the lights of the picture, and gave the children a delightful opportunity of surveying themselves in that shining surface. It was a moment full of solemnity. Everybody knew what was coming. The port and sherry, with their little labels, in the silver holders intended to prevent the bottles from scratching the table, were placed before Mr. Douglas. Then there was also placed before him a trayful of tall glasses. He rose up: the eyes of all followed his movements:

Jock and Jamie projecting their red heads forward in the smoky glow of the candles, then much in want of snuffing: Jeanie's paler locks turned the same way. Mary, who had her mother's brown smooth hair, rested her clasped hands upon the edge of the table with calm expectation. Kirsteen leant her elbows on the same shining edge, and put down her face in her hands. Miss Eelen shook her head, and kept on shaking it like a china mandarin. The Laird of Drumcarro went to an old-fashioned wine-cooler, which stood under the side-board. He took from it one bottle of champagne, which occupied it in solitary dignity. Marg'ret stood ready with a knife in her hand to cut the wire, and a napkin over her arm to wipe up anything that might be spilt. Not a word was said at table while these preliminaries were gone through. Aunt Eelen, as the catastrophe lingered, went so far as to make a suppressed *Tchish Tchish!* of her tongue against her palate. The rest were full of serious excitement too important for speech. The bottle was opened finally without spilling a drop: it was perhaps not so much "up" as it might have been. Drumcarro filled all the glasses, one for each person at table, and another one for Marg'ret. There was perhaps more foam than wine in a number of the glasses. He held up his own in his hand. "It's Robbie's last night at Drumcarro," he said, "for the present. Have you all your glasses? Before the fizz is out of the wine drink to Robbie's good health and good luck to him, and to all our lads that have gone before." He touched the foam in his glass, now fast dying away, with his lips. "May they all come back with stars on their breasts," he said, "and do credit to their name—and not a laggard, nor a coward, nor one unworthy to be a Douglas among them all!"

The other male members of the party were standing up also, "Here's to you, Robbie, here's to you, Robbie?"

cried the two boys. The foam in their glasses merely moistened their throats, the minister however whose glass had been full gravely swallowed its contents in little sips, with pauses between. "A very good health to them all, and the Lord bless them," he said with imposing authority. Mrs. Douglas taking advantage of the privilege awarded to her, began to cry. and Marg'ret lifted up a strong voice, from the foot of the table where she stood with her hand upon the shoulder of the hero.

"Be a good lad, Robbie—and mind upon your Minnie and a' the family—and be a credit to us a': here's to you, and to the rest o' the young gentlemen, them that's gone, and them that are to go!"

"Ye'll have to get a new bottle for the little one," said Aunt Eelen. "Neil, my man, for your half-dozen will be out with Jock." She gave a harsh laugh at her own joke. "And then there's the lasses' marriages to be thought upon," she added setting down her glass.

Drumcarro resumed his seat, the ceremonial being over. "Let the lasses' marriages alone," he said impatiently. "I've enough to think upon with my lads. Now Rob, are you sure you're all ready? Your things packed and all your odds and ends put up? The less of them you take the better. Long before you've got the length of Calcutta ye'll be wishing you had left the half of your portman-teaux at home."

"I've just two, father."

"Well, ye'll be wishing ye had but one. Bring ben the hot water, Marg'ret; for wine's but a feeble drink, and cold on the stomach. My wife never moves at the right time—will I give her a hint that you're waiting, Eelen?"

"Not on my account, Drumcarro. Your champagne's no doubt a grand drink; but a glass out of your tumbler, if you're going to make one, is more wholesome and will set all right."

"I thought ye would say that," said the Laird. She had said it already on every such occasion—so that perhaps his divination was not wonderful. He proceeded with care to the manufacture of "the tumbler," at which the minister looked from the other end of the table with patient interest, abiding his time.

"Snuff the candles," said the Laird, "will nobody pay a little attention? You three little ones, you can run away with your apples, it's near your bed-time; but don't make more noise than you can help. Marg'ret take the hot water to the minister. Champagne, as ye were saying, Eelen, is a grand drink; I think it right my sons should drink it at their father's table before they plunge into the extravagance of a mess. It teaches a lad what he's likely to meet with, and I would not have one of mine surprised with any dainty, as if he had come out of a poor house. But a wholesome glass like what I'm helping you to is worth twenty of it." He was filling a wine-glass with his small silver toddy-ladle as he spoke, and the fumes of the pungent liquid rose in curls of steam pleasant to the accustomed nostrils. Robbie kept an eye upon the hot water which Mr. Pyper detained, knowing that one of the privileges of his position to-night was "to make a tumbler" for himself, with the privilege of offering it then to his sisters, as each of his brothers had done.

"Can I assist you to a glass, mem? just a drop. It will do ye good," the minister said.

"Nothing will do me good," said Mrs. Douglas. "I'm far past that; but I'll take a little for civility, not to refuse a friend, whether it's toddy or whether it's wine it's all sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal to me. A woman when her bairns go from her is little comforted by the like of that."

"And yet the creature comforts have their place, a homely one but still a true one," said the minister. "There's a time to feast as well as a time

to refrain from feasting. Miss Mary, may I have the pleasure of assisting you?"

"I'll take a little from Robbie," said the elder daughter, wisely instructed that it was well thus to diminish the unwonted tumbler allowed to the novice. Kirsteen rose quickly to her feet as these interchanges went round.

"Mother, I think if ye'll let me, I'll just give an eye to what the little ones are doing," she said, "and see that Robbie's things are all ready. One of the boxes is open still and there are these handkerchiefs."

Kirsteen's eyes were brimming over, and as she spoke a large drop fell upon her hand: she looked at it with alarm, saying "I did not mean to be so silly," and hastened away.

"Where is Kirsteen away to? Can she not take her share of what is going like the rest?" said her father. "You breed these lasses to your own whimsies, Mistress Douglas. The bairns are well out of the road; but them that are grown up, should bide where they are, and not disturb the family. I have no patience with them."

"I'm here, father," said Mary in her mild voice.

"Oh, ay, you're there," said the inconsistent head of the house, "for you're just nobody, and never had two ideas in your head," he continued in a lower tone. "Now, Robbie, my man, take your glass, there is no saying when you will get another. It's just second nature to a Scotsman, but it's as well for you to be out of the way of it; for though it's the most wholesome drink, it's very seductive and you're much better without it at your age. It's like the strange woman that you're warned against in Scripture."

"Drumcarro!" said Aunt Eelen. "Oh fie! before ladies."

"Ladies or no ladies I cannot let the occasion pass without a word of warning," said the father. "Ye will have every temptation put before ye, my lad, not drink perhaps, for the

climate will not stand it, but other things, that are worse."

"I'm thinking, Christina," said the old lady, "that now your goodman has begun his moralities it may be as well for us to go, for you know where that begins and you never can tell where it may end; a man has cognizance of many things that cannot enter into the experience of you and me. Mind you what your father says, Robbie, but it's not intended for your mother and me."

CHAPTER III.

KIRSTEEN hurried out of the room, out of the fumes of the toddy and the atmosphere of the half-festive, half-doleful occasion which made a not altogether unpleasant excitement in the monotony of the home life. She gazed in at the open door of the parlour, and saw the three younger children gathered in the firelight upon the hearthrug munching their apples, and the sweets with which they had been allowed to fill their pockets. The firelight made still more ruddy the red heads and freckled faces of the boys, and lit up Jeanie, who sat on a footstool a little higher than her brothers, in her more delicate tints. Kirsteen was much attached to her younger sister, who promised to be the beauty of the family, and thought her like an angel, especially as seen through the dew of her wet eyes. "Dinna make a noise," she said, "be awfu' quiet or you'll be sent to your beds;" and then closed the door softly and stole through the dark passage towards the principal entrance. There was no light save a ruddy gleam from the kitchen in the depths of that dark passage which traversed the whole breadth of the house, and that which shone through the crevices of the dining-room door. She had to find her way groping, but she was very well used to this exercise, and knew exactly where the hall-table and the heavy wooden chairs on each side stood. The outer door stood half open

according to the habit of the country where there were no burglars to fear, and little to tempt them, and a perfect capacity of self-defence inside. There was a full moon that night but it had not yet risen, though the sky was full of a misty light which preceded that event. A faint shadow of the group of trees outside was thrown upon the doorway; they were birches slender and graceful, with their leaves half blown away by the October gales; those that remained were yellow with the first touches of the frost, and in themselves gave forth a certain light. Kirsteen stole out to a bench that stood against the wall, and sat down in a corner. She was not afraid of cold with her uncovered head and bare arms. All the moods of the elements were familiar to the Highland girl. She thought it mild, almost warm: there was no wind, the yellow birches perceptible in their faint colour stood up like a group of long-limbed youths dangling their long locks in the dim light: the further landscape was but faintly visible, the shoulder of the hill against the sky, and a single gleam of the burn deep down among the trees.

She sat pressing herself into the corner of the seat, and the long pent-up tears poured forth. They had been getting too much for her, like a stream shut in by artificial barriers, and now came with a flood, like the same stream in spate and carrying every obstruction away. It was almost a pleasure to see (if there had been any one to do so) the good heart with which Kirsteen wept: she made no noise, but the tears poured forth in a great shower, relieving her head and her heart. They were very heavy, but they were not bitter. They meant a great deal of emotion and stirring up of her whole being, but though her feelings were very poignant they were not without pleasure. She had never felt so elevated above herself, above every dull circumstance that surrounded her. She had been very sorry and had shed

tears plentifully when the other boys went away. But this was not the same. She perhaps did not confess to herself, yet she knew very well that it was not altogether for Robbie. Robbie had his share, but there was another now. For years Kirsteen and Ronald Drummond had been good friends. When he went away before she had felt a secret pang, and had been very eager to hear the news of the battles and that he was safe: but something had changed this friendship during the last summer while he had been at home. Not a word had been said: there was no love-making; they were both too shy to enter upon any revelation of feeling, nor was there any opportunity for explanations, since they were always surrounded by companions, always in the midst of a wandering, easy-minded party which had no respect for any one's privacy. But Kirsteen when she marked her brother's handkerchiefs with her hair had fully intended that Ronald should see it, and be struck with the similarity of the initials and ask for or take one of them at least. Her heart beat high when this happened according to her prevision; and when he stooped and whispered, "Will ye wait for me, Kirsteen, till I come back?" the answering whisper, "That I will!" had come from the bottom of her heart. She had scarcely been aware of what was said in the hurry of the moment. But it had come back to her, every syllable and every tone as soon as it was all over. Their spirits had floated together in that one moment, which was only a moment yet enough to decide the course of two lives. They were too much bound by the laws of their youthful existence to think of breaking any observance in order to expand these utterances, or make assurance sure. That Ronald should spend his last evening at home with his mother and sister, that Kirsteen should be present at Robbie's parting supper, was as the laws of the Medes and the Persians to these two. No

emergency could be imagined of sufficient weight to interfere with such necessities of life. And there was something [in their simple absolutism of youthful feeling which was better expressed in the momentary conjunction, in the sudden words so brief and pregnant, than in hours of lovers' talk, of which both boy and girl would have thought shame. "Will ye wait for me till I come back?" What more could have been said in volumes? and "That I will!" out of the fervour of a simple heart? Kirsteen thought it all over again and again. He seemed to stand by her side bending a little over her with a look half smile, half tears in his eyes; and she was aware again of the flash of the sweet discovery, the gold thread of the little letters put to his lips, and then the question, "Will ye wait?" Wait! for a hundred years, for all the unfathomed depths of life, through long absence and silence, each invisible to the other. "That I will!" She said it over and over again to herself.

In those days there was no thought of the constant communications we have now, no weekly mails, no rapid courses overland, no telegraph for an emergency. When a young man went away he went for good—away; every trace of him obliterated as if he had not been. It was a four months' voyage to India round by the Cape. Within the course of the year his mother might hope to hear that he had arrived. And if an Indian letter had come even at that long interval for a girl in another family, what a host of questions would she not have had to go through! "A letter for Kirsteen! Who's writing to Kirsteen? What is he writing to her about? What is the meaning of it all? I must know what that means!" Such would have been the inquiries that would have surged up in a moment, making poor Kirsteen the object of everybody's curious gaze and of every kind of investigation. She never dreamed of any such possibility. Robbie, when

he wrote home, which he would no doubt do in time, might mention the companion of his voyage; Agnes Drummond might say, "There's a letter from our Ronald." These were the only communications that Kirsteen could hope for. She was very well aware of the fact, and raised no thought of rebellion against it. When she gave that promise she meant waiting for interminable years—waiting without a glimpse or a word. Nor did this depress her spirits: rather it gave a more elevating ideal form to the visionary bond. All romance was in it, all the poetry of life. He would be as if he were dead to her for years and years. Silence would fall between them like the grave. And yet all the time she would be waiting for him and he would be coming to her.

And though Kirsteen cried, it was not altogether for trouble. It was for extreme and highly-wrought feeling, sorrow and happiness combined. Through all her twenty years of life there had been nothing to equal that moment, the intensity of it, the expectation, the swift and sudden realisation of all vague anticipations and wishes. It was only a minute of time, a mere speck upon the great monotonous level of existence, and yet there would be food enough in it for the thoughts of all future years. When the thunder-shower of the tears was exhausted, she sat quite still in a kind of exalted contentment, going over it and over it, never tired. The hot room and the smoky glare of the candles, and the fumes of the whisky and the sound of all the voices, had been intolerable to her; but in the fresh coldness of the night air, in that great quiet of Nature, with the rustle of the leaves going through it like breath, and the soft distant tinkle of the burns, what room and scope there was for remembering; which was what Kirsteen called thinking—remembering every tone and look, the way in which he approached the table where her work was lying, her wonder if he

would notice, the flush of perception on his face as he said, "It's my name too," and then that tender theft, the act that left Robbie for ever without one of his pocket-handkerchiefs,—she thought with a gleam of fun how he would count them and count them, and wonder how he had lost it—the little visionary letters put to his lips. Oh, that her heart had been sewn in with the hair to give to him! But so it was, so it was! He had that pledge of hers, but she had nothing of his, nor did she want anything to remind her, to bind her faith to him, though it should be years before she saw him again. The tears started into her eyes again with that thought, which gave her a pang, yet one which was full of sweetness: for what did it matter how long he was away, or how dark and still the time and space that separated them now. "Will ye wait for me till I come back?" that would be the gold thread that should run through all the years.

The sound of a little movement in the dining-room from which all this time she had heard the murmur of the voices, the tinkle of the glasses, made her pause and start. It was the ladies withdrawing to the parlour. She thought with a little gasp that they would find the children scorching their cheeks on the hearthrug, instead of being sent off to bed as should have been done, and held her breath expecting every moment the call of "Kirsteen!" which was her mother's appeal against fate. But either the general license of the great family event, or the sedative effect of her mouthful of champagne and glass of toddy, or the effect of Aunt Eelen's conversation which put her always on her defence whatever was the subject, had subdued Mrs. Douglas: there came no call, and Kirsteen though with a slightly divided attention, and one ear anxiously intent upon what was going on indoors, pursued her thoughts. It gave them a more vivid sweetness that they were so entirely her own, a secret

which she might carry safely without any one suspecting its existence under cover of everything that was habitual and visible. It would be her life, whatever was going on outside. When she was dull—and life was often dull at Drumcarro—when her mother was more exacting than usual, her father more rough, Mary and the children more exasperating, she would retire into herself and hear the whisper in her heart, “will ye wait till I come back?”—it would be like a spell she said to herself—just like a spell; the clouds would disperse and the sun break out, and her heart would float forth upon that golden stream.

The sound of a heavy yet soft step aroused Kirsteen at this moment from her dreams; but she was set at ease by the sight of a great whiteness which she at once identified as Marg’ret’s apron, coming slowly round the corner of the house. “I just thought I would find you here,” said Marg’ret. “It’s natural in me after that warm kitchen and a’ the pots and pans, to want a breath of air—but what are you doing here with your bare neck, and nothing on your head? I’m just warning you for ever, you’ll get your death of cold.”

“I could not bear it any longer,” said Kirsteen, “the talking and all the faces and the smell of the toddy.”

“Hoot,” said Marg’ret, “what ails ye at the smell of the toddy? In moderation it’s no an ill thing—and as for the faces you wouldna’ have folk without faces, you daft bairn; that’s just a silly speech from the like of you.”

“There’s no law against being silly,” Kirsteen said.

“Oh, but that’s true. If there was, the jails would be ower full: though no from you, my bonnie dear. But I ken weel what it is,” said Marg’ret, putting her arm round the girl’s shoulder. “Your bit heart’s a’ stirred up and ye dinna ken how ye feel. Tak’ comfort, my dear bairn, they’ll come back.”

Kirsteen shed a few more ready tears upon Marg’ret’s shoulder, then she gave that vigorous arm a push, and burst from its hold with a laugh, “There’s one of Robbie’s handkerchiefs lost or stolen,” she said. “Where do ye think he’ll ever find it? and R. D. worked upon it with a thread of my hair.”

“Bless me!” said Marg’ret with alarm, “who would meddle with the laddie’s linen? but you’re meaning something mair than meets the eye,” she added, with a pat upon the girl’s shoulder; “I’ll maybe faddom it by and by. Gang away ben, the ladies will be wondering where ye are, and it’s eerie out here in the white moonlight.”

“Not eerie at all: ye mean soft and sweet,” said Kirsteen, “the kind of light for thinking in; and the moon is this minute up. She’s come for you and not for me.”

“I cannot faddom you the nicht any more than I can faddom what ye say,” said Marg’ret. “There’s mair in it than Robbie and his handkerchief. But I maun go in and fasten up the straps and put his keys in his pocket or he’ll forget them. Laddies are a great handful, they’re aye forgetting. But they’re like the man’s wife, they’re ill to have, but worse to want. Gang in, gang in out of the night air,” said Marg’ret with a faint sob, softly pushing Kirsteen before her. The smell of the peat fires which was pleasant, and of the smoke of the candles which was not, and of the penetrating fumes of the toddy again filled Kirsteen’s nostrils as she came in. She had no right to be fastidious, for she had been brought up in the habit and knowledge of all these odours. When she entered, another scent, that of the tea with which the ladies were concluding the evening, added its more subtle perfume. In those days, people were not afraid of strong tea, mixed with a great deal of green to modify the strong black Congou, and it had been “masking” for half-an-hour before the fire: they

were not afraid of being "put off their sleep."

"And do ye mean to say, Christina, that there's nobody coming about the house that would do for your girls?"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, Eelen, say not a word about that: we've had trouble enough on that subject," said Mrs. Douglas in her injured voice.

"Are you meaning Anne? Well, I mind Drumcarro's vow, but there is no doubt that was a miss-alliance. I'm meaning men in their own position of life."

"Where are they to see men in their own position, or any men?" said the mother, shaking her head. "Bless me, Kirsteen, is that you? I don't like people to go gliding about the

house like that, so that ye never can hear them. When your aunt and me were maybe talking—what was not meant for the like of you."

"Hoot, there was no hairm in it," said Aunt Eelen, "if all the lasses in the town had been here."

"But it's an ill custom," said Mrs. Douglas. "However, as you're here ye may just get me my stocking, Kirsteen, and take up a stitch or two that I let fall. Na, na, no strangers ever come here. And now that my Robbie's going, there will be fewer than ever. I wish your father would not keep that laddie out of his bed, and him starting so early. And, eh, me, to think that I'm his mother, and most likely will never see him in this world again!"

(To be continued.)

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MAROONED.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A STARTLING APPARITION.

THERE was a second man in the boat, a negro also. He lay dead in the bottom, a dreadful sight, naked to the waist, and clothed with a pair of sailor's old drill trousers, the right leg discoloured by many blood-stains. He was twisted, as though his spine were broken, with his breast partly turned towards the stern of the boat, while his knees, which were drawn up, pointed forwards, and his face stared straight up, the eyes open like dull glass, and the skin of that indescribable sort of greenish ashen hue which a black face takes in death. The other fellow was on his back, as he had fallen, with his head in the bottom of the boat and his legs over the thwart. He still breathed, but I noticed the foam gathering upon his lips even as I looked for a moment or two at this terrible picture. He was dressed in a soldier's or marine's coat, a cloth round about his loins, and his lean shanks naked; an old ragged Scotch cap clung to his woolly head.

It would be impossible for me to tell you how this little ocean-tragedy was heightened by the element of the grotesque in it. There was no sail in the boat, no breaker that might have held water, no hint of the miserable creatures having sailed or been blown away with so much as a bite of biscuit. The oars were scarcely more

than paddles, and evidently had not belonged to the little fabric. She was black outside and white within; clearly, as I had thought at the beginning, a ship's quarter-boat. The words *Prince William* were painted in small black letters on her stern, inside of her. Miss Grant overhung the craft in a posture of pity and horror.

"This poor fellow in the bows is still alive," she cried.

"I see that he is," said I; "we will help him in an instant; but the value of this boat signifies the worth of our lives, and we must make her a bit securer yet. Please pull at this rope as I pull."

I handed a bight of the line in the bows to her, and then put my hand on the gunwale at the head, and together we ran her another few feet out of the water, the wet keel slipping readily enough up the ivory-like grit of the sand. All this was done as swiftly as I can write it. I then jumped into the boat, and with some trouble, for he was an exceedingly heavy man, I raised the negro on to the thwart, and set his back against the mast. His head lolled upon his shoulder like that of a person hanging. He looked at me with a gleam of intelligence in his bloodshot eyes, and his lips moved, but the merest rattle of noise trembled through the foam that filled his mouth. He raised his hand and pointed to his throat.

"Why, of course!" cried I; "I must have been mad not to perceive it. The poor fellow is dying of thirst. Will you get some water, whilst I keep him propped up here?"

She was off in a bound like a stag, and in the briefest imaginable time returned with a meat-tin full of water, which I put to the negro's lips; but the moment he tasted the cold of it against his mouth a frenzy seized him. He grasped the tin, throwing me from him with a jerk of his elbow that was like to have broken my back for me against the gunwale, and uttering a strange throaty cry that made one think of the yell of a hunted negro to the first leap of a bloodhound upon him, he drank the whole of the water at one draught—a full quart, as I should reckon, for the tin was a big one—let drop the vessel, flinging both his hands against his breast in the manner of a man furiously striking himself, stood bolt upright with a most mad and murderous look in his eyes as they met mine, ere they rolled right up till you saw nothing but their crimsoned whites, and then without a groan fell backwards across the other body and lay motionless.

I looked round at Miss Grant. "The draught has killed him, I fear," said I.

She turned away her head with her hands over her eyes. I kneeled down and grasped the poor wretch's wrist that showed like a bit of ebony forking out of the ragged sleeve of the red coat, but could feel no pulse. I next soaked a handkerchief in salt water, plucked the Scotch cap off his head, and bathed his brows, but nothing followed. Once a movement as of muscular contraction went in a twitch through him, but the drop of the jaw told me all I needed to learn.

It was proper however that I should let him lie for a while to make sure that he was dead, and so I stepped ashore, and to still further secure this precious gift that had come to us, I carried the end of the painter, which was a good long length of coir rope,

with the strands at the extremity showing that it had parted, to a tree which stood near the head of the creek, and secured it, then withdrew with Miss Grant to the shelter of some tufted heads of the cocoa to sit down and rest and think a little, and wait to observe if the man had actually expired.

My companion was greatly overcome. Dreadful indeed the sight was, but the pitifulness of it, I am almost ashamed to say, was largely qualified to my mind by the transport of joy with which I viewed the boat, and understood that the time of our deliverance—a chance not to have been dreamt of two or three hours before—had come to us. It needed but a very brief spell of thinking to arrive at how this thing had happened. As one who had used the ocean, I could not fail to see it all clearly and quickly. In fact the parted strands of the coir line told me the tale. It was no painter, but such a rope as a boat would ride astern of a ship by. It had broken, maybe, in the gale that had stormed over us two nights before, and the boat had gone adrift with these negroes in her, without a sail, with a rudder that was without a tiller, without water, and without food.

I waited for some time, and went to the boat to have another look at the man, and then his appearance persuaded me that he was dead. I was heartily grieved that this should have been so, for now that he lay at rest he showed, methought, a very bland and honest countenance, besides being of a most muscular and robust make; and I felt that had he lived he might have proved of the utmost use to us, not as a pilot only, and as one perhaps who would know the situation of this island and its name, but as an assistant to help me to rig the fabric and navigate her. However, the truth lay before me; and I suppose these hard island-experiences of ours having rendered me extremely prosaic and matter-of-fact in directions which at another time would have stirred all the senti-

ment in me to its depths, I determined to deal with the bodies without ado. So looking around me, I picked up two good big stones, one of which I secured to the body of the man who had just died by the cloth round about his middle, whilst I attached the other to the second body in a manner I need not describe; then without saying a word to Miss Grant, who sat watching me, clearly understanding my intentions, I unhitched the line from the tree, shoved the boat afloat, and sculled her clear of the creek where the water was deep, and tumbled the bodies overboard. It was as odious a bit of necessary work as ever mortal man could put his hand to. Hot as the sun was, the job made me feel as cold as if the chill of an English November night were upon me; but I breathed more freely when I came to scull myself back to the shore, and when I stepped out with the end of the line in my hand, the earlier emotion of joy that the possession of the little craft had raised was again so active in my heart that I could scarce hold myself from singing like a boy at the top of my voice.

The morning was already advanced, and we had not yet broken our fast. I disliked the idea of turning my back upon the boat, lest on my return I should find her gone. However, her forefoot being hard and fast ashore, and the line in the bows secured to the trees, it was impossible that the flow of the tide in the creek could play me any ugly tricks with her; so we walked to our underground chambers to get some breakfast. I remember that our repast consisted of cold turtle-steak, plantains, sweet oranges, and a draught of cold water from the brook. The stock of provisions that had been set ashore with us was now exhausted; we had a small quantity of spirits left, but the biscuit, tongues, preserved meat, and the like, were gone. Such a breakfast as ours was hardly fare to grow fat on, but it was wholesome and cool, and perhaps the sort of food that Nature intended for the use of such

human beings as should live in this island. It seems to me that the properest food for the people who inhabit a country is that which grows good for eating in it. Think of Broadwater's bill of fare, for instance, under such a dog-star as raged over the spot of earth we had been marooned upon!—roast pork, massive sausages, turbid pea-soup, and the atmosphere all the while so hot that you heard the spikes and leaves and tendons of the breathless vegetation quivering with tingling noises like the faint crackling in burnt paper, or in a sheet of tin curling to the roasting glare of a furnace! I was mighty sick of turtle, and so was Miss Grant, but then it was a sort of meat in its way, and combined to make out a meal with the fruit, which was too delicious to weary us. One helped the other, and rendered the whole diet nutritious; and maybe it was the simplicity of the fare that kept us well. We had been a long three weeks upon the island, yet Miss Grant had never once uttered a complaint of indisposition, whilst for my part I was almost unreasonably hearty in face of the heavy anxieties that weighed down my spirits.

"Thank God," said I, with a look round the room, as I seated myself with my companion to our lenten meal, "we shall soon be taking a long farewell of this most melancholy haunt. It would have been strange indeed if that ill wind the other night had blown us no good. A boat is the next best thing to a ship."

"How strange it is," she exclaimed, "to watch the working of the hand of fate! Ashore, it is an influence, a hidden government; but at sea it is as apparent as a billow, or the rising of a cloud. One saw that in the boat as she approached. Fate was at her helm; and if I were an artist, and desired to materialize the conception of fate and make it a visible thing, I should figure two people standing as we did, hopeless and imprisoned on this island, watching the boat coming out of the tiny blot it made in the

far blue distance, gliding towards us without a swerve, with a final complete surrendering of itself to us, as it were, through the death of the two poor creatures in it." Her fine eyes shone to the high religious mood that was in her. "Little wonder," she continued, "that we should always be saying God's hand is most plain on the deep. The Ancient Mariner was not mad when he spied the little barque with Death on board gambling with a woman for human souls. The sea is to me so much more wonderful than the land, that I believe I could credit any amazing thing that should be related of it. Where else does one come closer to one's Maker? Oh, Mr. Musgrave, it seemed to me like seeing the Divine finger itself when I watched that boat growing upon the calm sea, urged, as we know now, by dying hands."

She shuddered, and pressed her fingers to her temples. She had been overtaxed, nor was the horror wrought in her by the incident of the morning to be soothed by the deep excitement that the opportunity for escaping from this island brought with it. Hysteria, I thought, was bound to dog the heels of such moralizing as she had started on; so there was nothing for it but to be blunt and prosaic, though, but for the fear I had that the humouring of the mood she was in would be bad for her, I could have listened all day. It was not so much what she said as the thoughts which lay behind her words, which spoke in her face, making her beauty eloquent with the rich fancies flushing to her delicate cheeks, and flashing a brighter light yet into her eyes.

"We shall have to go to work briskly," said I; "if all were prepared I would start at once."

She came back to herself with an effort, and brought her hands from her white brows with a faint smile, as if she understood what was in my mind concerning her.

"What is to be done, Mr. Musgrave, that I may know my share?" she asked.

"Well, first of all we must victual the boat," said I; "we have bottles enough for the storing of fresh water, and you can do a useful hour's work by hunting for the corks which we have drawn and thrown away, and fitting them to the bottles afresh. For food we must be content with the handsomest stock of craw-fish, fruit, and turtle that we can contrive. The boat wants a tiller; that is easily managed. She also wants a sail, which we shall have to manufacture out of your shawls. I must likewise make a yard for the sail, which may be got from a bough off one of the fallen trees. This done, our business will be to embark and head away west."

"It is a little boat for so great a sea," she said, in a low voice.

"Ay," said I, "but then the film of land that was visible from the cross-trees of the Iron Crown is not too far distant for her to fetch, and it will be mighty odd indeed if that streak of blue haze which the men talked about be not an inhabited island, with houses to lodge in, and the means of proceeding to Jamaica, which can't be far distant; whence our next departure will be for Rio and for Alexander."

She looked down suddenly, with the pearl of her teeth showing over the under-lip she slightly bit, then her eyes sought mine again with a soft gaze so full of inquiry that my heart seemed to stop for a breath, as though to catch the words that must follow her look; but she did not speak. I jumped up.

"I must go to work now," cried I; "in fact, it frightens me to think of the boat, lying half dry as she is, being unwatched."

She rose too, with the air of one starting from deep thought. "My business, then," said she, smiling, "is to look for corks, and fit them to the bottles?"

"If you please," said I.

For the rest of the day I worked very hard, stripped to my trousers and shirt, with my wide straw hat to shelter me, scarce intermitting my labour

but to eat and drink, and obtaining quite fortitude enough out of the prospect of getting away from this island with Miss Grant, to enable me to defy the intense heat. I found amongst the fallen trees the very bough to serve my turn, and without much difficulty I severed it with my little saw, trimmed it of its leaves, and proportioned it to the size of the required yard. I also cut a tiller for the boat. This work I was able to accomplish under the shelter of the trees. Miss Grant possessed several shawls of different textures and colours, and when she had collected the bottles, and gathered what corks there were to find, I set her tacking some of these shawls together into the shape of a sail, which she managed by perforating them with a bodkin, and then connecting them with tape, of which she had a little parcel. She made no trouble over mutilating her shawls, though I cannot but think that the first thrust of her bodkin into them must have caused her a pang. I cut off a short length of the coir-rope, and got yarns enough out of it to convert into as many robands as were necessary to connect the head of our queer sail to the yard. There was still plenty of line left for a tack and sheet and halliards, which I rove through a sheave in the head of the mast. My impatience gave me very great energy indeed. We had a good supply of fresh turtle, which needed boiling, and this, with other matters which it would only weary you to specify, gave my fair companion plenty to do. I was resolved not to quit the island without being well stocked with food; for should it come on to blow from the westwards, I foresaw that our sail would not help us, and that we should not be able to lie up to the wind more than six or seven points, so that we should stand to be blown away into the Atlantic eastwards, where we might spend days without a view of a ship.

When the cool of the evening came, I plucked some hundreds of plantains

and oranges, which I carefully stowed away in the little lockers aft that served as seats in the boat's stern; and I then fired a torch and waded into the sea for crawfish in the manner I have before described, meeting with a more plentiful harvest than had at any other time happened to me, insomuch that I had to give up stooping and throwing them to Miss Grant through sheer aching of my back, though the sandy bottom was still black with the dusky, lizard-like shapes of the creatures crawling into the light, when I extinguished my torch to step ashore. I also provided the boat with a stock of cocoa-nuts; but I never could discover a single turtle's egg, spite of my earnest exploring of the sand for several nights running during those three weeks.

We were wearied rather than sleepy when the darkness was deepening into midnight. There was a young moon in the sky, with a wire-like waving of silver under her in the gloaming sea that spread very darkly to the stars. I had still several bundles of cheroots left, and lighting one of them, I brought our camp-stools close down to the wash of the ocean, for the cool of the atmosphere upon the water, and to get away from the trees, in whose shadows the suffocating air of the day seemed to linger as though imprisoned. This was to be our last night on the island, and neither of us could think yet a while of shutting ourselves up underground. The outline of our boat stood clear like a sketch in ink against the sand on the other side of the creek.

"We shall have much to tell," said I, "when we are released from this place; more than many will think credible, I dare say. 'Tis almost like some old Arab yarn, this marooning of a young man and a lady, the old piratical lair underground yonder, the incident of the monkey, and strangest of all, at least to my mind, the arrival of that boat there this morning with its tragic burden of dead and dying blacks. What will Alexander think?"

"If our meeting is much longer delayed," she answered, "he will think us lost."

"What grief for him, poor fellow!" said I; "but then, you know, the meeting will be the sweeter for its unexpectedness——"

I was arrested by her suddenly clutching at my hand; her swift, fierce grasp, as I thought it for the instant, almost took my breath away. "Heaven forgive me!" I mentally ejaculated, "I have aroused the Spanish blood in this woman. I—I——"

"Look, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed, in a tone that thrilled to my ear with the fear in it, "what is that?"

Her face was turned towards the creek, and following the direction of her glance, I observed the figure of a man standing a little on this side of the spot where our luggage had been deposited by the boat's crew. He was clear of the shadows of the trees, and it was bright sand where he stood, and in the light of it lifting into the atmosphere he resembled a statue cut in ebony. He was motionless save for the occasional raising of his hand to his mouth from time to time, as of a man taking a bite at something in his fist.

"Gracious mercy!" I exclaimed, a little above my breath, "not another monkey, I hope. The deuce is in this island. But he is too big surely even for a baboon."

"It is a man!" whispered Miss Grant, "and a black man, too."

"There must be another boat come ashore," said I.

I stood staring a little, waiting to see whether he would advance, and what he meant to do. My heart beat fast. It would be impossible to express to you how startling was the appearance of that black figure. The suddenness and unexpectedness of the apparition was rendered the more alarming by the faintness of the moonlight. Standing where he was, the brilliance of the full orb would have interpreted him; but though he stood jet-like upon

the sand, he yet seemed to mingle with the dusk in a visionary sort of way; and this blending of the blackness of him with the gloom caused him to appear as phantasmal as though he were the veritable shade of some negro anciently murdered for his spirit to guard the hidden treasure in the place.

"Are there others about, I wonder?" said I. I sent a swift look towards the forest and past it, but all was motionless. I bent my ear with the fancy of catching the notes of voices beyond where the man stood, suspecting that his boat had arrived off the western sand; but no sound of the kind penetrated the distracting shrilling of the crickets.

"He is watching us!" exclaimed Miss Grant.

It was time to end this. In fact the more one stared at the dusky shape, with its rising and falling arm, the more one grew afraid of it.

"Hallo, there!" I sang out, walking a little way towards the figure, "who are you, and where have you come from?"

No answer was returned, but the figure moved uneasily, as if uncertain how to act. I hailed again, still advancing towards him, Miss Grant keeping close by my side; and then he approached us, but very slowly, whether through physical weakness or fear I could not say. He was sufficiently close now to enable me to make out that he was a negro, and I was sensible at sight of him of a sickening chill coming into me, though at that moment certainly I could not have accounted for the sensation. A wild fancy entered my head, working almost like a touch of insanity there, that I had seen the man before. Was it the build of him? Was it his gait? I could not say. He was still too far distant to enable me to see what clothes he wore, if indeed he were dressed; but I remember coming to a stand with a coldness about my forehead as though some icy air were fanning me, whilst I let fly my breath

with a sound that came very near to a cry. On a sudden Miss Grant screamed out, stepping in a terrified way backwards, then coming to me again and clutching my arm.

"It is a ghost!" she cried; "it is one of the men you buried to-day. Look at the soldier's coat on him—at the white cloth under it!"

He was now near enough to render these features unmistakable. The red of his ragged jacket stole out ashen to the wan light; round his loins was the cloth to which I had secured the stone I had sunk him by. Nothing was wanting to him but his Scotch cap, and that I knew he would not possess, as I had removed it to bathe his head, whilst on noticing it that afternoon lying in the bottom of the boat, I had chucked it overboard into the creek. I stood stock still, as though some blast of lightning had struck me dead. Very distinctly indeed do I recollect the sensation of the stirring of the hair upon my head, an effect I had once looked upon as a mere poetic imagination beyond the reach of the extremest form of terror in real life. The dew started from my brows, and had I endeavoured to run away my legs must have failed me. I felt Miss Grant trembling from head to foot, in the vibratory, nervous grasp she had of my arm. Why, here was a man who had at least twelve hours before fallen dead in our presence, and whom I had soon afterwards buried in the sea, securing him against the possibility of rising by a sinker weighty enough to keep two such fellows down; here was this same man, I say, now standing before me, stalking out of the forest, it would seem, instead of out of the ocean, dressed as I had buried him—a dusky outline with a black face combining with the gloom, and his eyes touched with the faint sparkles of the moonlight that he confronted.

"Oh, speak to him! what is it?" exclaimed Miss Grant.

Thrice I endeavoured to articulate, but my tongue clove to the roof of

my mouth, dry and parched as the sand upon which we stood; but at the fourth effort I managed to find my voice, and nothing huskier ever rattled in human throat.

"In God's name," I said, "who are you?"

He answered, but in a language I did not know.

"It is Spanish," whispered Miss Grant, "negro-Spanish. He is not a ghost then; but oh, what can he be? He was dead, Mr. Musgrave, when you buried him."

"Do you speak Spanish, Miss Grant?" said I.

She answered, "Yes."

"For Heaven's sake then, speak, and resolve this horrible mystery," I cried.

He addressed us again in the same tongue, in the thick throaty guttural of the African, this time delivering a pretty long sentence, whilst he stood before us with his arms hanging down, and a supplicatory inclination of the head towards us, and an occasional totter of his black shanks.

"What does he say?" I cried.

"It is hard to catch his meaning," she said; "he speaks a very strange kind of Spanish. I think what he wants to say is, that he is alone and ill, and asks us not to hurt him."

"This is no ghost, Miss Grant," said I; "the poor devil has in some astonishing fashion come off with his life, and we must learn how. There's a sup of spirits below; a dram along with something to eat will help his tongue."

I stepped up to him, Miss Grant meanwhile keeping a tight hold of my arm, and with a motion of my hand invited him to accompany us. He at once complied, and the three of us walked to our underground chambers. We had made a very thrifty use of our candles, and had still a few wax ends left. I asked Miss Grant to request him to remain outside till I called him. She did so, and then said, "Do you mean to ask him to come down here?"

"He won't hurt us," said I; "he is no ghost. Kindness will make him grateful."

"But suppose he believes you meant to drown him?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, we'll clear his mind of that notion," said I, for I was now rallying fast, with a hope rising in me that something helpful to ourselves might come out of this business, and consumedly curious besides, as you may suppose, to learn how the fellow had come to life again.

"I will go first," exclaimed Miss Grant.

Indeed the negro was still little more than a ghost to her mind, and if she led the way, then of course I was between her and him. It was pitch dark, but we were most sorrowfully well acquainted with the road by this time, and easily making our way to the kitchen, struck a light, and then called to the black man to come down. He arrived, staring about him with an air of stupid bewilderment, apparently thunderstruck at the sight of our hidden lodging. I lighted a couple of wax ends to have a good view of him, and found him sure enough the same Quashee whom I had supposed dead, whom I had buried, and whose very existence, I may say, so full of business had the hours been between, I had almost forgotten. His soldier's coat sat dry upon his shoulders, his loin-cloth was also perfectly dry; so it was clear his resurrection had not been recent. We had still a drop of the ship's rum left; I mixed a dram for him in a soup-tin, noticing that he threw the remains of a plantain which he had been eating into the furnace to receive the draught. Indeed, as he afterwards told us, he had found a tolerable meal amongst the fruit past the forest, and he was eating plantains when he first hove in sight, as I had gathered from the motion of his arm. However, he could find a corner for a large piece of turtle which I handed to him, devouring it with great relish and avidity.

Miss Grant posted herself on the

other side of the table, away from him. She stared incessantly, as if she could not realize his existence, and indeed, though one saw him eating and drinking, sitting solid and substantial, with the whites of his eyes rolling most realistically over the room, whilst he munched the turtle with the true negro's smacking of the lips over every bite, yet when I reflected how stone-dead he had been, and how completely I had buried him, I would start to the fancy that if it were not all some odd and ugly dream, why then the black creature might be a spectre after all—a solemn intimation to my incredulous mind that such things were. But I must say that these notions grew feebler with their recurrence.

"Let us get his story, Miss Grant," said I.

She addressed him nervously; he stood up on being spoken to, but sat again on my motioning to him to resume his chair. I shall not in this life forget the peculiar magic that Miss Grant's beauty took on this silent night in our underground haunt, from the emotions which were in her; the struggling of her brave spirit with the superstitious fears excited by the negro, and his black face at hand to contrast her whiteness with. She sat beside but behind me, having regard to the black man's position; and full as my mind was of the fellow's startling apparition and miraculous recovery—if recovery it were, and not some baleful bit of fetish necromancy—I'd find my thoughts scattering away with confusion when I looked from the bland ebony countenance on my left, with the whites of the eyes glowing out into orange to the candle-light, to the loveliness of the face on my right, charged with the revelation of new beauty to every glance I gave it. I had never heard her speak Spanish before. Nervous and agitated as she was, the rich syllables of the noble tongue rolled in honey from her lips, and as was her face by the negro's, so was the melody of her Castilian utterance inexpressibly

sweetened and heightened by his hoarse, thick speech. It was like the warbling of a flute alternating with the gong-like roll of a tom-tom.

"What does he say?" said I, after he had been spinning a twister lasting over five minutes.

"Why," she answered, "that he woke as if from a long sleep this evening, some time after sundown, and found himself lying on the beach on his back, on the west side of the island, as I suppose, from his speaking of the situation of the hummock. He does not know how he came there. He recollects arriving here this morning in a boat, and fainting away after drinking the water you gave him. He says, after lying a little he rose and walked towards some trees, where he presently heard a sound of running waters. It was the brook that he means. He drank, and then sought for fruit, but appears to have lost himself in the forest; though a little before he made his appearance he came across the plantains. That is his story."

"Then," said I, looking at him, "it is no great mystery after all, though a mighty wonder all the same. He was not dead, of course, when he dropped after the drink. Well now, the big stone that I jammed into his waist-cloth must have rolled out of it when I hove him over the side. It was a sickening business, and the instant I had cleared the boat I sculled up the creek without looking astern. Then what could have followed? The poor fellow floated up on to his back, for he must have drowned with his face down, and was carried away by the tide to that part of the island where he stranded. Had we looked we might have seen him floating, but we were too busy with the boat; and when he had weathered the spit of sand he would be out of sight to us at the head of the creek. Ask him if he knows what this island is."

She addressed him again, speaking now with growing confidence, though her first superstitious fear hung a little

lightly upon her. He shook his head whilst he answered. She spoke to him afresh, and then told me that he was not only ignorant of the name of this island, but had not the least idea of the situation of others in these seas; so there was an end of my expectations of him as a pilot. She questioned him further, and his story was to this effect. He and his companion had been runaway slaves. They stole a boat and blew out to sea from somewhere near Point Maysi, thinking to land at Tortuga, but were sighted and picked up by an English craft, and were entered as seamen aboard her; but the usage they met with was so barbarous, mainly owing to their inability to understand the orders addressed to them, that they resolved to run from the ship at the first opportunity that offered. A chance was provided by the master of the vessel bringing up under the lee of an island, probably not very remote from our own, to seek shelter, as was to be supposed, from the storm that had swept these waters the other night. There was a boat riding astern to a long line, and when the night came down dark, and the hands were below saving the anchor-watch look-out, the blacks dropped over the side, their dusky skins making their movements very secret in the gloom, and swam stealthily to the boat. But it was already blowing with a bit of a popple on in the bay where the ship rode, with the flight of the wind scurrying down the mountain side, and they had scarce rolled in-board over the gunwale when the line parted, and they drifted out to sea. So this was the fellow's story, a bit of which I had anticipated hours before at the sight of the shredded strands of the rope. Trusting he might have a few words of English sufficient to understand my questions, so as to save Miss Grant the trouble of inquiring and then interpreting, I sang out to him—

"You speakee English?"

"No, no; no speakee," he cried, shaking his head vehemently.

"You no sabbe how to pilot boat?" I roared.

"No speakee, nospeakee," he bawled, wringing his hands; and then looking at Miss Grant with eyes full of piteous entreaty, oddly accentuated by a broad supplicatory grin that bared his great ivory teeth to the junction of his jaws almost, he poured out a whole torrent of words in Spanish to her, clasping his hands whilst he rattled on, and then dropped plump on both knees before us when he had finished.

"What is it all about?" said I.

"He swears by the Holy Virgin and all the saints that he does not speak English," said Miss Grant, "and implores you to believe him. The poor fellow has been horribly cowed by ill-treatment. He thinks because you are English you will punish him for not being able to speak our language."

I motioned to him to rise, and to top the encouragement of my face I mixed him another dram, which he drank on his knees, making some mysterious motion of amity, or perhaps affection, by holding one arm stiff upright after the manner of certain South African tribes; then rose and seated himself.

"It is getting very late," said I, looking at my watch; "there will be a long day before us in that open boat to-morrow, though pray Heaven it may not prove longer than a day. I would urge you to take some rest."

"I am not at all sleepy," she replied. "I am too excited to lie down; what with this apparition and the prospect of our sailing to-morrow, I shall not be able to sleep indeed."

"That poor fellow will want to turn in," said I. "Rolled up in a rug, he'll lie snug enough near the furnace. You will not object to his occupying this room?"

She looked askant at him, and said a little doubtfully: "No, I should have no fear of him at all but for the really terrifying wonder of his restoration to life."

Here the negro yawned prodigiously,

uttering a bawling sound as he gaped.

"There is indeed nothing to be afraid of," said I. "Harmlessness in natures nearly allied to the animal as his is, is almost always expressed in the face, and I'd stake my right arm upon his being honest to the core—abjectly so indeed. For my part, humanity aside, I consider it my duty to cherish him. A hand to help in the boat will be invaluable. Imagine, for instance, a dead calm, with the gleam of a ship's canvas just visible on the horizon from the low level of the gunwale. Two of us might manage to row the boat to her; whereas my single pair of arms would give up exhausted long before I was able to rise the ship's hull. He is a powerful fellow; observe the breadth of his chest. Besides, he is a child of the sun, and the fittest help in the world for such an excursion as we are meditating under these heights, as the Ancient Mariner would call them."

So speaking I took a rug and handed it to the black, motioning him to make a bed of it against the furnace, to which I pointed. He understood me promptly, grinned gratefully, and wrapping the rug around him as he stood, with a proud glance at the embellishment, he lay down with the docility of a trained dog, using his arm for a pillow, and in a couple of minutes was snoring like thunder, sound asleep. Miss Grant withdrew to the inner room, whilst I stole up the steps to take a peep at the boat and see that all was right with her. Her outline showed black against the sand. The ebb of the water had almost left her dry, and I had no fear for her. It wanted but three hours to dawn, and at the first peep of the sun it was my intention to be up and away. The slip of moon glowed rustily over the western rim of the forest, where the heads of the trees spread like funeral plumes motionless against the sky. I lingered a little, earnestly contemplating the heavens in search of any hints of weather, then went back to the

kitchen and lay down, but not to sleep. Indeed if the agitation of my spirits at the prospect of getting away had not kept me restless, I must have been held so by the negro's snoring. He now lay flat upon his back with his mouth wide open, and I can only compare the sounds he produced to the noise made by the keel of a boat dragged over shingle.

Presently Miss Grant called softly to know if I was awake.

"Very much awake indeed," said I.

"All is well whilst he snores like that," she exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered. "But it is happy for us that he should be our guest for one night only. Imagine three weeks of this!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

WE LEAVE THE ISLAND.

I HAVE heard sweeter music in my time than that negro's snore; but though it might have disturbed the repose of the dead, nothing was ever more comforting and soothing to me, as you will believe, when I say that I could not listen to the poor fellow's gasps without reflecting how very near indeed I had come to murdering him. My restlessness was a sort of fever, and six or eight times before the daylight came, I crept softly up into the open to take a peep at the boat, and make sure that she lay safe. Indeed, we had met with so many surprises on this island, that I was in a manner prepared for the strangest thing that could happen; and I believe had I looked forth out of the hatch and found the boat gone, whatever might be the emotions which would have helped to the madness such a loss must have raised in me, wonder would not have been one of them.

I had made up my mind to steer west, knowing that the American sea-board lay that way, to say no more; but it was very vexing that the negro should be ignorant of the situation of this island, and unable to pilot me to

the nearest inhabited land. The joy caused by possession of the boat had overwhelmed all other considerations; but now that I lay sleepless upon my bed of grass and rug, waiting for the skylight to glimmer out to the dawn, I found myself a bit disheartened by the prospect of the new voyage. That there was land down in the west within view from the ship's masthead, I did not doubt; but then it might prove such another little spot as this, verdant and uninhabited; in which case we should have to push on; and how far off might the nearest land to it be? It was a great ocean, as Miss Grant had said, for so little a boat. Strange, too, that one of my lesser seafaring nightmares should be fulfilled long after I had abandoned the profession; for I recollect that when I was at sea I would think with horror of exposure in an open boat, which to my young imagination threatened an experience scarce less fearful than the raft. Indeed, of the two, perhaps the raft was the less horrible, for a man was not likely to linger long on such a contrivance; whereas in an open boat he might go on languishing for days until he died, and then be found a skeleton in the bottom of her, with the little craft afloat and buoyant after months of different kinds of weather. Nay, had not that morning indeed illustrated the significance of the open boat at sea; the dead man in her, that creature yonder pointing with ebony forefinger to his mouth, the empty locker, the thirsty, oily smell of the paint, inside and out, exhaling to the roasting glare of the sun! Well, well, thought I, the sort of spirit I require is not to be got out of reflections of this kind; and my eye then catching the dim, greenish lustre of the dawn, lying like waning moonshine upon the skylight, I started up, thanking God for daylight, and feeling that, let the future hold what it might, the bars of our prison here were broken, and we could now free ourselves from an unendurable confinement, which but yesterday morning was as hopeless to the heart as

the bald sweep of the sea was to the eye.

"Is that you moving, Mr. Musgrave?" exclaimed Miss Grant from behind her curtain.

"Yes," said I; "the dawn has broken. You have not slept, I fear?"

"No," she answered, "I have not closed my eyes."

"Pray endeavour to get a little sleep," I exclaimed. "Mumbo-Jumbo here can help me in the few preparations that remain, and I don't doubt of making myself understood. Even an hour's sleep will be helpful. Don't doubt that I shall call you when we are ready to get under way," I added, laughing.

She answered me by whipping back the shawl along the rod and stepping forth. "How can you talk of sleeping *now*?" she exclaimed. "The instant you are ready, Mr. Musgrave, let us start."

I was glad to hear her say this. There was no fear of her hesitating to sail in the little boat into the vast sea that stretched around; but I had suspected she would show herself a little scared by a prospect that was far more formidable than it appeared, as she would know, as well as I.

The negro was snoring as briskly as ever. Heaven knows, this miserable old kitchen was only too familiar to us; yet it seemed to be made fresh, as though we had stumbled upon another underground room, by the novelty to our eyes of that black man, resembling some immense performing monkey in his red coat, lying flat on his back, his mouth wide open, his arms extended, and the palms of his hands showing like dirty yellow paper. I stirred him with my foot, but I probed him in this way for some time before he opened his eyes. He then sat up with a glare of astonishment, whilst he grasped his wool, and whipped out in a thick, half-awake voice a string of Spanish, sounding like the gurgling of water through hubble-bubble. However, he speedily grew conscious enough to understand Miss

Grant when she informed him that it was time to get up, and that we wanted him to help us complete our arrangements for promptly leaving the island. He rose slowly on to his cucumber shanks, scratching his head with a dull stare of mystification, as I thought, in his dusky eyes as he rolled them from me to my companion, and then addressed her. She answered; he spoke again with growing energy; she nodded, on which, to my astonishment, he clasped his hands, dropped upon his knees, and fell to pouring out a whole jumble of words, the imploring character of which was gatherable from the tone of his voice.

"Why, what is the matter with the poor wretch?" said I: "have his wits left him during the night?"

"He is entreating me to beg you not to take him away from the island," said Miss Grant, viewing him with surprise and pity.

"But does he know," I cried, "that if we leave him here he will be all alone; not another black even to keep him company?"

She spoke to him again, motioning to him at the same time to rise from his knees. Her question produced a very long answer. His looks and inflections of speech pronounced him desperately in earnest. I could not follow a syllable; time was pressing, moreover, for I desired, when afloat, all the daylight I could get, and I was growing a little impatient, when Miss Grant turning to me said: "He desires to stop here. Indeed, I believe, could you even carry him to the boat by main force, he would jump overboard and swim back to the island on your letting go of him. He says it would be like being a king in his own country to live in these fine rooms, and have the island all to himself."

"Humanity forbids it," said I, amazed.

"But what is to be done?" she exclaimed; and I instantly echoed the question mentally, when I glanced at his robust figure, with some stupid thought of compulsion in my mind,

and then reflected that he might detain us here for hours whilst we endeavoured to persuade him, without perhaps altering his resolution, after a most wearisome course of exhortations and representations, all of which would have to be translated if he was to understand them. I noticed him ogling the old muskets and cutlasses upon the wall, with a negro's affection for such toys kindling in his eye. No good could come of bothering ourselves over the matter, so I formed my resolution.

"If he won't come, why then of course he must stop."

"He will not come," she exclaimed; "he is a runaway slave, remember, fresh too from being cruelly treated even when dealt with as a freeman. He means to stop here, indeed."

"Then please tell him, Miss Grant, he may do as he pleases; but I should have been glad to have the use of those brawny arms. He can't starve, I believe, and maybe when he wishes to leave he'll know how to go to work. We have no powder, but he is welcome to those muskets yonder," nodding towards them—I caught him watching me eagerly as I did so—"and he may as well take possession of all the traps we must leave behind; so there'll be clothes enough for him," said I, with a look at his shanks, "not to mention some pretty dresses when he has worn my coats out."

On this being interpreted to the poor fellow, he burst into a hundred passionate exclamations of joy, was so convulsed with delight, indeed, that I expected to see him plump down upon his nose and roll upon the floor in his ecstasy. He clapped his hands, made as if to embrace me, recoiled a step with a frantic skip, and then leapt with such agility that he struck his head against the ceiling with force enough to have stretched him motionless had his cranium been a white man's.

"Pretty good all this," I exclaimed, laughing in spite of myself, "for a man who was last night a ghost, and yesterday morning a corpse."

I had nearly completed all necessary preparations on the preceding day. The halliards, formed of a length of coir rope, the strands unlaidd, halved, and laid up again into a smaller line, were rove; the sail of coloured shawls was bent to the yard. There remained but little more to do than fill a few outstanding bottles with water, stow away the crawfish, and the like. The boat was a roomy little craft; yet though there were but two of us, we found there would be space for no more than a small bundle of necessary articles chosen from the luggage we must perforce leave behind us. I asked Miss Grant to make a collection of such things as she might deem needful, taking care that at the utmost the parcel should be but a small one; and then putting the negro to the job of filling the remaining bottles with water from the brook, I slipped round past the creek for my morning plunge, from which I returned as much refreshed as though I had slept soundly all night. My next act was to climb the hummock, and take a last view of the sea from a spot whence I had surveyed it again and again with many contending emotions of misery, hope, and despair. There was nothing in sight; a light air was fanning out of the north and west, with weight enough in it to put a blinding twinkling into the water where it was sun-touched; the heavens spread in a soft light blue without the phantasm of a cloud anywhere visible. Sheltered by my wide, sombrero-like hat from the bite of the sun that, low as he yet hung over the sea, stung the naked flesh like nettles, I lingered a little, after bringing my eyes away from the blue sweep of ocean to rest them for a few minutes upon the island. Maybe I did not loiter above a couple of minutes, but thought has lightning rapidity, and I lived again throughout the three weeks we had spent on this beautiful island in the few seconds during which I stood contemplating the sunny scene. The setting of us ashore by the cold-blooded rascals of the Iron Crown,

the crushing weight of hopelessness upon us as we sat together yonder, where the white sand wound in ivory to the creek, with our luggage heaped about us, no shelter for our heads, no prospect of deliverance; then the hollow and startling notes of the midnight bell, my strange discovery of the sand-covered hatch, our life in the darksome chambers underground there, the fright occasioned by the monkey, and now that boat snug in the creek yonder!—memory affected me like a succession of wild dreams. The mighty surface of the sea stared blindly at the sky, and for the life of me I could not repress a shudder as I glanced at the boat, and thought of the tiny speck it would presently be making upon that huge, broiling, merciless expanse!

But first it was our business to make as good a breakfast as we had appetite for. The negro ate like a comorant, and since his resolution was formed, I hoped for his sake that there would happen no dearth of turtle whilst he chose to remain all alone by himself here. It made one think of Juan Fernandez and the solitary Mosquito Indian, to look at him. I asked Miss Grant if she had collected what she wanted.

"Yes," she exclaimed, rising, and going to the inner room she brought out a little bundle. "I have shown great self-denial, don't you think?" she exclaimed, laughing, as she held it up.

I did not ask what it contained, though I afterwards came to learn that it consisted mainly of a few parcels of letters and bits of jewellery, and the like, prized entirely for the givers' sake. "It seems hard," she added, with a wistful look at her trunks that showed through the opening, "to leave all my pretty purchases behind. How patient you were, Mr. Musgrave, when you accompanied me on my shopping trips! What a number of things I could have done without, if this experience had been foreseen!"

"Better," said I, "that this honest negro should possess them than that they should have foundered with the Iron Crown; for the bottom of the sea was bound to be their destination had they remained aboard. Now, if you take my advice, you will put on your broadest-brimmed hat, and our stock of umbrellas must go with us, lest a breeze of wind should carry one or more overboard."

I beckoned to the negro, and Miss Grant made him understand that he was to carry certain articles to the boat, and then entering her room I took down her hammock, which was a thing that stowed very compactly, and might be of use to her were we driven ashore upon such another island as this. I also gave the negro a good warm cloak to carry, a well-lined garment that would serve as an excellent wrap for Miss Grant at night; but though we took these things, there was little more we conveyed to the boat—my monkey-jacket, I remember, our pistols with powder and ball, a few remaining bundles of cigars, all the umbrellas we possessed, some rugs, and a few other items which I need not tax my memory to recall.

All being ready we slowly left the underground rooms which had sheltered us for three weeks, both of us sending lingering glances around as we quitted the dreary, dream-like haunt, and accompanied by the negro walked to the boat.

She was lying, half the length of her dry, upon the sand. The negro placed the parcels he carried in the bottom of her, then came to me, and letting go the line which held her, we put our shoulders to the bows, and drove the craft afloat. I jumped in as she slid into the brilliantly clear, calm surface, and throwing one of the paddles over, got her head round, then sheered her alongside the bank of the creek, extending my arm to Miss Grant, who sprang aboard. My next business was to coil the line away in the bow, then to thoroughly overhaul our little ship to see that her freight

—more precious to us than the richest treasure that ever put to sea in the hold of a register-ship—was properly trimmed, and that nothing the island could supply us with was wanting. Miss Grant sat in the stern-sheets, sheltered by an umbrella. The radiance of the early sunshine came streaming down from the far eastern sea-line hot as molten silver into the creek, and the glare of it, rising off the surface to the face, furnished a mighty uncomfortable hint of the sort of roasting that awaited us outside under the mid-day sky. I threw the paddles over, and rowed slowly down the creek. There was no draught of air to be felt here, though the water outside was wrinkling to the fiery breathing that came softly out of the north-west. The negro walked along the bank to the edge of the spit, where, drawing his figure erect, he held his right arm high, and so stood watching us motionless, like a black statue whose nobly-proportioned trunk and arms some fool had smeared with red paint. I noticed my companion gaze wistfully landwards as we drew out; and I could read in her eyes how busy her memory was, with a change in their soft, brilliant depths into a look of mingled wonder and uncertainty rather than of dismay, as they went seawards from the bright vegetation, the arid hummocks, and the tracks of white sand spreading out from the dense undergrowth to the long space of dazzling coral platform on which the blue breaker was melting.

Once clear of the creek I hoisted our sail of shawls, flattening in the sheet and putting the helm down to test the little craft's capacity of looking up to it. The colours of the shawls were red, white, and blue, and at a distance the boat sliding out of the creek might have passed for a huge aquatic parrot, outward bound on some predatory excursion. The negro, with his figure standing boldly out at the extremity of the tongue of sand, now held up both arms, slowly moving his hands at the wrists. It looked as

if he were blessing us, but I suppose it was his country's way of saying good-bye. Miss Grant waved her hand to him, and I bade him farewell with a flourish of my hat, whereupon he turned on a sudden and ran with incredible swiftness to the underground rooms, down whose hatchway he shot with the rapidity of a skip-jack plunging from its leap out of water, and so vanished.

"He has gone to clothe himself," said Miss Grant.

"Wonderful how he could have held out so long," said I; "the desire to squeeze himself into my patent-leather boots and frock-coat, not to mention my green satin stock and several coloured shirts which he will come across, must have risen into madness whilst he stood holding up his arms. One guesses that by the rush he made when nature gave in. And now, Miss Grant, how is this little craft going to serve us?"

"Our sail should make a brilliant signal," she answered, "if a ship should come within view of it."

"Yes," said I, "that was the thought in me when I hoisted it. Red, white, and blue, the proper sort of colour for English hearts to beat under. Quashee's soul will have yearned for them. The red shawl would have made him a fine turban; indeed it would be finer as a turban than as a sail," I added, with a glance at the yawns where the shawls had been taped together. Yet the fabric was giving the boat some sort of way, and the island was slowly dwindling. It looked a radiant, gem-like spot now upon the ocean, that brimmed with a line of silver to the white sand. I sat watching it, the boat steering herself, for which I was mightily thankful, for the little tiller I had shipped grew into a heated bar of iron to the touch, and my bare knuckles felt as if they were flayed after keeping my hand spread to the sun a few minutes. I could not but hope that I was acting rationally in quitting the island in this little boat, for the solid land there at least

supplied a certainty of refuge, which induced a wild emotion of misgiving when I glanced away at the huge sea and thought of the gale that had swept it the other night. Yet we had both of us pined and prayed for such an opportunity of escape as had now come, and there seemed something like the profanity of ingratitude in hesitation, natural and reasonable as misgiving was at such a time.

I was startled from the reverie into which I had plunged by a sudden exclamation from Miss Grant, who sat near me bending over the side. She pointed down into the water, shrinking a little as she did so, with an expression of consternation glittering in her glance and dilating her eyes as she looked round at me. I peered over and saw immediately below, scarce six feet deep in the clear, blue, glassy profound, the long dark form of a great shovel-nosed shark, with the upper barb of its tail rounding out like a scythe, the whole outline absolutely motionless, without a tremor in its fins that I could witness, though we were sliding along at some two or three miles in the hour and the thing held its position as though it were our shadow. For the life of me I could not help a sudden recoil. It was as big and ugly a monster of the kind as ever I had seen, and by simulating, as it were, the reflection of our boat, furnished an appalling mockery in that way to the imagination—to mine, at least, which instantly went to work to construe the grim and foul adumbration into a foreshadowing of our fate.

But I pulled myself together quickly, and said, "One cannot sail these waters without sights of this kind happening. Stop! he may be routed out of this."

I took an oar and plunged it harpoon-wise at the brute, and struck him fair on the back. Ugh! the touch, the feel of it threw me into a cold sweat. It would have been otherwise with me had I barbed the beast, but the soft slippery contact was like the

blow of a baby's fist upon the snout of a tigress. Yet it started the creature nevertheless. With a sweep of its tail it drove ahead, sending a shoal of bubbles to the surface, with a line of sparkles in the blue beneath, and when we came to look for it again it was not to be seen on either side the boat. I met Miss Grant's eye thoughtfully fixed upon mine. The whole weight of my responsibility came upon me then, somehow. I knew that her trust was in me—that wherever I led she would follow in full faith in my judgment. Her life had grown so precious to me, that the mere fancy of imperilling it by any resolution I might form was unendurable. I sent a glance into the hot, azure distance, then at the island, then met her eyes afresh.

"If you are in the least degree timid—it is not too late. We can be ashore again in an hour," I exclaimed.

"I am not timid," she replied; "the sight of that great fish frightened me. Why should we return? Here is our chance for escaping; why should we neglect it?"

"True; but often bitter perils and privations attend attempts of this kind," I rejoined. "Your life is dear to me, Miss Grant;" her lips stirred, but I did not catch what she said. "Is it right," I continued, "that I should subject you to the risks and exposure of such a venture as this? I may have acted in too great a hurry, scarcely shown prudence in my hot desire to break from that jail there. This proposal now occurs to me. Let us return to the island. The negro will help me in my new plan. Here is a boat in which he or I may every day row or sail away into the southward, which is apparently the navigated tract of these waters, and it will be strange indeed if we do not meet with some vessel before long to which we can make our condition known."

"You would take me with you on such excursions?"

"No need; I should leave you on the island until we could obtain help."

She shook her head. "No," she exclaimed slowly, with great emphasis; and then she added, "Imagine the evening to come on one day, and no sign of your boat. The night passes, and next day, and then weeks pass, and I am still alone. Oh, Mr. Musgrave, how can you suggest such a thing? When we were set ashore you said it made you happy to think that we were together. That was my happiness too," she continued, dropping her eyes an instant and then lifting them again to mine, "and now you will risk a separation that—that—" she shook her head again almost bitterly, but smiled a moment after. "Besides," she went on, as though she had no patience to hear me, nor indeed meant to give me a chance to speak, "you would not get the negro to accompany you. No threats, no entreaties would prevail upon him, I am sure. He would dread to be recaptured. He has that island all to himself now, and a hole to live in, and is as free as a monkey in any forest in Brazil, and should you attempt to persuade or force him, what might happen? Another mutiny, Mr. Musgrave, more dreadful than the one on board the *Iron Crown*, with a chance of his taking your life and of my being left alone with him!"

"Be it so," I said; "we are together, and together we will remain—at least for the present," I added, cooling down my voice suddenly to check its gathering ardour.

She made no answer.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A DAY OF PERIL.

By four o'clock in the afternoon I reckoned the island to be about two leagues distant, scarce visible, so low it lay, save when the slide of the boat to the brow of the swell showed it "dipping," as they say at sea—just a blot of indigo blue against the whitish azure behind. About this hour the small scorching breeze, that had held

fairly steady from the north-west since the early morning, died away as though devoured out of the atmosphere by the blazing eye overhead, and the deep turned into liquid glass with the heave of it due east. It was not an undulation to notice from a ship's side, or from the low elevation of the island; but to us in that boat it seemed as heavy as a strong sea, with the rise of it putting the horizon out of sight one moment, and the next making the bright line look to spread twice as far as it went in reality. One may talk of getting a sense of the mightiness of the deep when aboard a great ship that is hove by the surge with her thousand tons of freight, and the massive fabric of her spars and rigging roaring into the gloom of the tempest as a boy tosses a ball; but it is surely in the little open boat that one feels the power of the giant most. You lie close to his heart, you feel the beating of it, your eyes are within arm's-length of the mysteries under his shining breast, the spirit within you takes measure of the volume and altitude of his respirations, and you are oppressed by an indeterminable emotion of awe, of a kind different from any the mind is sensible of in viewing the sea from an elevation, whether it be the edge of a range of coast or the rail of a tall vessel.

I had put the boat's head round for the southward a little time before the stark calm fell, but without her measuring a quarter of a mile of water in the time, I should say, so faint grew the breeze whilst slowly slackening into breathlessness. I said to Miss Grant that I could not imagine it hotter in the most scorching circle of Dante's *Inferno*. Why, I had but to stand up and let my arms hang up and down, and the sweat drained from my fingers' ends as though I had just been fished out of the sea. It was not the blaze coming down that one felt so much as the dazzle that rose off the edge of the water, lifting into the face as though from polished copper, and making one writhe and twist about in

search of the shelter that neither umbrella nor hat could provide. At one or thereabouts we had made a little meal of plantains and crawfish, along with a small draught from one of the bottles; and then—though there was wind enough blowing to keep the feeling of fever out of the blood—even then I remember contemplating our stock of provisions with a melancholy eye as I ruminated upon their perishable qualities. But when this furious calm, as the Spaniards call it, came, the fear I had for our food deepened. Though everything was cooked barring the fruit, it seemed certain to me that our miserable store of boiled turtle and the like must putrefy right off, and leave us nothing but our oranges and bananas to eat. We were without bread, biscuit, and flour. People putting away from a ship in our condition will, for the most part, unless they are very unfortunate indeed, carry with them food that defies climate—meat in tins, bags of bread, with other matters designed for seafaring use. But two-thirds of our stock might not keep sweet through the night, and the very plantains methought must rot speedily to such a blasting and withering eye as the sun looked down upon us with. But the die was cast, and we had to abide by the throw. It would have been wanton in me to suggest a return to the island after what Miss Grant had said; and as to the provisions I comforted myself with reflecting that the cocoa-nuts, at all events, would hold their virtue, whilst I also considered that I had done my best—that what the island yielded we had taken—and that no man, though he thought with the spirit of a prophet in him, could do more.

Miss Grant made no complaint. It was seldom that I met her eye but that she had a smile. It seemed to me that, now she was confronted with something tangible, a condition she could realize, a situation of which the issue, whether life or death, was within the grasp of her mind, her spirit rose

to it. It would make me shrink at times to cast a look round the sea, for when the island disappeared the vast solitude in which we floated became sheer ocean to every sense, full of the desolation which the distressed heart would give to it, and which there was nothing in the glory of the day to mitigate. But her eyes sought the distance fearlessly: twenty moods alternated in her, as I saw in her varying expression; but no hint of timidity was ever visible in one of them. Indeed it was the heroic tranquillity of her look that kept me still. The heat tried me fearfully; the dead calm was like a sensible weight upon my spirits. I had worked hard on the previous day, and had not closed my eyes for twenty-four hours; and such was my temper, as I sat in that small scorched boat dodging the swing of our preposterous sail for the idle comfort of its shadow, that I needed but a face opposite me to reflect mine to have exhausted myself with grumblings and lamentations, and maybe to have resolved, the instant the cool of the evening came, to hark back again for the island as nimbly as our paddles would sweep us there.

However, I got the better of all this unmanly weakness after the sun went down; though whilst he was going I could have stood up and shaken my fist, as Tom Cringle did, at the vast red, rayless body that looked, as his lower limb hovered a moment or two on the sea-line, to be sipping the blood streaming from his own fiery substance into the water beneath him. There was no air, not the fluttering of a breath to touch with the shadowing of a feather the immeasurable liquid surface breathing in oil with the sluggish panting of some still sentient thing. While the last beam of daylight sent its red flash across the sea, I stood up on the thwart, with my arm around the mast, and carefully scrutinized the horizon. There was nothing to see, no longer even the island's dim shadow. I lowered the sail to save the chafe of it, and carrying a bunch of

plantains into the stern-sheets, made with Miss Grant a little supper of them helped with a bit of cold turtle.

"Do you remember," she said, "when we walked together at Deal on that moonlight night, the day before we sailed, that I said the beauty of the sea frightened me with its immensity, that the magnitude of its sublimity was an oppression which forbade delight? I remember some fancy of the kind occurring to me," she said, musingly, her face stealing out pale in the shadow, with a corresponding deepening of the luminous dusk of her eyes. "But how should such beauty as this," glancing round, and then up at the sky that in the east was already velvet-like with the young moon in the midst of it, while the stars seemed literally to shower out upon the gaze if you did but watch any space in the heavens for a little, "affect people situated as we are? How tremendous it all is, Mr. Musgrave! There was never this sort of repose on the island. Listen!"

I strained my ear, whilst she looked at me with a faint smile.

"Not a sound," she exclaimed, after a few moments; "not a breath, not a whisper of air. Ashore there was always the simmering of the surf, some stirring of breeze or pinions amidst the foliage, and the song of the crickets, and the rest of the midnight concert. But here; oh, listen!"

She paused again, with her hand lifted.

"Holy Mother of God!" she cried, with a passionate toss of her arms. "Only think of being *alone* in this boat!"

"I don't think my loneliness would last anyhow," said I. "I guess, as Jonathan says, I would give myself about two such nights as this to have a whole ship's company of spectres along with me. There are plenty of green navies under our keel for phantoms to rise up out of. Yes," said I, pulling a cheroot from my pocket for the blessed solace of the mere smell of the weed, "it would not take me two

such nights as this to introduce a very attractive society between these gun-wales. With my mind's eye I already see it clearly: here, where you are sitting, some mariner that fell overboard when Columbus was sailing this way, his eyes full of Spanish fire, moustachios curled upon his cheeks, and the body sheathed in old metal, for they wore armour in those times, though I won't swear that the fore-castle Jacks went so clad; yonder in the bows a grim old buccaneer, some tough, sun-blackened rogue of the days of James the First, wearing a spiked beard and grizzled locks flowing upon his back, a great fusée across his knee and a murderous hanger against his hip; it is not hard to see him sitting yonder in the bows, his arms folded, his head drooped, and a falcon-look fixed upon me under the sleepy lid— Why, Miss Grant, these imaginations won't do, you know," I added, chipping at a little flint for a light; "but this silence is wonderful though, and Lord, how the dew falls!"

It was the dark roll of the swell perhaps that rendered the hush more oppressive to one's thinking of it; for the silence with which the folds swung along put an inexpressible quality of ghostliness into the reality of the dusky run of the water. Expectation seemed to crave for sound with the sight of such voluminous movement, and it made me feel deaf sometimes to look at it and hear nothing.

You would suppose that a couple placed as we were would find nothing to talk about but our situation, of ships heaving in sight, of the time our stock of provisions and water would last, and so forth. Instead, we conversed on any other subject. Not that we desired to shun such topics; we would recur to them at intervals; but in the main our chat was on matters in which it seemed almost like a sort of impiety to take interest at such a time as this. I very well recollect that, one thing leading to another, she gave me a description of society at Rio, of the dinners, the dresses, the

dances; how the English held aloof; the brutal treatment of negroes by blacks who, having been themselves slaves, had ended by becoming the possessors of slaves. There were long spells at a time when we forgot where we were in listening to one another. I had been struck by her exclamation when she spoke of how she should feel were she alone in this boat, and asked her if she was a Roman Catholic.

"No," she exclaimed; "how strange, now, that we should have been together for so long a while, and that you should not know what my faith is!"

"Not so strange if you will but think of it," said I. "There are no churches at sea, and old Broadwater's discipline was not of a sort to furnish one with a chance of discovering a fellow-passenger's religion."

"My mother died a Catholic. She wished me to be of her faith, and of the faith of her forefathers. My father belonged to the Kirk, Mr. Musgrave, and my mother was a very sweet, yielding, docile woman, and I am glad it is with me as it is, though I feel that to be good is to be all. To be able to say that if God can read your heart you need not be afraid, is to be happy within yourself—"

Hark! what was that? We both started. A strange sound came sweeping along the polished brows of the undulating water, as though some steamer at the distance of a mile or two were letting off steam in regular respiratory intervals. It was a long, seething, blowing noise, followed by the sharp showering sound of water foaming into water from the height of a cataract. It was right astern of us. I turned and peered into the dimness there, but could see nothing.

"What is it, do you think, Mr. Musgrave?"

The girl's question was answered by the sudden upheaval of a long black line floating up like the keel of an inverted ship, with a brilliant sparkling of phosphorescent light all along its ebon side, off which rose a faint gleam to the reflection of the moonlight in

the wet blackness, instantly followed by the same steam-like hissing we had before heard, only that it was now so close that the blast of it came tingling to the ear through the dead hush; and with this sound there rose into the dusk a greater feather-shaped, cloudy spout of water, green as emerald and radiant as though it were vapour illuminated by the glare of a signal-light with the sea-fire that swarmed in it.

"A big whale, by Jove!" said I, "and unpleasantly near to us too."

Indeed the black mass had risen within pistol-shot; but the very element of fear its proximity induced deepened the impressiveness of the dark grandeur, the majestic, mysterious beauty of the show. Never to be forgotten was the sight of that leviathan shadow oozing out of the dark gleamless stagnation, looking half a mile long with the loom of it upon the clear obscure, and the sea rippling in fire against its sides. Presently the huge shape melted out, but some time afterwards it spouted afresh down in the south-west, the bulk of it rising fair in the slender feathering of silver under the moon, whilst a second monster blew about a mile away down in the north, the sounds following one another through the silence for all the world like some mighty giant snoring in his sleep; and then we saw no more of the creatures, though the notion that there might be others about kept us both exceedingly uneasy with the fancy of a sudden shattering hoist starwards with the rising of one of these monsters under our keel.

Not a breath of air yet. You saw the exquisite polish on the water in the untarnished flake of some large star's reflection as it rode the black brow of the swell, widening as it went. During such dead hours as these I knew there would be no earthly chance for us; for, as I have long ago said, steam was not as it is now; there was but sail to think of, and nothing could be stirring on such a night. The atmosphere was heavy with dew that made it cool. The thwarts and the

line of the boat's gunwale sparkled with the moisture as though crystallized. I shipped my pea-coat to keep my shirt dry, and wrapped a shawl round Miss Grant. As bad a part as any of it all was the want of space; the cramped feeling that came into the body with the very look of our narrow quarters, let alone the reality of them. She was a fat boat happily, of a lubberly, motherly roundness like the half of an apple, staunch and comparatively new, an honest ship's quarter-boat in a word, worth dollars enough, I dare say, to have brought some evil mutterings into the throat of the skipper of the ship she had belonged to, when he peered over the stern and found her gone. Her beam and the heaviness of her build, that gave her a firm seat on the water, enabled us to move without fear of capsizing her; and from time to time I would give Miss Grant my hand, and get her to step from thwart to thwart for the ease and comfort of the motion after the long spells of cramped sitting.

At last it came to an hour when I told her she must lie down and sleep.

"I shall be able to 'doze as I sit here, I am sure," she answered.

"Be guided by me, my dear Miss Grant. Every bone in you will ache like the gout if you slumber seated on this hard board with your back against the side. See, now, the sort of bed I have had in my mind for you all along."

I placed a strapped rug in the bottom of the boat, close against the stern-sheets, to serve as a pillow, then spread other rugs along with shawls as a mattress, reserving yet a rug, for we were well supplied in this way, to cover her with.

"Now," said I, "if you will remove your hat, and pull the hood of your cloak over your head and lie down, you will rest as comfortably as ever you did in your underground room."

"Why will you not take some rest first, Mr. Musgrave? I can keep watch, if indeed any sort of watchfulness is necessary on such a death-like night as this. Sleep while you can.

There may come a change of weather which will prevent you from obtaining repose. You can trust me to awaken you if the need for doing so should happen."

But I said no; she had not closed her eyes last night. I would call her by and by, and then she could relieve me, as the sea-saying is. She would have remonstrated, but I took her hand, pressed it to my lips, with a gentle courting of her to leave her seat, so without saying more she removed her hat, turned that I might adjust the hood to her head, and lay down. I covered her carefully, snuggling her little feet which extended under the thwart, and then fitted a small umbrella over her head to shelter it from the dew. I asked her if she was comfortable, peering as I spoke under the umbrella at the delicate glimmer of the beauty of her brow and cheek in the shadow there. She answered gently, yes; and disengaging her hand from the shawl, extended it to me.

"How good you are, how kind you are!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Mr. Musgrave, how would it have been with me but for you? and how do I repay you?—by bringing you into these cruel experiences and wretched adventures."

I again pressed my lips to her fingers, that being the only answer I dared make just then, and sat down to chip in an agitated way at my tinder-box for a light to consume the cheroot that was but half smoked out. Indeed, I was beginning to think that I had earned this woman; nor was my honour any longer startled by such fancies. In love, I suspect a man's conscience towards others is sensitive as his passion is weak. His fine talk of duty is proportioned to the slenderness of his emotion. As his heart sinks into a woman's, moral obligations are left behind, floating atop like bladders whose support he no longer requires. Whilst I sat swaying with the heave of the boat, sucking at my cheroot, my mind went to Alexander, and I thought to myself, as I glanced at the sleeping girl, and then swept my sight

over the great desolation of the star-touched sea, Does not my cousin deserve this? Has he not brought it about? He knew that I was a single man, accentuated it indeed, that he might correct any hesitation in me. He was also aware that I was young. Was it just in him to urge upon me a long shipboard-intimacy with a beautiful woman, and expect me to emerge unscarred from such commerce, whole-hearted, capable of resigning her with a smile and a handshake, as if she were some parcel of precious stones of which he was the consignee? When the hour to surrender her arrives, I thought, looking down—but, Lord, will it ever arrive? And I remember shuddering wildly and on a sudden, with an involuntary hugging of my pea-jacket to me as though a chill had come into my marrow, to the presence of this high and sparkling night and to the solitude made awful by the silence of the low-lying stars.

I dropped my extinguished fragment of cigar over the side. The water was so full of fire that the fall of this mere morsel of leaf chipped a flash out of it like a spark from a horse's hoof against a flint; and as though the lambent flame had ignited some fantastic firework shape beneath it, there sparkled out, green and bright, the huge outline of a shark, the beast of the afternoon maybe. The creature looked as if it were the sketch of such a thing, painted by a brush dipped in flame in the dark water. It was moving stealthily; the tremor of its fins made just a little showering of spangles at those extremities, with a thin, green, fiery vein of wake streaming out from its tail like a rubbing of phosphorus on the wall of a darkened room. The shining configuration drove ahead a short way past the bows, and then the lines of light blackened out, whereby I knew that the beast had come to a stand. But the shape shone again presently, heading towards the moon's reflection, and vanished. However, it was horribly uncomfortable to feel that such a creature was lurking near, and it checked my romancing in

a most magical manner. I could think no more of Alexander: my yearning now was for a breeze; but the star-flakes rode as unblurred as droppings of quicksilver upon the swing of the swell, and there was not the sound of a sigh of air to be caught stealing through the silence of the night.

It would be about three o'clock in the morning—some three-quarters of an hour before dawn at all events—that Miss Grant suddenly sat up with a little exclamation of astonishment, to which cramp might have added a note of its own.

"Oh!" she cried, "I have been dreaming. I did not know where I was. Pray help me up, Mr. Musgrave."

"The dawn will be here shortly," said I; "why not sleep the night out?"

"The dawn! Then you have let me take more than my share of rest. Pray help me up. I have slept soundly."

On this I cleared away the umbrella, removed the shawl that wrapped her about, and assisted her on to her feet.

"Still the same dead calm," she exclaimed, looking round her. "Now, Mr. Musgrave, you will please lie down."

"No, I can get the forty winks I want here quite comfortably."

"But you will go on talking if you sit instead of lying down, and thus a second night will pass without your having closed your eyes."

"But I don't need to plank it to sleep," said I. "I won't talk, I promise you. Observe now how in earnest I am," and so saying, I turned up the collar of my coat, folded my arms, and let drop my chin in a proper sleeping posture; and sure enough, in less than three minutes I was in a sound slumber, for I never could have imagined how worn out I was until I shut my eyes and fairly got under way for a doze.

It seemed to me that I had not been sleeping five minutes when I was awakened by Miss Grant moving.

"I am so grieved to disturb you,"

she said; "but a little breeze has sprung up, with some clouds darkening down in the west there, and I knew you would wish me to arouse you."

The dawn lay green to starboard, a queer, most melancholy smudge of muddy light, looking to ooze rather than to flow up into the dusk, as though it was some dull, thick, luminous atmosphere lifting with difficulty against the palpable obscure. A twinkling of running waters was in the air, with delicate seething noises of ripples coursing nimbly into foam. Indeed, it was blowing a pleasant breeze of wind, with a hint of briskness presently in the hum of it sweeping out of the western gloom; with the stars all eclipsed down there by range upon range of dusky shadows, which gave a significance to this wind that woke me to my full senses promptly enough, I can tell you, as soon as ever my sleepy eye turned to the larboard seaboard.

"Due west, as I live!" said I, "since that faintness yonder must be in the east. Heaven deliver us! Why couldn't this blessed air have come away with the sun?"

"It may give us the sight of a ship though," she exclaimed, "let it blow whence it will."

"Ay," said I, "and thanks for that grain of comfort. But it is abominably mortifying nevertheless. Needs must however where Old Nick drives, and so, Miss Grant, for a ratch to the southward, if our shawls will suffer this little hooker to look that way."

I laid hold of the halliards and mastheaded the yard, and bringing the sheet aft got it flat with a good lee helm, and in a moment or two the breezy ripples were washing along the boat's bends; but though I dragged the sheet as flat as I durst, dreading to rend the shawls by too hearty a pull, I found I could not bring the dawn, that was brightening fast, on our lee-beam. In fact, the sun rose broad upon our bow, and there were we heading away south-east, with a westerly breeze in chase of us, and no chance of the boat making a better

course, trim as I might. But this, like everything else that had happened, could not be helped. So soon as the sunlight flashed fair over the sea, I stood up and took a long look round, then seated myself again with a momentary sickening of heart to the bitter familiar sterility of the broad spread of ocean. There was no sign of our island either, though it was impossible it could be many miles below the horizon. The clouds that at dawn had looked swollen and dark as thunder, showed white and swelling as snow-covered mountains now that the sunlight was upon them; but though they rose slowly, I was sure they meant wind, the more so from the colour of the sky floating out of them, a dimmish blue, moist and filmy to where it brightened into the dazzle of the sun. But spite of its being a bad wind for us, the sound of it in the air, the sparkling movement of the waters, the life that the blowing put into the whole scene, came grateful as a relief after the utter stillness of yesterday and the night. Some hope was to be got out of it, at all events; not a flicker of foam but that might at any moment change into the star-like shining of canvas; whereas the roasting tranquillity of the hours we had passed through, topped by the deadness of the night, forbade so much as a wistful fancy in that way.

"You are bearing all this far better than I should have dared hope," said I to my companion, "but some sort of end must be at hand surely. Why, it would imperil the reputation of a writer of romance as an artist to add in his book even but one more adventure to the catalogue we have left astern."

"We have been so mercifully watched over so far," she answered "that I am sure we need not fear what remains to come. And then when it is all over how small it will seem!" I shook my head doubtfully. "Oh, yes," she cried, "it is the same with all sorts of trouble. People when they are ill think they can never forget their sufferings; but they do, or at least they make very little of

them when they get well. It is like the weather that is hot or cold, or wet or dry, outside the memory of the oldest inhabitant. But it passes from the mind, and at the end of the year it is all one, Mr. Musgrave."

"Well," said I, "yours is very good philosophy to help one to triumph over ills which have passed, but whilst those ills are with us, the victory, I fear, must remain with them."

As the morning advanced the breeze freshened. The clouds were now broken up into vast puffs of vapour, white as steam, which came rolling stately out of the west. The sea was beginning to hollow a bit, too; the ridges growing wider and deeper, along with a sound of snarling in the seething slide of their heads. The yawns in the sail where the shawls had been united widened; the yard I had manufactured from a bough of a fallen tree fell to buckling uncomfortably to the growing leaps and plunges of the boat. Indeed, I presently found that if the shawls were to stand the sheet must be slackened out yet, so that before it was ten o'clock that morning we were running eastward with the wind almost astern of us, blowing away as fate would have it quite in the wrong direction; a windy sky behind, a hollow sea all about us, and nothing in sight save a dull, slate-coloured smudge, just visible when a sea threw us up, far away down upon the starboard quarter—our island no doubt, for its bearings, according to my calculation, were thereabouts. By noon I had begun to think that were we under as honest a lug-sail as was ever mast-headed, I should have had to up helm and run for it, for it was now blowing fresh indeed; such a wind as a ship on a bow-line would offer a main-topgallant-sail to, and nothing above it. Under our queer sail that looked like a Dutch flag, the colours up and down instead of horizontal, we stormed along, driving God knows where, saving that we knew the great Atlantic Ocean stretched past the throbbing boundary

over our bows. The little boat sheered through it like an arrow, making one long floating slide after another, with a short pause in the drop of her stern to the yawn of water, and then a lightning-like rush forwards as the running wave in chase washed brimming to her, giving us a hoist that caused the ocean to look as wide and wild again; with the flash of the wind, too, into our gaudy spread of sail that made me regularly expect to find it in rags next minute. The little craft needed nice steering. The foam would come boiling to your fingers as they clasped the gunwale, and the least swerve at such a moment must have swamped and drowned us out of hand. It was a rushing scene indeed, and there was something of madness to our distracted brains in the eager flashing life of it all. The rolling of the clouds along the sky; the headlong passage of their shadows over us; the leap of the sun from the edge of one wide mass of vapour to the next; the swift hurl of the seas; the sparkling out of flying-fish from either side our running boat; the shriek of the wind past our ears when it swept fair and full at us to the rise of the little fabric to the height of the surge, combined with the sensation of our helpless velocity, offered such a picture of movement to the imagination, that the mind might be defied to witness the like of it even amidst the commotion of a tempest from the deck of a large ship.

Miss Grant sat by my side, apparently unmoved. I could see her sometimes glance astern in the moment of some unusually high billow running us up with a roar and dazzle of foam to the level of the quarters, but without a hint in her face of quailing to the sight, without a tremor in the decision you saw in the marble-like set of her lips. This was one of the realities indeed her spirit could confront. She had shrunk from entering the underground rooms: she had been exceedingly perturbed by the midnight tolling of the bell in the forest; and now amidst a peril that might most honestly have blanched the cheek of a

tough old salt, she was as calm as though she slumbered. Sometimes, but at long intervals, she addressed me. It was almost impossible to converse however. The mere sight of the flying sea kept one's thoughts in a wild popple, like the water disjoining the links of coherence almost. The noises, too, were horribly confusing—the ceaseless hiss of billows breaking into foam, the distant thunderous sound of warping waters swelling into volume, with the scream of the wind cleaving it. Besides, what wits I had I required to devote to the steering. Our salvation indeed might lie in the holding out of our sail, and in the drag of it that was rushing our keel clear of the smother of the avalanches chasing us; but then it was just the sort of navigation to be tyrannic in its demands upon the nerve and eye; the swiftness of the boat made her responses to the movement of the helm so instantaneously sensitive that the controlling of her to the course of a dart engrossed every thought I had mind enough to summon. One heedless movement of the tiller, and the next minute would have seen the boat bottom up.

"You are steering the little ship admirably," she exclaimed. "The wind does not increase, I think, and if this be so, then since we have been safe so far, we have a right to hope that all will continue well with us. Don't be dispirited. Your old instincts as a sailor are equal to worse difficulties than this."

"Blessings on my head for having brought you here!" said I. "You speak of my old instincts as a sailor: they should not have driven me into acting the fool. We ought to have remained on the island. I was mad to subject you to the experiences of an open boat."

"I would sooner be here," she answered; "there is hope for us in this little flying shape; there was none on that dismal rock, with its gloomy cave and the silence of the night there."

This was as much as we could say at a time.

A little before sunset I spied a sail

right ahead. The angry crimson in the west seemed to roll like the clouds into the far east, where it hung in a smoking red haze that looked cyclonic with the huddled loom of the vapour behind it driven in a heap down there by the wind, and in the heart of this stormy radiance I saw the sail. But whatever the craft might be, she was hull down, and the red canvas of her, more like a live cinder than the fabric of a vessel, was to be caught only from the head of a sea when it lifted us. I pointed it out to Miss Grant, rather for the hope the sight might yield her than for any imaginable good it could be to us; and she rose, passing her arm round my neck to steady herself, and there was so much of an unconscious caress in this action, as though her heart dictated a gesture unnoted by her reason, that it was through Heaven's mercy alone the thrill of delight the contact of her white hand against my neck sent through me, did not cause me to head the boat off and founder her.

She had barely resumed her seat, and was seemingly about to address me, when the wind breezed up with a shriek, the puff taking us precisely as we swung to the ridge of a billow, and away went the shawls, all three of them vanishing ahead like a fragment of rainbow, leaving the yard in halves, hanging to the halliards like the legs of a pair of compasses slightly open. I half rose with the intention of converting the shawl that had been wrapped about Miss Grant during the night into a jib-headed affair, which might provide surface enough to scud under, with some promise of the pull of it keeping us ahead of the seas, but I changed my mind on second thoughts. "Where are we going to?" I asked myself. "Here am I suffering this boat to be blown out into the Atlantic Ocean, when our hopes of salvation lie over the stern."

I said to Miss Grant, "Please catch hold of this tiller—so. Hold it steady as you have it, straight fore and aft, that you may keep the boat dead before the wind."

She did as I bade her. I sprang forward, unstepped the mast, and taking the two paddles, bound the three together securely by the halliards. This done, I secured the bundle to the end of the coir rope that lay coiled down in the bows. I then called to the girl to put the helm over, motioning to her that she might know which way to thrust the tiller, and the instant the little craft came broadside to the sea, I flung the bundle of mast and paddles overboard, then floundered aft, moving as low as I could in the boat, scarce knowing whether the next minute would not find us drowning. It was a necessary but a most dangerous manœuvre in that sea. She rounded quickly ahead on to the pull of that rope; but ere the drag of her could tauten the line she hung a breathless moment or two in the trough, with the sea like a dark wall to windward rearing its head to the height of my own stature, flickering dusklily against the crimson in the west, and I could not fetch a sigh, so sure was I that the sweeping volume would tumble sheer over us. But the broad-brimmed little structure went floating up it broadside on, with her keel at right angles, whilst I gripped the gunwale with one hand, my right arm encircling Miss Grant to save her from sliding into the water to leeward—and this without shipping more water than a small thunder-shower of spray blowing over us off the brow of the surge as we mounted it. Then as the boat swept into the hollow behind, she tautened the rope and whipped her nose round to the sea, and so lay rising and falling, heavily indeed but comparatively safely, behind the breakwater of the mast and oars to which she rode.

"It was the only thing I could think of to do," I cried. "Thank God it is done, and well done. You have a magnificent nerve, Miss Grant. For my part I thought it was all over with us, and was too frightened to bawl out."

"We are safer like this than with the sail set," she said.

"Yes," I exclaimed, "we shall be able to make something like good weather of it now, even should the breeze freshen. I ought to have thought of this old-world nautical stratagem long before it grew perilous to practise it."

It seemed to be blowing as hard again now that we faced it. Our running before the wind had taken half the spite out of it, and it was almost like the change from a pleasant breeze to a sharp gale to feel the hurl of the damp wind rushing down upon us, spray-laden, from every liquid acclivity we rose to. I dropped on my knees and baled till I cleared the boat. The sun was gone, and the western clouds were darkening to the fading light. The ocean turned green as the North Sea in winter, with a hardening of the shape and outline of every running ridge; and the rise and fall of the long tracts of snow-like froth upon it rendered its aspect so indescribably bleak, chill, desolate, that the sparkling stagnation of yesterday seemed as a dream, and it defied the imagination to realize that this melancholy picture of froth and warring waters was looked down upon by the heaven of the Antilles. But the boat rode well and buoyantly, and how the breakwater helped her you saw by the savage leap of the froth against it; though it was smothered again and again, yet it made a sort of smooth, as sailors say, for our keel, and the prospect of the night was no longer unendurable to me. Before the darkness fell I got some fruit and turtle out of the locker. Miss Grant shook her head, but I insisted, and then she ate a few mouthfuls, merely to please me, as I could see. Happily we had a drop of rum with us, and I persuaded her to take a small draught; afterwards I carefully wrapped the rug round her, and made her as snug as the horrible plight we were in would permit.

(To be continued.)

CEFALÙ.

THE town of Cefalù, on the north coast of Sicily, has within the last few years been made one of the accessible spots of the world. To visit it no longer implies that special zeal which is still implied in visiting some Sicilian sites. That is to say, it is brought within easy railway distance of Palermo. Or rather it is brought within easy distance either for going or for coming back. For, as is usual in Sicily, the trains are by no means convenient for going and coming back on the same day, at least if anything is to be seen betweenwhiles. Perhaps this is no great harm. There is more to be seen at Cefalù than can be seen as it deserves in one day, unless that day be a very long and a very active day indeed. Cefalù is a place at which the visitor should stay at least two or three days; the minute student of more than one subject might find it expedient to stay even longer. And it is perfectly possible to stay there, save perhaps for those who cannot do for a day without that standard of hotel-life which they will find only in three or four places in Sicily. And Cefalù has merits besides those of its position and its antiquities. I ate there the best oranges that I ever ate in Sicily or elsewhere.

Cefalù is a spot which holds a kind of intermediate ground between places to which one would send the ordinary tourist and places which one would keep for those who go about for some special object of study. Cefalù has a most striking position, and it has antiquities of very different kinds. The renowned cathedral church, whose existence, like that of the other mediæval wonders of Sicily, was first revealed to Englishmen by Mr. Gally Knight, is likely to draw a good many who are

not exactly scientific travellers, but whom it would be hard to thrust down to the rank of mere tourists. King Roger's minster below and the wonderful primæval remains above are each in its own way equally worthy of study. But many gladly go to see a grand church which can be got at without any trouble who cannot be called real students of mediæval architecture. Few will climb up a very steep road to a primæval building who have not some claim to be called real students of primæval architecture. For the wider student of history the point is that Cefalù is something more than either the early or the later building by itself. He who would grasp what Cefalù has to tell him from all its sides must give his mind to both, and to some other things as well.

We will assume then that we have got hold of visitors to Cefalù who know that the place deserves something more than a single day's run from the Sicilian capital. They have learned that a longer time is needed to mark well her bulwarks, to set up her houses—we can hardly add to tell the towers thereof, as the two that flank the entrance to the great church will pretty well make up the whole tale. But the bulwarks are there of a truth, and as for houses, with one or two of some interest below, there is one above which is assuredly unique in Sicily, perhaps in the world. But to see that unique house implies climbing, not to the very top of all, but to the stage, neither low nor easy to reach, which lies between the town and the very top. From that stage we first fully take in the position of Cefalù; and the position of Cefalù is its history. Or rather, when we reach that stage, we are tempted to think

that we have taken in the position of Cefalù, when we have really taken in only half of it. Or perhaps more truly again, we have fully taken in both the position and the history of Cefalù, but we have not yet accurately found out what Cefalù itself is. The name of the place speaks for itself. Cefalù, Cephalædium, Cephaludum, Κεφαλοῖδιον, Κεφαλοῖδης—two or three other spellings—is emphatically the *headland*. Not the greatest, not the most famous, headland of northern Sicily, it is emphatically the central headland of the coast, the point round which the scenery and the history of the coast gather on each side. All this we can find out from the height immediately above the town. But unless we either go on to the very top, which is hard work for any but the young and active, or unless we walk round the foot of the hill, which is much easier, we shall not fully take in the nature of the headland itself. We shall not otherwise see how nearly the hill of Cefalù comes to being an island. It would not perhaps do to say that it is as thoroughly isolated as the hill of Solunto or as Monte Pellegrino. Those huge rocks lie wholly distinct, with a space of low ground between them and the inland hills. But the hill of Cefalù has a neck of land to its isthmus which, if vastly lower than itself, is far from being a mere flat. But this point being well ascertained, the view over land and sea may be enjoyed, and its historic lesson may be taken in, without climbing to the top of all. That is, all that is needed may be done from the site of the primæval town without going further up to the primæval acropolis.

From that lower height then we feel that the headland of Cefalù stands forth as the mid point of a long and shallow bay which takes in a good half of the north coast of Sicily. It is fenced in by two marked promontories: its eastern horn is Capo Gallo beyond Palermo; its western horn is Capo Orlando, far away towards Messina.

Of this larger bay we see that the bay of Palermo forms a part, bounded towards Cefalù by the hill of Solunto ending towards the sea in the isolated rock of Zafarara. While at this end we look on the whole range of the Palermitan mountains, on the other side the three most westerly of the isles of fire, the isles of Aiolos or of Hêphaistos, come within sight. In the history of Sicily and its inhabitants, that story of many nations, the view that we thus gaze on is most instructive. We feel that the ground on which we stand parts two historic regions. And we feel how much thicker on the ground, how much more varied in their interest, are the historic sites on the left hand, to the west, as compared with those on the right. And, what almost comes to the same thing, the view shows us how thoroughly, as far at least as our view takes us, the earlier inhabitants vanished on the left hand before the two colonizing nations, Phœnician and Greek, while to the right, that is to the east, they not only lived on but founded new settlements. Westward from Cefalù our range takes in the Phœnician head of Sicily, in after days to be her Saracen and her Norman head, Panormos, Palermo, seat of *Shophetim*,¹ emirs, kings, and viceroys. It takes in her sister Solous, Solunto, *Sela*, the city of the rock, the eastern outpost of Canaan in days when, in Sicily at least, Asia had planted herself to the west and Europe to the east. Nearer comes Termini, the baths of Himera, the hot springs which the nymphs threw up to refresh the wearied Hêra-

¹ It is well ever to bear in mind in the Phœnician part of Sicily that the Phœnician language was indistinguishable from Hebrew, and that therefore a crowd of Old Testament names and memories press on us at every step. The Latin form *suffes*, *suffetes*, helps us to the true title of the Phœnician magistrates, the *Shophetim*, the very title of the book of Judges. Soloeis, Solous, Soluntum, is most likely *Sela*, the rock, and, above all, the Phœnicians, ages after the loss of their Sicilian dominion, never dropped their national name of *Chna*, Canaan.

klès, in whom we are now told that we ought to see a Phœnician Melkart. Here we look on a city raised by the Phœnician as the trophy of his greatest work of destruction against the Greek, founded to be the Phœnician substitute for Greek Himera, but which practically became a Greek city raised by Phœnician hands, and which kept on the life, and even the name, of Himera on a new site. Nearer is the lowlier hill on which once stood Himera itself, the only colony from Greece along the whole northern coast of Sicily, the scene of the great salvation that was wrought when the barbarians of East and West came forth against the Greek in East and West, and when the Persian king and the Carthaginian judge felt the might of Europe on one day. The projections of the coast may hinder us from seeing every one of these spots at the same moment from any one point on the hill of Cefalù. But all come within our range of sight; we can see the furthest, even if some of the nearer chance to be hidden. And they are all sites which concern the colonizing and conquering races which strove for Sicily, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman, while of the older folk of the land they tell us nothing. Nothing is seen on this side to suggest the thought of Sikans or Sikels, and Elymian Segesta and Eryx lie beyond our range to the west.¹ But on the right, towards the east, our Sikel height looks out on a land almost wholly Sikel. A crowd of sites once occupied by settlements of the elder

folk are studded along the coast. Apollônia crowns a neighbouring hill; Agathyrnon bounds our view; between them come two of the most memorable sites in Sikel history. These are the later offshoots of the race, when the Sikel had learned of the Greek to plant colonies in his own land, the Halaisos of Archônidês, whose Greek name did not hinder his Sikel patriotism, and the more distant Kalê Aktê, the last creation of that Ducetius who came so near to being the Philip of Sicily. We look on these Sikel sites, while the Greek points further to the East, the Tyndaris of Dionysios, and Mylai, outpost of Messana, lie beyond our range. Contrasting the view on the two sides, we feel that the hill of Cephalœdium was in some sort a Sikel outpost, guarding the land to the east, which Phœnician and Greek had both in a manner passed by, from the land to the west, which they made their chiefest battle-ground in Sicily.

I have assumed that Cephalœdium was a Sikel town. I mean in the same sense that any other town in Sicily was a Sikel town. That is, it was in Sikel occupation when Phœnicians and Greeks began to colonize, and there is no evidence that either Phœnicians or Greeks ever permanently wrested the spot from its Sikel owners. It may have come under any amount of Phœnician influence at one time and of Greek influence at another, and it would doubtless, like other Sikel towns, have largely adopted Greek manners and the Greek tongue before it passed under Roman dominion. It is in no way shown to be a Greek foundation because we know it only by a Greek name. It is a strange thing that we know the head of Phœnician Sicily only by a Greek name; the true Phœnician name of Panormos is uncertain. And we may risk the guess that Κεφαλοῖδιον was what we may call a Greek translation of a name of not very different sound in the Latin speech of the Sikels; *Capitium*, nearly akin to *Capitolium*,

¹ It may perhaps be needful to explain that the Sikans (Σικανοί, *Sicani*) are the oldest known people of Sicily, most likely kindred with the Basques; that the Sikels (Σικελοί, *Siculi*), who have given their name to the island, were an Italian people, speaking a tongue akin to Latin; while of the Elymians (Ἐλυμιοί, *Elymi*), who held Segesta and Eryx nothing can be said for certain. They claimed a Trojan descent, which proves only that this settlement was old and their origin unknown. These are the three most ancient nations of the island, among whom, first Phœnicians and then Greeks, came as colonists.

was the actual name of another Sikel town. Nor is it proved to be a Phœnician foundation by saying that the Phœnicians could not have neglected such a site. It is easy to show another site hard by much better suited for Phœnician purposes than the steep and lofty headland itself. A little way along the coast to the east of Cefalù is a small peninsula now covered with a mediæval castle, bearing the name of Torre della Caldara. It is exactly such a spot as those on which the Phœnicians loved to plant their factories. A settlement on such a spot would of course be only a factory for trade and not a colony for dominion; but it is plain that, till the Phœnicians of Sicily withdrew to their three great strongholds in the West, many of their settlements were nothing more than such factories. There is no evidence in history to make us think that Cephalœdium ever was a Phœnician city; but there is everything short of direct evidence to make us think that the men of Canaan took care that this tempting little promontory should be made useful for their purposes in another fashion. From thence the cunning merchant, with his ensnaring ways and his tempting wares, made profit out of the Sikels on the height of Cephalœdium, not forgetting at favourable moments to add a little kidnapping and a little piracy. Such were the usual conditions of Sicilian life till the Phœnician withdrew before the Greek into his special corner. Then the field was left for the Sikel and for the Greek colonist, everywhere his master, sometimes in the full sense of lord, sometimes only in the sense of teacher. At Cephalœdium we have every reason to believe that, save perhaps for one moment¹, the Greek was a teacher only.

Nowhere then more fittingly than on the heights of Cefalù could we look for the foremost monument of Sikel antiquity in the whole island, one which fairly divides the interest of the

¹ See Diodoros, xiv. 78; cf. xx. 56.

place with the wonderful church below. No spot could be better suited than the Cephalœdian headland for the purposes of a primæval town. The rocky peninsular hill rises steeply above the sea on three sides, leaving a ledge between its foot and the water, on which ledge stands the present town of Cefalù. Striking indeed is the effect of the stern square rock as seen from below, rising sheer above the houses and the minster. The whole circuit of the hill is fenced in with later walls, marking no doubt the extent of the ancient and now forsaken town, while the central point of the hill, yet more steep and rocky, soars above all, the primæval acropolis crowned with the castle of Saracen emirs and Norman kings. The forsaken site is full of remains of buildings of various dates, and among them is one of an interest altogether unique. Here, where we have no sign that either Phœnician or Greek ever fixed his dwelling, we can see in a very small space two dates of the work of the Sikel himself, and two dates of the work of his Roman master. A building yet stands on the slope of the hill in parts of whose walls we still see that piling of vast irregular stones to which those who love to burn their fingers with doubtful theories rejoice to give the dangerous name of Pelasgian. Of three doorways one has jambs belonging to this earlier time, jambs built of huge blocks with no attempt at workmanship, while they carry a lintel which makes some approach to the artistic forms of the Greek. Kindred with this lintel are two other doorways, the chief of which has sloping monolith jambs with a degree of finish which suggests that all the work of this kind is an insertion in a far earlier wall, and that the more regular rectangular blocks in the upper part of the walls belong to the same date. Here we surely see the work of the primæval Sikel—or, if any one chooses, the work of the Sikan his predecessor—strongly con-

trusted with the work of the later Sikel brought under Hellenic influences. We long, but we long in vain, for some piece of evidence which would connect this later work with any of the few names of Sikel worthies which have come down to us. We would fain see here a dwelling-place of Ducetius, the man who came so near to founding a free and united Sikelia, whose works still live on the hill of Mineo and whose memory lives in the holy place of the Sikel gods at its foot.¹ It would be enough if we could see in it the house of the first Archônîdês, the friend of Ducetius, the ally of Athens, or of the second Archônîdês, on whose site at Halaisa we have already cast a glance.² But this is mere guess-work, though it is quite possible that a German scholar might in a special dissertation, prove either way to demonstration. It is enough that this unique building is the house of somebody, and not, as local tradition calls it, seemingly after a guess of good Fazello in the sixteenth century, a temple of Diana.³

One comment must be made here. If we had found here a Greek temple like the grandest at Girgenti, that would by no means prove that it was not, if not Sikel work, yet at least work done at the bidding of Sikels. Many, I suspect, go to Segesta and do not remember that Segesta never was a Greek city, and that the Doric style of its temple proves only the spread

of Greek culture among its Elymian people. So people are sometimes puzzled when they go to see Gothic walls at Carcassonne, and find only Roman walls, exactly like other walls of the same date. It mattered nothing in the Gaul of the fifth century A.D. whether a wall was built at the bidding of a Gothic king or of a Roman Augustus. Either would call in the best engineering skill of the time, and the result would be the same in both cases. So in the Sicily of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., if a Sikel or Elymian prince or commonwealth wanted a piece of work to be well done, they would call in Greek artists to do it, till the time came, perhaps sooner than we think, when they had native artists capable of reproducing Greek models. It is hard to see anything distinctively Doric in the building on the hill at Cefalù; but we may be sure that, if Ducetius or either Archônîdês ever wished to build a great temple, it arose in as distinctly Doric a shape as the holy place of the Elymian at Segesta.

It is wonderful to see this relic of the most ancient times, recast in times which we still deem ancient, standing comparatively perfect among the scattered ruins of days which are almost modern. It has been preserved because the men of intermediate times took possession of it, and turned it to their own ends. The Sikel, or the Greek whom he sent for, was not the last builder who worked on the so-called Temple of Diana. We see there the work of the Roman or of the Sikel who had learned to call himself a Roman. And we see his work of two dates, most likely marking two creeds. The only part of the building which keeps a roof is covered with a brick vault of Roman work. The chamber which was thus formed is said to have once had paintings and inscriptions. They are not there now; perhaps they are in some museum. And over all rise the ruins of a small apsidal church, of rude masonry in-

¹ The latest description of the lake of the Palici in its present state was given by Mr. Arthur Evans in the Manchester Guardian, May 14, 1889.

² The first Archônîdês will be found in Thucydides vii., xiv. 16; the second in Diodoros i.

Mark that their name is purely Greek, while the name of Ducetius (*Δουκέρτιος*) is native Sikel, that is Latin or something very near to it. The ealdorman of the Sikels was clearly a *duke*, till Greek influence made him an *archôn*.

³ Fazello however (i. 374, ed. 1749) does not commit himself to the dedication. He only says, "Templi ingentis diruti Dorica forma olim conditi clara visuntur monumenta." One would have looked for something like the ruins of Selinunte.

deed, but still showing the traditions of Roman construction. On all these works of so many ages the castle of the Saracen looks down from above. The minster of the Norman looks up from below. All the successive holders of this memorable headland have left their mark upon its soil.

But the early possessors of this mountain city did not forget the low coast at their feet. Cephalœdium was emphatically a city set on an hill, but it was a hill closely overhanging the sea, and a city set on such a hill needed a haven. The need may not have been felt from the beginning; but it must have been felt as soon as men took the first steps in civilization; it must have been specially felt when the Phœnician came to trade. Two walls were accordingly built to connect the height with the sea. They were as the Long Walls of Athens would have been if Piræus and its haven had been close at the foot of the acropolis. Large parts of both walls are still to be seen, east and west of the present town, and serving as the foundation of the walls which still bound it. And it is said that other large parts are there which are not to be seen; that is to say, they are not to be seen to be what they are; they are so carefully plastered. But there is enough at both ends to show us the character of the construction, and on the west side especially, where the wall rises close above the sea, the effect is most striking. There is the same piling of huge stones of various shapes as in the earlier part of the building above; only, whenever the shape of the stones allowed, there is a certain tendency to range them in rectangular, or at least in horizontal, courses. It is vain to guess at the date of these walls; they are surely earlier than the finer work above, and we may suspect, though with less confidence, that they may be later than the ruder work. They mark a great advance on the condition of the first dwellers on the hill-top; and we must

never forget that, on any of these sites, the Sikel may have been dwelling in the tents of the Sikan. At all events, those who built them had got beyond the first stage of human progress as conceived by Thucydides.¹ They had learned better to know the sea; they had learned that, if it might be a source of danger, it might also be made a source of well-being.

We go down again to the lower town, the present Cefalù, the town which, in its present state, has risen around the great church of King Roger. The town stands, as has been said, on the narrow ledge between the sea and the foot of the hill, and some of its streets naturally climb a certain way up the hill. Every Sicilian town has its honorary epithet, as one or two, faithful Worcester among them, have in England. Sometimes one sees the reason for the name, sometimes not. It is easy to see why Castrogiovanni should be called *L'Insuperabile*; Saracens and Christians, if they did get in at the end, both found it hard work. It is not so clear why Cefalù should be called *La Piacentissima*. It is not particularly unpleasing, that is, not particularly dirty and squalid, as Sicilian towns go; but there are Sicilian towns which have a more generally pleasing air. Perhaps it is held to have been made more pleasing by a change which, in Sicily, as in other parts, specially commends itself to the municipal mind. The gates of Exeter and of Oxford are gone; the Micklegate Bar at York was once very near going; and so at Cefalù, Mr. Dennis in 1864 speaks of four gates, all of them still abiding, one of them "of Norman times with a circular arch". No gates were to be seen in 1889. Mr. Dennis further speaks of the domestic remains, of two houses specially of King Roger's day, in the main street. A single window is all that seems now to be left to speak for any of them. But the great church is spared, the wonder of Cefalù below,

¹ i. 7.

as the Sikel-house is the wonder of Cephalædium above, and one of the architectural glories of Sicily. Only to what architectural style shall we say that the church of Cefalù, like the other famous churches of Sicily, belongs? The matter is a very simple one; only, like many matters of the kind, it is apt to be confused by a careless use of words. If any one chooses to call these Sicilian buildings Norman, because they were built at the bidding of Norman princes, he can do so; the reason is as good an one as one often finds for names of the kind. Only then he must find some other name for the contemporary style of Normandy and England, to which the name of Norman is commonly given, with perhaps somewhat better reason. And if anybody chooses to call the style Saracenic, he will be right in a sense, but he will be likely to lead people wrong, as suggesting that the buildings were built during the time of Saracen dominion. Sometimes, in lighter moments, the thought comes in that a series of buildings begun by the great Count of Sicily and carried on by the great King, might be most fitly called *Rogeresque*. The name sounds droll, but it is at least distinctive, and can lead to no confusion.

The buildings of the Norman princes of Sicily, the two Rogers and the two Williams, are in truth Norman in one sense and Saracen in another. So far as architecture proper goes, the Norman rulers of the island simply went on using a style which they took over from their Saracen predecessors. Saracen artists, we have every reason to think, were set to build churches and palaces for their Norman masters. It is quite certain that those churches and palaces were built, so far as architecture goes, after Saracen models. But architecture proper is not necessarily everything in a building, and the Norman princes of Sicily did not reign over Saracens only. They had other subjects who practised other arts, arts indeed which to the Saracen were

forbidden. The princes who could set the Saracen to rear their walls and columns, and who could then set the Greek to inlay the walls of the Saracen with his imperishable mosaic, could call into being houses and churches such as no other princes in the world could rival.

The style, it must be remembered, is one which systematically uses the pointed arch, but which is not Gothic, which is not even an approach to Gothic. The Saracens had used the pointed arch for ages; when they worked for Norman masters, they went on using it; that is all. The style, we might say everywhere but at Cefalù, has nothing to do with the Norman of Northern Europe. England and Sicily were ruled at the same time by Norman kings; but there is no likeness in the architecture of the two countries. The great churches of Sicily set the plain pointed arch, commonly stilted, on columns taken from classical buildings or closely copied from classical models. The nave of Cefalù or of any of its fellows is best described as a basilica with pointed arches. And in its general effect the whole church of Cefalù does not differ from its fellows; that is to say, its effect is about as unlike that of Durham or Saint Stephen's at Caen as the effect of any church can be. Yet, oddly enough, in some particular features there is at Cefalù a certain approach to the forms of the Northern Norman, such as is not to be seen at Monreale or Messina or Catania or in any church at Palermo. I say in any church, because in one narrow street in Palermo there is a house, or rather a range of houses, of the noblest Northern Romanesque, unlike anything else in Sicily, but which would be quite at home at Lincoln or at Le Mans. This would seem to show that the Northern style was perfectly well known in Sicily, but that its inhabitants, Normans and others, commonly preferred the style of the country. At Cefalù the great west doorway is

not exactly like anything else, as it carries the usual flatness of Sicilian work of all dates to an extreme, but it is so far like Northern work as to have a round arch. And so in the transepts there is a little passage or triforium within and some ornamental arcades without, far more like England or Normandy than Sicily. Otherwise the church is altogether after the pattern of its fellows. Or rather its only perfect fellow, the metropolitan church of Monreale, nearly thirty years younger, is after its pattern. These are the two that can be compared. The great churches of Palermo and Messina have been so brutally *jesuited* that at Palermo only scraps are left and even at Messina the general effect is destroyed. At Catania the great earthquake destroyed all but the apses. The chapel in the palace at Palermo, the most truly admirable building of them all, belongs to a slightly different class. It has the central cupola, which is certainly needed to give perfection to the design, but which is lacking both at Monreale and at Cefalù. Without the cupola, the connecting feature of the whole building is lost within, and without the outline is heavy and ungainly. Indeed a Sicilian or Italian church without a cupola can hardly be said to have any outline at all. It may be noble in particular parts, but it hardly makes a whole; in a northern church the high roofs always provide an outline of some kind. Here at Cefalù we have western towers, but they are of no great account; they stand out, like those of Holyrood, and are connected by a portico or *loggia*, rebuilt or recast in the fifteenth century. The outside of the church should be walked round and studied from many points; but its real glory, like that of its fellows, is within. Only the eastern part has ever been covered with mosaic; but what there is is of the very best. Good judges call it the finest in Sicily. The nave is like the other naves of the style. Stately indeed they are with their long rows of

columns and pointed arches; though we feel—and such a feeling implies some measure of blame as a matter of architecture proper—that the plain arches, and the plain clerestory above, with no triforium between them, ask for mosaic. A Greek temple and a Gothic church do not in the same way ask for superficial ornament; neither does a Northern Romanesque church; though they all often get it. This shows that, simply as a matter of building, the Sicilian church is not equal to any one of those three. It is the union of arts which gives the *Rogeresque* buildings their excellence, and gives to one of them, the chapel at Palermo, its perfection.

The church, as it stands, allowing for some necessary repairs and some unnecessary disfigurements, is all of a piece, the work of King Roger. He founded church and bishopric, and he planted in it, not seculars, but Austin canons. There were religious at Monreale also, a fashion which Sicily seems to share with England. The two greatest princes of the time, Henry at Carlisle and Roger at Cefalù, both favoured the Austin canons. At Cefalù their cloister abides, approached in a strange fashion, and part of it is of the original work. It is of the same class as other cloisters in Sicily, which differ only in the form of the arch from those of which Arles can perhaps show the chief. In all of them the coupled arches, though first seen at Rome, are surely a gift from the Saracen. A mosaic inscription declares the church to be the work of Roger, finished in 1148. In his foundation charter of 1145 he takes his proud style of King of Sicily and Italy, a formula in which it might seem that the name of Italy had come back to its very earliest use. We might perhaps yield so far as to turn the style round, but, in one order or the other, it is the only true title of the prince who is the successor alike of Alboin and of Roger, and who should surely place on his brow alike the

crown of Monza and the crown of Palermo. It is to be noticed that in the charter the King takes no notice of the common legend that he founded the church of Cefalù in fulfilment of a vow made when in danger of shipwreck. Still, if anybody likes to believe the story, it might be hard absolutely to disprove it. But it is much more certain that he gives to the church two porphyry sarcophagi, one for his own burial, the other seemingly to keep it company, perhaps for the burial of some one, ready on some fitting occasion. So it has happened. In one of these the first King of Sicily still sleeps; the other holds the dust of the chief oppressor of Sicily, his Imperial son-

in-law, the Swabian Henry. But they sleep not at Cefalù. They were translated to Palermo, and there they keep company with a descendant yet more renowned than the founder of the Sicilian kingdom. It was Frederick, son of Henry, grandson of Roger, who gave his fathers their last resting-place in the city which he had made, like himself, the Wonder of the World; and he himself lies beside them.

Such is Cephalœdium, Cefalù, the city of the headland, with the house of the Sikel above and the church of the Norman below. No spot, even in Sicily, is more worthy of study, more fruitful in thought.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A REAL WORKING MAN.

It is a common complaint against the country-folk of the present day that they are not satisfied with their lot in life—that they leave their pleasant rural homes for our already overcrowded towns, there to make the terrible struggle for existence more terrible still, and to be sucked too often into the whirlpool of degradation, misery, and helpless despair.

Now we who live in the country do not deny that such an exodus is taking place, nor do we deny that it is often productive of much mischief both in town and country. But we see—and we should like other people to see—that there is another side to the question.

No doubt the condition of the agricultural labourer varies considerably according to the county in which he finds himself. I have not studied his lot with any minuteness except in one of our eastern counties, and there, I am willing to admit, it may be rather specially hard. Still, it is just in these purely agricultural counties that we can best see what attractions the life of an agricultural labourer really offers; and it is partly to give what information I can upon this question, partly to claim some sympathy for the poor agricultural labourer and his wife, that this paper has been written.

Will you hear the homely tale of a labourer and his family, as told by his wife to one who has known her now for eight years, and has taken pains to verify her statements, lest the instinctive love for a telling story, which is to be found among poor and rich alike, might lead her to colour them? Conscience-deceit I could not suspect her of; she tells you without reserve of all that has been done for her by others—and that is a test of honesty and straight-dealing which very few, either in town or country, can stand. She is

but forty-one now—a worn and yet cheery-faced little woman, though the tears are very near the surface—with a stout heart, a strong love for her family, and a patience which seldom, if ever, deserts her. Her husband is a very steady and “wonderful still” man. It is only by little things said here and there that you will learn from him, and from the majority of his class, men and women alike, the state of their affairs. But she—it is evidently a blessed relief to her to pour her simple tale into sympathetic ears. Guiltless of any fears that she may be taking up your precious time, of any apprehensions that she may be repeating tales which you have heard once, twice, half-a-dozen times already, she will hurry on in an uninterrupted flow of words, the tears now and then rolling down her cheeks, but never quite chasing away the smiles which are almost as ready to come as the tears; and when at last she has done, she will wipe her eyes with her apron, thank you warmly for your visit, and turn to her work with an evidently lightened heart. Truly a half-hour well spent, if your patient listening has done no more than lift for a few hours the weight of care from that poor, burdened creature. Others there are who cannot talk or even weep over their hardships and worries as she can—still less, think or speak of the shifts to which they are put with the humorous, almost merry smile which will now and then flit across her face as she chats to you. Perhaps they, in their inarticulate trouble, are even more to be pitied than she.

But let us hear her tale, which shall be as nearly as possible in her own words—the very words she used to me as we sat together not long ago in her bare, brick-floored room—I in her tidiest chair, she on her favourite

three-legged stool, with her baby, a tiny, "tuly" little thing, at her breast.

"Just tell me, Mrs. Allen, exactly what you have to manage with, and how you make it last out", I said, instead of letting her run on in her usual promiscuous way; and then the long tale came out with a rush.

"Well, miss, I'll tell you jus' as near 's ever I can. There's John—he don't get but nine shill'n's a week now, being as it's winter-time, but in summer like he'll get ten shill'n's; and then there's harvest—he count upon takin' pretty near seven pounds then, and the money's jus' the same whether harvest last four weeks, or whether that last eight. That's all *his* arnin's; and he don't get the chance to make no overtime. Then there's Jimmy—he's gettin' a big booy now, fifteen come his birthday. He arn half-a-crown a week, and sixpence on Sunday, when he goo the whole day. They 'on't let Oliver goo to work till come next Michaelmas, so he can't arn nothin'; but Laura, she do a bit o' straw-plait, and we reckon she can make fivepence clear in the week, when the ain'll take it. You know, miss, she ain't like other girls, bein' as her back's not straight, and her health fare that bad; so we can't look for her to goo to service—I've said times and times I'd be glad if she could. My little Annie's a fierce un [strong and lively], and I warrant *she'll* goo as soon 's ever she can".

"Then that is all you have to look to? Nine shillings a week for four or five months in the year; ten shillings for the rest; your husband's harvest; your little boy's half-a-crown a week, and Laura's fivepence for straw-plaiting. Now tell me how you lay it out".

"Well, miss, there's rent, and that's a shill'n'. Master stop that out o' John's money every week, let him arn what he 'ull. And then there's bread. And we can't do with less than five pecks of flour a week, and that's eight shill'n's and three ha'pence. And then there's a pound of salt—a ha'penny; and the yeast, threepence. Then I

mostly buy a quarter o' butter—that's threepence; and three pound o' sugar—that's fourpence ha'penny; and two ounces o' tea, and that's threepence, and I make spare o' that for the week. And we must have soap and soda—twopence for soap, and a ha'penny for soda. I forced to wash twice a week, 'cause I never could get enough doddly clothes to keep the little 'uns clean all through the week, and that run away with a lot o' firin'. I can't reckon the firin' less than a shill'n' a week, take the winter round; for coal's eighteenpence a hunderd, and there's wood to buy as well. And we must have a fire; don't,¹ we should be perished o' cowl. Then there's oil, twopence a quart, and the quart last a week. Then there's sixpence for John's 'bacey. Beer he can't have—cept a half-pint a chance time; but he do suffer so with the misery in his head, and he can't get riddy of it a'thout his pipe—he say that fare to do him good more than anythin'. He'd goo a'thout 'most anythin' afore he'd goo a'thout his bacey. Well, then there's his club—that's eighteenpence a month; and Jimmy's club—that's sixpence, but that'll be a shill'n' afore long now; and schooling, fo'pence a week; and my clothin'-club, a penny."

I have been jotting down the items, as she tells me all this, and the result of my calculations is decidedly appalling.

"Why, the expenses you have told me of already are actually more than the money you earn!" I exclaim. "And you have allowed but one penny a week for clothes, nothing for boots, nothing for cheese, meat, or milk! There must surely be some mistake".

"No, no, miss, there ain't no mistake", she answers sadly,—"^{cept}

¹ We East Anglians are much given to using this simple ellipsis, and its counterpart "Do", where others would employ the more cumbrous, "If that is (or is not) the case". As, for instance—"I suppose they haven't begun harvesting in your part of the world yet?" "Why, no, no. Do, I don't know it". Or—"Have you got a broody hen for that setting of eggs? Don't, I can lend you my".

that you've taken the hardest time of all. And yet it ain't the hardest time of all, for we've reckoned as if he'd always got his full wages, and taken no heed o' wet days, or times when master sends him 'home 'cause there ain't no work. No, miss, there ain't no mistake; but you see, miss, we're forced to run into debt for flour and such-like in the winter—we can't help it nohow. Mrs. Smith, at the shop, she's wonderful good to trust me; she'll never let me want for bread. The winter afore last, I owed her for 'most three sacks o' flour at once; but she knew I'd always send her su'thin' by one o' the children when John took his money on Saturdays. You see, miss, I look to the harvest-money to get us straight again; and the boot-bill has to run till then—it comes to 'twixt two pound ten and three pound, do what I 'ull. The children make a hand of a proper lot of boots; they midder paths—let alone the road—are so wonderful sluddy. And you see there's so many of 'em, miss—Laura, and Jimmy, and Oliver and Freddy, and Annie, and Georgie, and Elijah—and now there's the baby—I shall ha' to shoe her to-year".

"But what about cheese, and meat, and milk?" I ask again.

"I don't never buy no cheese, miss; I can't spare the money for it. And I haven't bought a chice o' meat—fat pork nor nothin'—since last harvest-time. And milk—we don't drink no milk, 'cept a chance time—same as the other day, Olly arned a ha'penny, carryin' the young girl Bush's boots to be mended, and I said to him,—'Booy', I say, 'have some milk o' that ha'penny', and he say, 'Mother, I want a ball'. I said, 'Booy, you had a ball afore, and you lost it. Do you have some milk'. He's a good booy to give me what he get, so he goes to the farm and gets a pint o' fleet milk, and we has some in we tea, and the children *was* pleased".

I sit and think a little while. A family of ten—and the weekly expenses such as I have given above. No meat,

no cheese, no milk or beer (except "chance times"), one quarter of a pound of butter, and two ounces of tea! Nothing but this, except dry bread, and the produce of the slip of garden-ground—which, as I know, supplies them with potatoes, onions, and greens, a most valuable addition, no doubt, but even then—

"Do the children complain about their food?" I ask next.

"Well, miss, they're wonderful hearty children, and wonderful contented. Jimmy, he take bread and sugar for his dinner; but the others scarce ever carry anythin' but dry bread to school. John, he take bread too; and when they all come home, I mostly boil 'em some potatoes, and make a mite o' toast for John, and he soak that in his tea. And then I keep the tea-leaves over night; and when we get up in the morning, I put a little hot water over 'em, and that's some-thin' hot for the children afore they start for school" (a two-mile walk), "and if I've a chice o' sugar left to put in, that just please 'em. Well, I've got a good spirit, and 'tain't often as I complain, and I often feel thankful that we've got bread to eat. But we can't *always* feel thankful; and last winter I suffered terrible with the misery in my head—just in the noddle o' the neck it fared to lay. I had it all one week. And there was dry bread for breakfast, and dry bread for dinner, and dry bread for tea, and dry bread for breakfast next day, and bread for dinner; and when there was bread again for tea, I jus' as if I couldn't help it, and I sat down and cried. And I said to Laura, 'Gal', I say, 'it do seem hard. There, I've been the mother of nine children, and to have nothin' but dry bread to take to!' Bread don't seem to be *always* what you want. It don't seem to give you strength like".

"But John can't do his harvest on bread?" I ask.

"Well, miss, I don't rightly know how he do do it. All last harvest, he had nothin' but bread and a drop of

beer ; he keep reducin' and reducin' on account of his family. I often used to feel grieved for him when I sent him out in the mornin' with nothin' but dry puffs ; and he'd say sometimes,— 'I don't know', he say, 'I feel as if I should like somethin' better than bread sometimes. I see the other min have meat pudden, or little bits o' meat dumplin', and I never have nothin'. And as I sot here, I could hear 'em next door a fryin' bits o' meat (my nybour—she's only herself and the man to keep, you know, miss), and I often cried 'cause I felt so grieved for John. And he say to me sometimes, he say,— 'Gal', he say, 'you never let me have a ha'penny. I'm bound just as if I was a wukhus child'. I say, 'Never mind ; we must be thankful as we've got bread for us and the children ; and happen things 'll be better'. He's a good father, John is ; there never was a better. He'll goo a'thout any one thing to let his children have it. If there's ever such a little mite o' butter, he 'on't eat it—he say, 'Let the little uns have it'."

No need to say anything about herself ; love and thoughtfulness for her children beam in her face, as she talks to you of them and of the countless shifts to which she is put to get them what they need. True, the prospect of an addition to their family is one which brings tears to her eyes whenever she speaks of it. I remember one day she came to our door to ask if we had an old dress for Laura (the rarest thing, for she is no beggar) ; and after telling me how the child's frock was "wholly to pieces", and she did so want to go to the concert the young ladies had promised her a ticket for, the poor mother broke down.

"I can't see as I can get her a dress nohow. There's eight on 'em, you see, and I'm half-way through my time to the next. O dear ! O dear ! I think sometimes whatever shall I do !"—and her spirit giving way for once, she broke into bitter sobs.

But when the children come, she loves them dearly, and I believe she would echo the answer which another woman, the mother of ten children, made to my remark that the last new baby seemed to be as much "made of" as any of its brothers and sisters had been,— "Well, miss, I ought to be 'shamed to say so, p'rhaps ; but to my thinking, I love each one of 'em better than the last". John himself comes in for a large share of his wife's warm heart, as is evident from the way she talks of him ; and in his case, as in the children's, her love seems to have grown with the years. She tells you, smiling, "When I had him, I didn't care for he. But he always did drive such a trade about me—he jus' as if he 'ouldn't gi' me no peace till I had him".

Sometimes I have thought that the poverty and hardships of married life among the poor drive away the love that was once warm in the hearts of husband and wife, and that it only returns again when the children have gone out into the world, and the old couple are once more left to themselves. But perhaps it is not so much troubles as troubles taken badly which destroy love—selfish ways, repinings, and mutual upbraidings. Anyhow, it is clear that this husband and wife have gained, not lost, in tenderness, as the long, hard years have rolled over their heads ; perhaps their troubles have even drawn them closer together than they would ever have come without.

But the mention of Laura's dress reminds me that we have not yet allowed anything but a penny a week for clothes. I know that there is still one source of income—an occasional one—which has not yet been mentioned in our talk ; and so I go on to ask her a few questions about "broad work"—called so, presumably, because it is done abroad—in the fields. I may briefly state that there are five kinds of broad-work—stone-picking, carlicking (*i.e.* charlock-pulling), mangel-pulling, pea-picking, and gleanng—which is of

course its own reward. The other four kinds are paid for—at a very low rate. Stone-picking the women reckon the hardest work of all; it begins very early in the year, when the heavy land is “dreening wet”, and the clay so “plucky” that the poor stone-pickers’ boots soon become twice their natural size and weight. The constant stooping, and the ever-increasing weight of the bag of stones round the waist, are so back-breaking, that some of the women, eager though they are to earn a chance penny, find it too much for them to attempt. They are paid five farthings a bushel; and by working hard all day long one might perhaps pick six bushels, thus earning sevenpence - halfpenny. Carlicking and mangel-pulling, as women’s work, seem to be dying out; but pea-picking is on the increase. A woman might possibly get three weeks’ pea-picking, if she were able to walk long distances to reach the different pea-fields; but ten days would probably be as much as most women, with houses and families to see to, could secure. Then, if they work twelve hours, beginning at three in the morning, they can earn ninepence a day; but here again it is obvious that a poor woman with a family can seldom be absent from home for the twelve hours’ work and the walk both ways, even if her strength would hold her out. That they make gallant efforts to do as much as they can in this way, however, Mrs. Allen’s tale will show. You will forgive its homeliness, I know; to cut out bits here and there would be to rob it of its simplicity and truth—or so, at least, I fancy.

“Well, miss, the clothes are a proper oneasiness to me, and I couldn’t get them nohow if it warn’t for the broad-work. There was last year I went stone-picking to get the booy’s shuts; and then I did count on gettin’ myself a new shimmy, for my was wholly rent to pieces, but then there’s four o’ the booy’s, and Annie, she forced to have two shimmies, and so—well, I don’t know, I never got it, and I don’t know

when I shall. So I did my stone-picking as well as I could; but it was terrible lugsome work; and I made the children pick a few in the evenings, and on Saturdays; and I had a two-three days’ carlicking. And then there come the pea-picking. But I couldn’t lay *that* money out on clothes, for I forced to make spare on’t for what I knew I should want when the baby come. But oh! I didn’t know how to goo. There warn’t no peas to pick just round here; and the fields were such a wonderful way off that master he carried some o’ the women in a tumbil; but I couldn’t stand the jounce, and so I forced to walk. And there was one day I got up ’twixt two and three, and I said to John, ‘I don’t know how ever I shall goo’. And he say, ‘Lie down’, he say, ‘lie down. You ain’t fit to goo!’ And I say, ‘But whatever shall we do? There’s two-and-six for the woman to tend me, and there’s a shill’n’ for liquor, and I must have that, and then there’s some sheets I must have, and we ain’t got a blanket—and what ever shall we do if I have them cold chills? And *you* ain’t got the money to pay.’ ‘Gal’, he say, ‘I han’t’. So I got up, and I made myself a cup o’ tea; and I took Olly with me, and he carried a stool for me to sit on. I know he’s been a wonderful owdacious booy at school, miss, and it’s been a great oneasiness to me and John. John’s towld him a plenty times he’d have to chine him up [a threat of which I have never learnt the precise meaning], and he’s often hot him over the head when the other booy’s come home and said how Olly fit [fought] the little booy Plum up strit [in the village street]. But he’s better than any o’ the children to do things for me. Well, we had to go right through B——, and ’most two mile fudder. Olly was a good booy, and he pulled the rice [pea-plants], and I sat and stripped the peas. But oh! the sun had such a power, and when we’d finished, we set off to goo home, and I

jus' as if I couldn't goo a step fudder. I don't know how ever I did get home; and when I got into the house, I couldn't sit and I couldn't stand, and I couldn't get upstairs no-how, so I just lay down on the bricks to rest myself a bit. And presently Laura came in, and she was wholly scared to see me, and she said, 'Mother, whatever is the matter?' And I said, 'Gal, I'm reg'lar beat out'."

Three days later the baby was born. What wonder if it is a tiny, blue, wizen-faced little thing, so shrunk and old-looking that one day, when I saw it lying on her lap, I really thought it was dead? It seems to be gradually picking up, however, and is much thought of by the children, though perhaps it will never be such a pet as the bigger baby, Elijah, whom, as Mrs. Allen tells me, they all "think a wonderful lot of, because you know, miss, I lost my little dear child, King, the one who come just afore him, and we jus' as if we couldn't do enough for Elijah".

I could go on to tell many more of her simple tales,—as, for instance, how Jimmy was given a half-crown by his master "for keeping the ship [sheep] well through the harvest", that he might go to the nearest town for the day with it, and how he spent a shilling of the money there in buying a cap for his father, "to keep his head hot on coarse days". Or again, how the father's heart fails him sometimes, when he comes home at night, and hears the children—light-hearted as usual—exclaim, "Father, my owd boot's bust out again!" As his wife proudly says, he never "mobs" or "tongue-bangs" his children; but he cannot always refrain from exclaiming, "Booys, I b'lieve you tears they boots out o' puppose!" However, he resigns himself to his fate, sends out for "a penn'orth o' tipnails" and some "hob-irons", and sets to work to nail on afresh the tips and heels of the ragged old boots.

Enough, however, has been told to give you some idea of the hard-working,

hard-faring life of this man, to bring before you the noble, pathetic figure of this woman—noble, in spite of homeliness, uncouthness of speech, rags, and squalor,—pathetic, in its terrible lack of the comforts that we think necessary to make life even tolerable,—pathetic most of all in its utter powerlessness to relieve the many wants of husband and children. A woman's love for her cup of tea is proverbial; she is accustomed to think of that as a simple necessary of life, without which she could hardly exist, much less do hard work. Think of the *two ounces* of tea which has to last out the week—as the only drink, remember—in this family of nine; and the heart of every woman amongst us must surely ache with pity as we picture this poor woman sitting down day after day to a cup of coloured water, unsoftened even by milk, and sweetened with sugar, nearer black than brown, at three halfpence per pound! And yet I believe that Mrs. Allen would rather claim your pity for the distress which sometimes overcomes her as she thinks of her husband—that "good, still man"—working day after day in the broiling sun (and the sun and the work together are a severe tax upon the strength of the best-fed labourer in our harvest-fields), with nothing to "take to" but dry bread, and a little weak home-brewed beer. "Bound like a wukhus child"—yes, she knows he is, and all her labours, all her privations, cannot loose him; there, I believe, is the most poignant grief of all. What must have been her feelings when, as happened the winter before last, the fiat went forth that for a month or two there would be only four days' work—ah! and four days' pay—for all the men who worked on those farms, must be left to my readers' imagination.

I have, no doubt, chosen a somewhat exceptional case, for all labourers are not—shall I say blessed?—with so large a family; and but for the fact that the eldest girl is physically unfit, she ought of course to be at least support-

ing herself by this time. But I could point out many other families in the same parish where there are from six to nine children. One qualification for the Christmas gift of coal is five children under thirteen or four under ten, and many have been the families who could claim it under this head. Fancy having to house, feed, and clothe the father and mother, and four, or even three, little ones who cannot earn a penny for themselves, with wages ten shillings a week; and if you do not give up the problem in despair, it will only be because you have seen the thing done—or, shall we say, attempted?—in cottages such as I was in only the other day, where there were six little ones under nine.

Can you wonder if some of our young men do not exactly relish the prospect of leading the life which their fathers have led, with no prospect before them but the workhouse (for how can they save on wages such as these?),—if they try whether better luck may not befall them in our crowded cities? True, their want of prudence, their early marriages, their neglect to save when they are earning men's wages and as yet have only themselves to keep, have something to do with the poverty which will pinch them so sorely in later life if they settle down in the country; but with wages ten shillings a week, when would it be safe—when would it be prudent—for a man to marry? Weak human nature wants to see a chance of safety before it will condescend to prudence; and where is that chance for an agricultural labourer?

Whether we may look for a brighter day to dawn—in what direction we may turn for help—must be left to wiser heads than mine. Perhaps the agricultural interest has sunk to its

lowest; perhaps things will begin to look up again, and the old order may yet bring moderate comfort and contentment to our cottage homes. Or perhaps, on the other hand, great changes will have to be slowly made; perhaps, as I incline to believe, the salvation of the labourer is to be found in the gradual transference to him of part of the land on which he works, so that each, if he desires and proves worthy of it, may have something to hope for, something to work for—finally, something to call his own. If this be so, we may hope that the present distress is temporary only, and may do what we can to give temporary relief. These poor people must suffer—there is no effectual help for it; for all things connected with the land are at a very low ebb. Both landlords and farmers are hampered by their losses; gentlemen's houses are shut up; parish after parish which I could name has no gentleman's family in it but the clergyman's. In many cases the great reduction in his tithe has brought him also into hard and bitter straits, so that he, his people's only friend, cannot do to help them what he would; though indeed I believe, and know, that the records of many a quiet country parson's life would tell of many a sacrifice, many a burden, many an anxiety as to his own ways and means, willingly and cheerfully borne for the sake of the flock whom he cannot desert in bodily, any more than in spiritual need. For him and for his people I claim some of the sympathy which is so readily accorded to the suffering poor of London—which will be accorded to their country brethren, I am confident, when once their hardships, their patience, and their heroism have been made known.

ON AN OLD BOOK.

I HAVE before me a small book—a very small one—which I bought a few days ago at Hodgson's auction-rooms in Chancery Lane, rooms devoted, as the reader probably knows, exclusively to the sale of books. It was one of a lot of thirteen odd volumes which lay on the lowest shelf in the least accessible corner of the room—a bundle half buried in dust and pinched by coarse string; elbowed, too, in its disgrace by a score of similar lots, each more dingy and worm-eaten, more shamelessly out at backs and corners, than its neighbour. Yet there was some bidding for this particular lot, No. 718 in the catalogue. It had been examined. More eyes than mine had espied a neat whole book or two between the grimy fastenings; and had anticipated—fondly, no doubt—the change which a little dusting and wiping and some judicious banging might produce upon calf that was fairly sound, and old gold edges that still gleamed soberly. At any rate there was bidding for this bundle. Lots 716 and 717 went for eighteen-pence apiece; but Lot 718 rose to five-and-six—six shillings—seven shillings! and at last was knocked down to me for seven-and-sixpence.

Perhaps I should do well to pass over in silence the twelve nondescripts which went to complete my baker's dozen; make-weights hastily examined and quickly laid aside. But considering them pitifully, I relent. What reverence is not due to old books? To all surely, then to these. They have lain—their fly-pages tell of it—year in and year out on the window-seats of quiet Lancashire manor-houses, among the rods and otter-spears perchance; they have gone up to rooms at Merton or Christchurch, in Master Tom's saddle-bags, or in the boot of

the Swiftsure. Generations of boys and men have pored over their pages; have cried over them, and laughed over them, ay, and have scrawled in them. They have been given "to P. G. by his kind friend, Laura W.", by Tom to Dick, and by Dick to Harry. They are, some of them, more than two centuries old; they came to England, some of them, before the Hanover rat. They cost much money in their day. This tiny "Cæsar", for instance, now light and worm-eaten, arrived at the last stage of sapless old age, once cost a pretty penny; possibly its present weight in gold, for it only turns the balance at three ounces and a half—a feather-weight for a book. It was printed at Amsterdam in 1630. One thing they all have in common—shabbiness. From the outside they all look mere rubbish; all are in the last stages of old age, some of decay. But how well they have done their work. Some time, too, our collections will go up at Hodgson's to be sold. Lucky shall we be, then, if we have done our work in the world so well as these odd volumes. One of them falls open as I toss it aside, and discloses a yellow time-stained book-plate. There is a motto on it; surely the most appropriate motto that ever lurked in a second-hand book. It might be set up over the doorway of Hodgson's; for by a strange coincidence it is the sad, *Fuimus*.

And this thirteenth volume which remains in my hand? I retain it because I find that when the oldest of those I have enumerated, the "Cæsar", was born, this book was already six-and-fifty years old. It came into the world at Antwerp in 1574; two years, that is to say, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris, and two years before the Spanish Fury at Antwerp, and so in the very crisis of the

fierce and bloody struggle between the Roman Church and the Reformation; a pregnant fact seeing that this little book is a Greek Testament. Fifteen hundred and seventy four! Twenty-one years therefore after the execution of Lady Jane Grey, a Protestant, and thirteen years before that of Mary Stuart, a Catholic; sixteen years after the death of Mary Tudor, and fourteen years before the defeat of the Spanish Armada. / Yes, in the very heat of the struggle.

In a measure, too, it is typical itself of this. It was printed in the Netherlands, the country so long hotly debated by both parties, contested on one side by the Spanish, on the other by Dutch, English, and French. Then merely as a Testament it speaks for the Reformation; but, inasmuch as its licenser was Philip of Spain, Philip of the Inquisition, it represents Rome. Further, its printer was—or in his lifetime was accused of being—a heretic; yet he was chief printer of the Scriptures to the Catholic King!

It is not valuable: I do not know that it is particularly rare; but it is three hundred and fourteen years old. Since it came from the press fifteen sovereigns have reigned in England. There have been two Revolutions of a kind, three if not four Civil Wars of a kind, and Reform Bills without number. The English Constitution, which we boast so stable—well, it is not what it was. But this little book, three inches high by one and three-quarters wide, by one thick—this frail congeries of paper with the stout calf covers dyed by time to the colour of an old saddle, and the 610 pages—610 to three-quarters of an inch mind!—is little changed, is scarce a whit the worse. Time has swallowed the ten generations which have bent over its pages, but has found the book itself too tough a morsel—a quaint illustration of the proverb, *Littera scripta manet*.

It is, I have said, a Greek Testament. It bears on its title-page a statement in Latin that it was printed

at Antwerp in the workshop of Christopher Plantin, chief printer to the King, in the year 1574. And the title-page is further embellished with Plantin's famous trade-mark, a hand issuing from clouds and grasping a pair of compasses, surrounded by the motto, *Labore et Constantia*; the fixed leg of the compasses representing the latter, the revolving the former,—so it is said.

This Christopher Plantin has been much talked about of late; and with some reason seeing that he was one of the greatest printers of the sixteenth century. By birth a Frenchman, he settled in Antwerp about the year 1550; and having obtained, as is thought, some of the types of the Bombergs—notable printers before him—he set himself to produce books of the first class. He worked for art's sake—and this makes him the more interesting—for the love of the beautiful rather than for money; many of his greatest works, such as the Antwerp Polyglot Bible, which he published for the King of Spain, being brought out at a great loss. Owing to this leading feature in his character he was all his life through in pecuniary straits. Nor were these his only troubles. Once at least he was fined and mulcted in all his plans for the publication of an heretical book; and it is certain that some very strange productions issued from his press along with the missals and liturgies it was his business to print. He belonged, it is now supposed, to a “strange mystical sect of heretics,” then numerous in the Low Countries. Yet notwithstanding these suspicions and troubles, he gained and kept the favour of Philip the Second of Spain, who appointed him his *Architypographus Regius*, or “Censor of Printers to his Majesty,” and granted him the sole right of printing liturgical works. When Antwerp was sacked by the Spanish in 1576, Plantin had to redeem his property by a great ransom, and for a time carried on his chief business at Leyden. But he

presently returned, and died in the city of his choice in 1589. His descendants carried on his business for two centuries after his death and entered into the fruit of his labour, making a large fortune out of the monopoly which he had won from the Spanish King. In 1876 their old-fashioned printing-house, with its unique types and library, was bought by the municipality of Antwerp at the price of nearly 50,000*l.*, and is preserved as a museum, now considered one of the most interesting objects in the city.

In the year 1574, then, this little book was lying in the old printer's house at Antwerp—on a window-ledge behind the small diamond panes perhaps, or more likely locked away in some iron-bound chest in an inner room—waiting for a purchaser. Who was the customer, we wonder, who bore it off? The book is silent; but we can amuse ourselves by considering who may have bought it. The knowledge of Greek was confined to a few then, and those chiefly the wealthy. Such volumes as this were probably within the reach only of the rich, of princes, nobles, and great merchants, or scholars of eminence with States for patrons; and these last would probably prefer a folio edition, so that we may not unreasonably look to find the purchaser of this pocket-volume in some learned soldier. Don Luis de Requesens y Cuniga, Grand Commander of Castile, a blue-blooded *hidalgo*, lately Constable of Milan, was in the year 1574 Governor of the Netherlands; he may have turned its pages. Or Don Sancho d'Avila, Captain of Antwerp Citadel in that year; a pattern Castilian so proud, that when the time came for another to succeed him, he would not condescend personally to deliver up his trust, but deputed an inferior to perform the thankless office. Or, if it chanced that the book was not sold at once but lay in stock a while, we can picture Don John of Austria, son of the late Emperor and hero of Lepanto, a

gallant headstrong young prince, in whose veins ran the mad blood of Charles the Bold of Burgundy—we can picture him toying with its covers, and commending it on some idle visit such as the greatest might pay to the warehouse of the King's Printer. Or a certain one-armed man, almost forgotten in our day, though then his name was a household word wherever two Protestants met together, may have come into the shop under guard and admired the text of this little book, or smiled gravely at its quaint head-letters. His name was Francis de la Nöue, but he was as often called "*Bras de Fer*, Iron Arm"; and some styled him the "Bayard of the Huguenots". He was the friend of Coligny and Chatillon and Navarre, and of all that was noblest in France, being himself a knightly cultured gentleman. He acted for a time as Lieutenant-General of the Dutch forces; and for years afterwards was Philip of Spain's prisoner. Or another great man—yet a man very unlike him—may have deigned to glance at it. I mean Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma. Does not his very name still speak to the senses of mediæval pomp and magnificence, of Spanish valour, and Italian luxury, and Flemish wealth, and German will? In fact he had a strain of each of these races in him. He was the grandson of an Emperor, the great-grandson of a Pope, a great diplomatist and a greater general. It was this same Alexander of Parma, be it remembered, who looked to be king, or at least viceroy of England, and for weeks strode the dunes of Dunkirk, waiting until the Armada should sweep the Dutch and English from the seas. He was an arrogant and imperious man: a liar, too, like all the diplomatists of the time; but still a man. For we read that dying at forty-six, dying after all his successes and triumphs dropsical and gouty, he had himself up to the very last morning of his life lifted on horseback, that he might ride through his troops; and

so expired at last in harness, "like a valiant man of Spain".

Or what more likely, since here is the book in England, than that some English soldier brought it over? Some friend or follower of Sir Philip Sidney or of the fighting Veres? or of that Robert Stuart famous in Netherland story, who on an occasion—it was the first of August and hot—took off not only his armour, but his very shirt, and fought, as the chronicler puts it, "in the costume of his ancestors, the ancient Picts"? Or did Mr. Leyton, the Queen's envoy at Brussels, bring it over? It is possible; for here the book is, and all these men lived and moved on the troubled stage of the Netherlands, when it was young and its paper still unfaded.

Of that stage no part was more troubled than Antwerp. We are told that on the abdication of Charles the Fifth in 1555, this city was the second in Europe in population—Paris ranking first—and that in mercantile importance it had no rival. Its streets were lined with stately buildings and thronged with passengers from morning to evening; its marts were the markets of the world; the ships that passed in and out of its harbour were counted by hundreds weekly. It was free, rich, proud; and then the Spaniard came with his Inquisition and laid a paralysing hand upon it. Yet in 1574, the year of the book's birth, much of Antwerp's wealth and greatness still survived. Alva was gone, and his Blood-Council had almost ceased to act; and men were breathing again and looking forward to better things.

But it is more easy to inaugurate the reign of cruelty than to close it. Between 1574 and 1585 the ruin of Antwerp was completed. First, in 1574—perhaps while Plantin's compositors were at work on these very pages—the Spanish soldiery mutinied, their pay being in arrear; and marching to Antwerp, seized the city and encamped in the square. Once there they requisitioned vast sup-

plies, until this burden and the fear of a sack induced the Municipality to pay the arrears due; and so for that time the danger was averted.

It recurred only too soon. Two years later the same causes led to more dreadful results. The troops assigned to the defence of the huge, peaceful, timid city turned upon it, and sacked it with every horrible form of outrage and cruelty. The Spanish Fury ranks in history by the side of the Sicilian Vespers and the Parisian Matins. No town captured by storm, and given over to the soldiers—no Magdeburg or San Sebastian—ever suffered more dreadful things. Motley has told but a few of the horrors of those three days, yet the reader turns from the page on which they are described with loathing and a shudder. On re-perusing the book he will skip that chapter; he has no need to read it again, for its contents are printed on his memory in blood-red letters.

Those three days in effect destroyed Antwerp. Yet a spiteful fortune had not yet done with the ill-fated city. Six years later Alençon, the brother and heir of Henry the Third of France, was in the Netherlands by the invitation of the Dutch. Residing at Antwerp, but having his troops outside the walls, he formed a treacherous plot to bring them in and seize the city. He went out one day to review his army, and on a given signal ordered it to surprise the city by a gate which had been entrusted to him. The soldiers eager for booty rushed in with shouts of *Tuez! tuez! Ville gagnée! Vive la Messe!* as if this had indeed been a hostile fortress taken by assault. For a time it looked as if they would be successful, and as if the horrors of the Spanish Fury would be re-enacted. But Alençon had counted literally without his host. There was one in Antwerp this time whose watchfulness was never at fault, and whose secrecy had earned him an undying nickname. William the Silent had foreseen the treachery and guarded

against it. Presently the French found themselves opposed by lines of ordered pikes; brought to a stand they were soon driven back through the streets and finally expelled from the gates. In an hour the thing was over, and the French traitor had his lost honour and baffled spite for his only reward. Perhaps the most curious account of this incident is to be found in the memoirs of Sully, afterwards the great minister of Henry the Fourth of France. He was in Alençon's train at the time, but not being in the plot had remained in the city. As a Frenchman he found himself in danger there from the enraged Flemings, while as a Protestant he would have run much risk had he joined the French—full, at the moment of assault and fanaticism. He was delivered from this peril by William the Silent himself, who met him in the street, and sent him for safety to his own lodgings.

Finally in 1585—the eleventh year of our book—Antwerp was besieged by the Prince of Parma, and gallantly defended for some months by its citizens. It surrendered at length, not having the good fortune of Leyden. But it did enjoy this modified good luck, that it was admitted to terms and spared further horrors. The days of its prosperity, however, were over then, and the city was but the ghost of its former self.

Such was the world of strife and contention in which this Greek Testament was printed; a world in which the old order of things struggled vainly but fiercely with the new; in which despotism strove to crush freedom, and dogmatism to choke private judgment. And at the time at least the battle did not seem to go all one way. If Leyden escaped, Antwerp fell. If England triumphed, the Huguenots went backward. If Essex burned Cadiz, Tilly presently sacked Magdeburg; and Protestant Germany suffered long and bitterly. But time was on the side of the angels; first the Dutch Republic appeared, then the

Greater England, and New England; then the kingdom of Prussia. Finally a new Europe with science and learning and freedom of research, and that idea of human dignity which is much in favour now.

But we have wandered—perhaps too far—from our tiny duodecimo. Let us look now within its covers. The text is of that kind which is called, I believe, a script; that is to say, the type imitates handwriting—is a sort of stereotype of it, and lacks much of the regularity and stiffness of ordinary printed characters. The page is full of pretty curves and flourishes and dots. Many words are written *currente calamo*, the pen never leaving the paper; abbreviations occur in every line, and are often very puzzling. That which stands for the common Greek word *οὐτος* for instance, almost defies conjecture, the middle letter—in the script it appears last—being the only one decipherable at sight. Arbitrary signs, too, represent many short particles; and there are in a single page as many as five different ways of forming the same letter. Occasionally the end of a word is scamped, being indicated by a mere curve or dash, such as a careless writer makes when his pen leaves the paper, or is written above the line. And sometimes two letters—*s* and *t* for instance, or *o* and *u* when together—appear as one. Yet with all these flourishes and elaborations and abbreviations, each upstroke and downstroke, thick or thin, of the handwriting appears perfectly printed though wonderfully minute; and the whole is instantly decipherable by any one acquainted with the method used. No one can doubt that the founding of type such as this was a patient labour of love. The tiny woodcuts, too, which adorn the head-letters of the Gospels, of the Acts of the Apostles, and the Revelation, are quaint and lively. They are illustrations for the most part of birds and animals, such as the stork and tortoise, the fox and dog, or of chubby little children who climb pleasantly about the trellis-work

of big E, and lean placidly against the comfortable sloping sides of great A. The O of one epistle however contains a Madonna and child—less than a three-penny bit in size—which bears some resemblance to the Madonna di Seggiola, and the P so often repeated imprisons not St. Paul but a gentleman who would have been more in place—I really fear I discern horns and hoofs about him—had he adorned the fourth letter of the alphabet.

At the end appears a notice in Latin. It warns the public that the exclusive right to print “the royal Holy Bible after the Complutensian model printed at Antwerp” is vested in Christopher Plantin, and that whoever prints one or part of one without his permission, or imports one, or sells one, will be punished by the confiscation of the books and a fine of five hundred florins to be paid into the Royal Treasury; as is more fully laid down, it continues, in the grant given at Brussels in the Privy Council on Jan. 10th, 1570, and confirmed in the Council of Brabant on Feb. 12th in the same year. The wording of this notice is strangely modern; it is difficult while reading it to remember the circumstances attending it, or that the grantor of the license here referred to was Philip of Spain. Many will wonder perhaps what the Complutensian model here mentioned was. And the answer is not without interest. The first time that the New Testament was printed in Greek it appeared as a part of the first great modern Polyglot. This Polyglot, or many-tongued Bible, was printed between 1513 and 1517 at Alcalá in Spain, of which place Complutum is the old Roman name. It was prepared at the expense and under the patronage of Cardinal Ximenes, one of the greatest of Spaniards, the

conqueror of Gran from the Moors and for some time Regent of Spain. Yet notwithstanding this high authority, the appearance of the book was delayed by the jealous suspicions of the Papal Court; and so, though the Greek Testament was first printed in this Complutensian Polyglot, the first Greek edition actually published was that of Erasmus, which was brought out at Basle about 1516, being prepared in haste with the express purpose of forestalling the Alcalá edition. This of Alcalá, 1517, then, is what is called the Complutensian version proper. The next great Polyglot of modern times was the one published at Antwerp by Plantin, also under Spanish patronage, in 1572. This is commonly called the Antwerp Polyglot. But as it was a revised Complutensian—the Alcalá version being its basis—I think it is the one styled in our notice, “The Complutensian printed at Antwerp”; and that the text of our Greek Testament would be found to agree with it, rather than with the older Complutensian. For this reason: the famous disputed passage, 1 St. John v. 8, did not appear in the Alcalá Polyglot, but did appear in the Antwerp Polyglot. And it is to be found in the little copy before me, as also in our ordinary Bible, but not in our Revised Version.

I might proceed, starting from this, to single out slight points of variance between a text so old as this before me and that of the modern Greek version, points very minute and for the most part immaterial. But to do so would be tedious and not very interesting. There is moderation in all things, and doubtless the reader will have had enough by this time of my old Greek Testament.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

RHYMES AFTER HORACE.

PHYLLIS.

I. Hor. Od. ii. 4.

SIR AUBURN, if the prudes upbraid,
Blush not, but court thy servant maid.
The slave Briseïs, bright as snow,
Set proud Achilles all a-glow;
The thrall Tecmessa fairly won
Lord Ajax, heir of Telamon;
Atrides, flushed with conquest, fell
Bound by the captive virgin's spell,
When the Thessalian victor broke
The heathen squadrons, when the stroke
That laid low Hector gave the spoil
To weary Greeks for lighter toil.

Maybe the girl's forbears are thriving,
And you exalt yourself by wiving;
Homesickness dims her noble eyes,
And she's a princess in disguise.
Trust me, no borel folk have reared
The honest lass to thee endeared.
She shrinks from pelf; she can't have been
Born of a mother foul and mean.

Her arms, her face, her ankles fine
I praise, heart-whole, with no design;
I'm too far aged for thee to frown,
Since ten leap-years have run me down.

II. Hor. Od. iv. 11.

I've a jar of Alban wine
Scoring summers more than nine;
In my kail-yard stalks and leaves
Such as Phyllis interweaves;
Ivy, too, for her to wear
When she loops her lustrous hair.

Phyllis, come and dine in state,
View the splendour of my plate,
Hallowed wreaths, and hearths festooned
Craving for the lambkin's wound.
All the troop's astir; they go,
Grooms and wenches, to and fro.
Eager are the whirling fires,
Busy are the reeky spires.

What's the feast whereto you're bidden?
This may be no longer hidden.
Venus floats between the tides,
And her genial month divides,
And this day is April-Ides,—
Day for me of duteous mirth,
Holier than my day of birth!
From this dawn my master dear
Rangeth each ingathered year.

Come, dear, and be at home with us.
You are no match for Telephus,—
You are forestalled! A lady bright,
With graces and with gold bedight,
Holds him in bondage soft and tight.
Aspire not wildly! Muse upon
The scorching of fond Phaëton:
Think how the wingèd courser threw
His earth-born rider; and eschew
A love that's set too high for you.

Come, my last flame! None else shall make
The heart that glows for Phyllis ache.
Here, from the best beloved of throats,
Give back thy minstrel's words and notes.
Sing thou with me,—by song we'll rout
Those dusky imps, Distress and Doubt!

OFELLUS.

CAPTAIN ANTONIO RINCON.

A STUDY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

THE first authentic mention that we have of Captain Rincon is in the French negotiations with the Levant for the year 1524. At that time Rincon was not actually in treaty with the East. He was engaged on a more modest embassy to Poland and Hungary—one of the many feelers which France perpetually sent out to discover new allies for herself against the Empire. Rincon returned to France about the same time that King Francis himself came home from his dungeon at Madrid, indignant, despoiled, and naturally more than ever determined to find friends among the enemies of Charles the Fifth. As a first step, Rincon was at once sent back to Hungary and Poland, whence he returned with a most important letter in the spring of 1528. This letter,—forgotten for three hundred and twenty years, from the time that Francis read it until the printing of the Negotiations in 1848—this letter offered no less than the crown of Hungary as an inheritance for Henry of Orleans, the second son of Francis, if in the meantime the French King would aid King John of Hungary with men and money. And since to aid King John was to thwart the Emperor, nothing could have suited better with King Francis's humour. He began naturally to regard Captain Rincon as a singularly useful servant; and early in August, 1528, we find Rincon in London with John du Bellay, bent on persuading Henry the Eighth to join the King of France, not only in the embassy to Hungary, but in a vast far-reaching Anti-Imperial League. The object of this alliance was to depose the Emperor by a collusion between the Pope

and the German princes; to place in his room upon the Imperial throne some Liberal Landgraf of Hesse or Duke of Saxony; to bring the Pope to Avignon, leaving Ravenna and Cervia as pledges of his faith in the hands of France and England; to place the Turk's vassal upon the throne of Hungary. Finally, to unite the Catholics of France and Venice, the Protestants of Britain and Denmark and Germany, with the Mohammedans of Turkey in a brotherly alliance.

We may ask indeed who was this Captain Rincon to whom three kings entrusted the most momentous secret of their age? Of his origin we know nothing. He may have been a kinsman of that other eminent Antonio Rincon, Court-painter to Ferdinand and Isabel, who died at Seville in 1500. He may have come, one of the many Spaniards who hated Charles the Fifth, an exile to the Court of France. We cannot tell. We meet him first in 1524—a Spanish captain, speaking little French, writing a singular guttural mis-spelt Italian. But from that time we get to know him well: the mild, just, grave and capable ambassador; and his unwieldy and corpulent figure, painfully riding by secret ways across the entire extent of Europe, gradually appears to us as a heroic image. "The Spanish traitor Ringonus", as Augustinus Augustini calls him, is a mysterious and important personage—a man whose life dealt only with great issues, and whose tragic end convulsed the politics of Europe.

There is a natural reason why we should know little of the youth of Rincon, for the whole of the Eastern Question, which brought him into prominence, appears to have arisen

suddenly about the year 1527. Before that time there was no cause for his political existence. But then the King of France, released from Spain, desired to counterbalance the Empire by the Porte; then the King of England, desiring divorce, desired to limit the power of the Pope to merely spiritual matters. The claim of John Zapolya to Hungary, his Turkish alliance, and his excommunication by Pope Clement, suddenly gave a focus to these intentions; and Rincon arose to answer the need of a negotiator with the East.

For to the Turk both France and England turned. The Turk was the Emperor's neighbour—the only other prince so great as he, and the two were enemies. So long as Soliman harassed the Empire on the East, the West would be free from its terrible, half-savage armies. The Turk was the hope of the Lutherans; for, fearing lest the Protestant princes should ally themselves with Soliman, Charles did not dare to persecute their heresy. So long as the Turk was on the frontiers of Hungary, the Protestants of Germany were able to resist the Inquisition.

Then, first in France, the beautiful idea arose of a great federation, to which humanity should be dearer than opinion, and whose one supreme tenet of religion (formulated in the Treaty of Spire, 1572) should run as follows: "He, whosoever he be, who commits a massacre, we count *de facto* Atheist". In 1528 the plan was new, half-matured, and secret. It was whispered in royal cabinets, muttered by safe diplomatists behind locked doors. The actual alliance with Turkey was as yet too strange to broach; so on the way to it Du Bellay suggested an alliance with King John of Hungary. The Imperialists also had an alliance with Hungary; but their alliance was with King Ferdinand, the Emperor's brother. For at that moment, in that divided and ever-battling country, two kings were ranged against each other in enmity.

In 1526 King Louis of Hungary had been killed at Mohacz and had left no heir. At his death such of the nobles as inclined to an anti-imperial policy had elected for their king John Zapolya, the Vairode of Transylvania. These were the Nationalists—the Hungarians of Hungary—those who in their hatred of Austria would conciliate, if needs be, the Turk himself. But the other, the Imperial faction elected, Catholic though he was, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, brother of Charles the Fifth, who, to give his election some show of hereditary right, had married in 1527 the sister of the dead King Louis. But the Nationalists would not own an Austrian, both kings insisted on their claim, and war reigned in the wretched country. The Pope, with no just cause, excommunicated and deposed John Zapolya; but the Hungarians, Lutherans for the most part, did not hold their ties absolved. And in revenge the Grand Turk offered to John Zapolya his protection and his armies, if John would hold the crown of Hungary in tribute to the Porte.

John preferred the Porte to the Empire, and this won him the sympathies of Francis. He had been excommunicated and still maintained his right to rule, this assured him the fellow-feeling of Henry the Eighth, so nearly in his case. In 1528 France and England, as secretly as might be, joined together to send an embassy to John of Hungary. So secret was the matter held, that in the manuscript correspondence of Jean du Bellay, in the Paris Library, it is never noticed save by innuendo or fantastic allegory. For indeed in the state of affairs the mission to Hungary was equivalent to sending an embassy to the Turk—the later and still more secret half of the adventure. But to whom could so desperate a confidence be entrusted? For some time there was a talk of sending Guillaume du Bellay; but the risk, the long journey, the fatigue and hardship, daunted that brilliant diplomatist. Jean du Bellay, anxious to

excuse his brother, sought eagerly to discover a substitute. At length he bethought him of the Spanish captain; he would send Antonio Rincon.

Rincon, as we know, reached London first in August, 1528, for he wrote to Montmorency on the eleventh of the month. He wrote also to Du Bellay, that the English showed themselves a little cold. Thenceforward, until nearly June of the next year, Rincon seems to have gone between France and England concluding his negotiation. In April, 1529, we find him writing a despairing letter to Wolsey, beseeching him if possible to hasten matters, "for the safety of my voyage, as you know, depends upon its speed". Wolsey, whose slowness Du Bellay frequently derides, had a difficult task. He himself was heart and soul with the French; and the Liberal League was chiefly due to him, to the three Du Bellays, and to the Queen of Navarre. But it was difficult to spur Henry on to fill the part assigned him; Wolsey could, with all his influence, do little here. In May Francis sent John du Bellay again to London to hasten matters. "As to Rincon", wrote the Bishop, "I did not expect when I left France to find him here". However Du Bellay at last resolved the diffident mind of Henry. On May 22nd, 1529, Captain Rincon left London with the Bishop of Transylvania. "They are", writes Bellay, "wonderfully determined to do well. There could not be a better opportunity of giving the House of Burgundy a beating which they will feel for ever. True, it is a bad time for spending money, but the occasion is great. For it is not a question of making another king of the Romans, but of not leaving a foot of land in Hungary to these gentle Rulers of the World".

So much as this Rincon could not execute. No secret treaty, no money or offers of service, could actually drive the House of Austria from its thrones. But at Buda in September Rincon ratified the secret treaty that

bound France to the service of Hungary in exchange for the adoption of the little Henry of Orleans. France was now the ally and protector of King John, but she was not alone in her office. Six months before, on the plains of Mohacz, the Grand Turk had solemnly received King John of Hungary as his vassal.

Already then France acknowledged, and England secretly recognized in Turkey the legitimate suzerain of their ally—recognized that an infidel was no longer Antichrist, but a human being and a possible man of honour. Ten years before, even in France and England, the name of Soliman had been accounted terrible, occult, supernatural. In 1528 the Turk was the natural balance to the Inquisition and the Empire.

II.

On September 8th, 1529, Soliman entered Buda, the capital of Hungary; and for more than a hundred and fifty years Ottoman Buda held its menace in the Emperor's face. At the Diet of Spires, held also in 1529, Charles the Fifth had asked for aid against the Turks and Lutherans, so completely in that age did men believe in the solidarity of heresy. In fact, the position of Soliman at Buda was a guarantee of safety to the Protestants of Germany. Compelled to an involuntary tolerance, the Emperor, in July 1532, granted their religious charter to the German princes.

For the Turk was at Buda, and his presence there fatally checked the pretensions of the Empire. The Pope (menaced also as he conceived) preached a holy war against the Crescent. But the crusade was difficult to raise. Naturally the whole party of the Reform was against it; and when the Pope wrote to Francis asking for money, the King of France replied that he would lead in person fifty thousand foot and three thousand men-at-arms to his aid. But the Pope and the Emperor dreaded nothing so much

as the army of Francis in conjunction with the hosts of Soliman. Having gained nothing from the witty Valois, the Pope wrote to Henry; but the English king refused with, in the English fashion, a long sermon on the wrong-doing of his Holiness in deposing John Zapolya, bidding the Pope settle his affairs in Italy and come out of the Emperor's reach to Avignon, assuring him that the Turk, far from intending to subvert the Christian faith, had no other purpose than to check the disastrous ambition of Charles the Fifth.

The Pope and Charles could not set out on a crusade alone. So, with the Turk at Buda they beheld, with ineffectual horror, the great vigorous heretical North combine with the victorious East against the prestige of St. Peter and the monopoly of Spain.

Indeed they had cause to fear this combination, which forced the very Emperor to liberty of conscience, and made the Pope allow to the imperial envoy that perhaps he had blundered in opposing Henry's divorce. Had England and France continued friends there might have been no Reformation in England; and England and France seemed bound in daily-increasing amity. There was talk of an interview between Francis and Henry at Calais, "on Turkish matters", writes Mai to Charles, "and it is certain that the kings have more fear of an imperial victory than of the Turk's". While the two kings kept their understanding with the Protestants in Germany and with Soliman at Buda, and almost commanded the Pope to leave his Vatican and come to Avignon, Clement regretted the days when they had been his good allies against the Emperor,—the Emperor who held him little better than a vassal, a necessary spiritual accessory, in his sacked and ravaged city of Rome.

France and England seemed likely to counterbalance Spain. Each needed the other and was doubly strong by her adjunction. England was neces-

sary to France as the best of her allies against the Emperor; and France was necessary to England, because to detach France from Scotland was the very essence of English development, and because, in the words of Muxetula, "The king of England wishes to show the Pope that France is his ally, and to frighten his Holiness into granting a divorce". The Anti-Imperial League—Scotland—the Divorce—these three reasons were completed by a fourth: the identity of French and English interests in the East. "It were well", said the Pope confusedly to Andrea del Borgo, "It were well if we could separate England from France".

III.

In the spring of 1532 Rincon left Paris for London to consult with the King of England before proceeding to the East. He had a long audience with Henry, in the course of which he was shown many letters and writings; and then, armed with the secret policy of France and England, Rincon proceeded to the East.

Towards the end of April Rincon was at Venice, where he was received with honour. It was rumoured that he went on an errand of peace, to arrange matters between Ferdinand and John, and to postpone for a while the invasion of the Sultan. We know well the value of such rumours, for John du Bellay in January 1529, sending an envoy to John Zapolya, had caused it to be noised abroad that the man went to make peace between the two kings in Hungary. These rumours, it was supposed, put Europe off the scent, but the real allies were soon undeceived. The Venetian Signory lent Rincon a galley, and sent him on his way towards Constantinople. "But the Imperial Ambassador here," writes M. de Baiff, "did all he could to prevent the passage of Captain Anthony Rincon".

This time the Emperor did not succeed so well as when two years before he had captured the Ottoman

Ambassador, Zorzi Gritti. "It is said," writes Augustini, "the Spanish traitor Ringonus is already at Segna in Dalmatia"; "At present", says de Baif, "the captain may be at Ragusa *en route* for Constantinople". As a matter of fact, during the end of May and the whole month of June Rincon lay sick at Tarra, dangerously ill of a fever. For he was an unhealthy, corpulent person, easily feverish, enormous in bulk, little fitted for long dangerous travel under a burning sun, in constant danger of ambush and annoy. His frequent and unsparing journeys told grievously on his health: "Ill of a fever", "none too well", "sick from his journey", "ill of an aposthume", "unable to sit on horseback" — such are the phrases which in nearly every letter that remains to us, qualify the condition of the great Eastern negotiator of his age.

So all June Rincon lay ill at Tarra, nor until far on in July did he arrive at the Turkish camp. For form's sake he stayed only two days at the camp, averring that he arrived too late, since the Turk was already in Europe. But it is very probable that neither he nor Francis nor Henry was seriously discomfited by an invasion which could only really annoy their enemy.

The Turk received Rincon with every sign of honour, sending many men and horses to meet him at Ragusa, and saluting him with royal honours at the camp. Nothing can have been more picturesque than the scene, for Rincon arrived at night, and in the strange dusk of that Eastern camp suddenly four hundred thousand flaming torches blazed aslant. Each of the Turks had lighted a fire-brand at his lance-point. "Judge", cries de Baif, "if after that the fireworks of Rome and the castle of St. Angelo were more than a little village near Paris on a holiday night!"

These were the honours of a royal guest: and as such the Sultan treated Rincon. The heavy, mild, grave man

at once won the confidence of Soliman. Rincon had none of the lightness, the triviality of the Occidental. "To him", says Nichaudji, "the Vizier Ibrahim spoke as a friend, but to the envoys of others as a lion". Now, and in subsequent and less successful visits, Rincon was greeted in the Oriental Court with a personal favour difficult for a foreigner to win.

Next morning the Sultan received the captain in his pavilion, with Ibrahim at his side and with a court of sixty Pachas. An interpreter was given to Rincon, who had to make his addresses through Ibrahim. Then, the conference being ended, they walked about the camp, of which Rincon has left a remarkable description. "A perfect order", he declared, "arranged the disposal of their quarters; there was no injustice or dishonesty anywhere: in the country through which they passed nothing was harmed—not so much as an ear of grain; and the hucksters and even the women walked about the camp in as much safety as in Venice. No strife or noise. Justice maintained, and all disputes at once heard and settled. In manners and good behaviour, the Turks indeed seem Christians, and the Christians Turks".

Twenty-four hours later Rincon left the camp, and he and Soliman went their different ways. By the end of August the Turk was within three or four leagues of Vienna and Rincon was in Venice, ill in M. de Vély's house. "Lord Rincon [the title is new] is here again", he writes, "ill of an aposthume, so that he cannot endure to be on horseback, and must risk staying here to be caught by the Spaniards. *Dieu le garde et gardera!* But they are eager to catch him".

Affairs seemed now at their height of prosperity, but it was a prosperity that did not last. When Rincon returned to Paris in 1533 there was already a formidable jealousy between France and England. The question of Scotland menaced their alliance. In 1536 Francis gave his daughter Madeleine to the Scottish King, and that

unfortunate marriage lost England to the Liberal League. A few years later Venice also openly turned her coat, and in 1538 concluded a defensive and offensive alliance with the Empire against the Turk. Forgetful of her assurances to Soliman two years before, Venice began to proselytize for the Empire, and, writing to Henry of England, observed that she was sure he also would join the Emperor's allies. In fact negotiations with England began to be busy at that date. And while the Emperor was gaining Venice, and France was losing England, John Zapolya, having married, gave up in 1536 his right to the crown of Hungary (mortgaged, as we remember, to Francis's second son) on consideration of receiving as a hereditary possession the principality of Transylvania. So between 1536 and 1538 England, Venice, and Hungary were lost to the Franco-Turkish alliance. But France at least remained firm—France, the originator of it all. A peace with Persia gave Soliman more time to attend to his Western alliance, and in 1538 Rincon was despatched to Turkey to solder and rivet the bonds of amity between the kingdom of France and the Porte.

IV.

On March 29th, 1538, the Bishop of Rhodes wrote to Montmorency that Rincon had reached Ragusa safe and without sea-sickness. But, he continues, "I do not advise that the captain should travel so openly. 'Tis better to make no advertisement, but take advantage of such chance vessels as have traffic with Ragusa, nor let them know what manner of man they have on board." "Moi," exclaims the Bishop, "Moi, j'en use d'autres petits moyens secrets!" And Rincon has not money enough with him for his great expenses; the King must send him more.

Rincon arrived at Constantinople on June 13th. But he had scarcely delivered his fine messages of gratulation and alliance, when the news from

the West made a singular commentary upon his protestations. Paul the Third had induced Francis to meet the Emperor at Nice. On that occasion, neither Prince would speak to the other, each addressing the Pope. But none the less a truce was arranged for ten years. And a few weeks later, without any intervening Paul, the two Princes met at Aigues-Mortes, and held a long and secret colloquy. What was actually decided at that conference Soliman never knew, nor can we now decide, but it was clear that Francis and the Emperor were no longer enemies; and at the French Court the Grand-Master Montmorency began to openly incline towards Spain.

In October Rincon wrote to Montmorency complaining of the difficulty of his position. He is left without guidance in a tremendous crisis: he hopes to do his best; but he must know plainly, and more often, how to govern and direct the affairs of France and Turkey. "If nothing yet worse happen to disturb and prevent our amity, all may yet go well", he declares; but the situation is already grave. At Christmas he has to write again. He is left without instructions, and Soliman, like Henry the Eighth, is not merely suspicious, but alarmed at the new understanding between the French King and the Emperor. Still no decisive message comes from France, and finally, in the following March, Rincon wrote to the King himself. He wrote long and earnestly, urging the King, as in the affair of Gritti, not to break his word in an honourable contract. It seemed to Rincon no less just than necessary to keep the Turk content. Yet, he complains, he has no authentic letters, no expression of the French King's good-will, to show Soliman, in whose ears the enemies of France daily whisper injurious reports. "And in this mutation of affairs", writes Rincon, "I am left to guide my steps ignorantly and alone". The letter ends with a sentence intended to revive in the discouraged heart of Francis the prospects

of the Liberal League: "I am doing all I can", says Rincon, "to reconcile the Venetians and the Turks".

But while Rincon was endeavouring to re-unite the shattered fragments of the League (inducing Venice to send Laurence Gritti to negotiate a reconciliation with the Sultan; inducing Soliman to reinstate Corsino, Lord of Andros, expelled by Barbarossa from his Archipelagian isle) while Rincon was working for the cause he had been sent to serve, Francis, as we see, had momentarily swung round to a novel point of view.

Since Aigues-Mortes Francis had been shy of the Turk. His rare messages to Rincon are merely recommendations to tone down his original instructions. "All I want is a good understanding with the Porte—nothing more special as yet. I thank Heaven, my affairs are doing well everywhere," writes the French King in August, 1539. We can imagine few situations more humiliating than that of Rincon; the intrepid ambassador who heretofore had carried everything before him, now condemned to wait and dally while his master experimented with the Pope and coquetted with the Emperor. Even the immense prestige of Rincon could not satisfy the Sultan with this insincere diplomacy. The Bishop of Rhodes writes frequently to Montmorency from Venice urging either war with the Emperor or a settled peace. "This mere truce does not secure us Austria, and the Turk will be malcontent and we shall lose him." Over and over again in his letters comes this warning: "*le mécontentement des Turcs*". He fears an open rupture with the Grand Seigneur, so little news has come. But Montmorency did not heed. Little at that moment did he care for Venice or for Soliman; for Milan was the bait. And finally in the spring of 1540 a thrill of swift indignation ran through the Court of Constantinople at the news that the Emperor was feasting in Paris.

The greed of Francis, the credulity of

Montmorency had gone so far as that. In the autumn of 1539 the unhappy people of Ghent had risen against the fresh taxes imposed by the Emperor. Taking advantage of his absence in Spain, and remembering perhaps that England and France were supposed to be negotiating a joint invasion of Flanders, they rebelled against the Imperial officers, offered the town of Ghent to Francis if he would protect it and preserve its ancient privileges; and promised moreover to use their influence with the other towns of Flanders who needed no great persuasion to escape the Emperor's yoke. Had the Burghers of Ghent made their offer two years before, the future of Flanders would have been French. But now the King of France was the Emperor's ally; and Francis sent at once to Charles to inform him that he was on the point of losing Flanders. This at least, though hard to Ghent, was an honourable proceeding. But Charles knew not how to reach his province of the Netherlands; should he go through Germany he would encounter the Protestant princes; should he go by sea, the winds might cast him ashore off Harwich or Dover, where the English were still furious by reason of the divorce. Even the remnants of the Liberal League were still so powerful! So he sent to Francis, offering him as the price of a free passage through France, the Duchy of Milan for Francis or his children. We know the force of that offer. Francis consented; and thereby he did an evil turn, not only to the city which had put its trust in him, but to all the allies of France, in Germany, England, Italy and Turkey.

So the Emperor was in Paris, a feasted and honoured guest. When the news came to Constantinople the Sultan was furious. It is said that Soliman, believing himself deceived by Rincon, was tempted to put the French Ambassador to death. At least he did not do so; and Rincon came unscathed in good faith and influence out of this desperate trial. Fortunately at this

moment the peace of Venice with Turkey (1540) happened to attest his honesty; and in July the death of John Zapolya left an infant son, ignorant of the mortgage on his inheritance, to contest the crown his father had formally renounced. With Hungary open again, Venice reconciled, England and France not yet definitely lost, and Germany more Lutheran than before, Rincon persuaded Soliman that still there was some hope of the Liberal League. His influence was so great that Soliman finally consented to reconcile himself with France; but Rincon, and Rincon only, must, he declared, undertake the negotiation. So, with a desperate task behind and a difficult one before, Captain Rincon left Constantinople. He arrived at Venice, ill and weary with stormy travel, early in January, 1541. There he met a certain noble Venetian, son of the Doge of Genoa, Cesare Fregoso, also interested in Oriental matters; and in his company Captain Rincon made the difficult and hazardous journey that, in those times of jealousy and division, separated Liberal Venice from once Liberal Paris.

V.

When Rincon with his companion, Cesare Fregoso, arrived in Paris, they found the King as discontented with the Emperor as they themselves could be. For Charles had kept none of his promises with regard to Milan; and when he was reminded of his offer, declared, after his manner, that he had never said it. Besides, added he, how could I yield you Milan, a fief of the Empire, without the consent of my electors; when you, though bound by solemn treaties, refused me Burgundy because of the reluctance of the notables? "And indeed I will do him this much honour", observes the shrewd Martin du Bellay, "I believe that had he lost the battle he would have kept his faith with the King, hoping for aid and succour; but since he very easily reduced the Gantois, why should he

remember France"? This was the natural point of view of the ironic and irritated Liberal who all along had foreseen what would come of it; but Francis, who had been thoroughly and doubly duped, both by Montmorency and by the Emperor himself, took the matter more indignantly. When Fregoso told him of the disgust of Venice, when Rincon assured him of the alienation of the Turk, when it became evident that England, afraid of being forestalled, was herself going over to the Emperor's camp, Francis knew no words for his own blindness or for the fatal cleverness of the Emperor's manœuvre. He disgraced Montmorency: he promised his niece in marriage to the Emperor's special enemy, the Duke of Cleves; and, though nothing definite as yet could be done with England, he at once despatched Fregoso to Venice and Rincon to Constantinople with papers—with no one will ever know what special private messages of alliance and apology, what promises for the future, what menaces to Charles!

Rincon and Fregoso were to travel together as far as Venice, even as they had travelled home; the former therefore, for once, instead of travelling almost unattended and in public vessels, experienced the comfort and ease of a great person's progress. For Cesare Fregoso was a young cavalier of much importance, somewhat tarnished in Italy and suspected of selling the secrets of Venice to the King of France; and yet not so much so but that he was chosen as the most honourable ambassador to the Doge and Signory. Fregoso was, as we have said, a nobleman of Genoa, son of the Doge there, a brother-in-law of the great Condottiere, Guido Rangoni, and like him in the service of France. He was, in short, one of the many Italians who looked to France to rescue Italy from the Emperor; one of the many Italians who saw, some centuries too soon, that France alone could aid their country to make herself a nation. His family had ever been Guelph, that

is to say anti-imperial and democratic. Fregoso himself had been educated at the Court of France; and both by his personal friendship with Francis, and by the hereditary principles of his house, it was his natural wish to see the King of France, and not the Emperor, master of northern Italy.

In 1537 Fregoso had fought long and well against the imperial forces under Del Guasto; and now, as a man committed to anti-imperial principles, Francis sent him to Venice, herself newly reconciled to the Porte, in order to re-integrate the League. At the same moment,* as we know, he sent Rincon to the Porte where Soliman had already promised to look favourably on his proposals.

Towards the middle of June Rincon and Fregoso arrived at Lyons, and there they decided to make a halt of a few days, Rincon having to wind up some necessary affairs, while Fregoso went on alone as far as Susa, in order to review his company of men-at-arms which, for the moment, was stationed at that place. This arrangement made the two ambassadors a few days longer on their way to Venice than had entered into the calculations either of themselves or of their enemies. Owing to this delay before they had quitted French territory Guillaume du Bellay, the King's Lieutenant-General in Piedmont, heard a rumour that the Emperor, notwithstanding that he was at peace with France, had given orders to Del Guasto that the two ambassadors should be murdered in Lombardy on their way to Venice. The news was no sooner received than he sent post-haste to Rincon and Fregoso not to pass beyond Rivoli in Piedmont before they should have taken counsel with him.

Rincon and Fregoso met again at Susa; they set out together for the little town of Rivoli, six Italian miles from Turin, and arrived there on the first day of July, 1541. Du Bellay set off to meet them, and rode up about midnight the same evening, bringing with him some

trusted officers and the spies he had sent out on all sides to sound the intentions of Del Guasto. All these unanimously declared that the Emperor's agent had already laid an ambush some way down the river Po. Nothing could be simpler, said Du Bellay, than that the ambassadors should change their route; it was indeed their plain duty, since not their lives alone but the secrets of the King were in danger. He had provided for all. Among the motley crowd of spies and officers who had accompanied him to Rivoli there was a young Milanese nobleman, Hercules Visconti, who undertook to guide the two ambassadors by night through secret ways, from castle to castle of his family, in such a way that on the Sunday night they should reach Piacenza, friendly ground to France and still (until 1545) one of the States of the Church.

But to Du Bellay's great surprise and even indignation, neither of the ambassadors was easy to convince. Fregoso, as we know, had fought in person against Del Guasto, whom he esteemed an honourable soldier, incapable of so base an act as to assassinate the ambassadors of a king with whom his master was formally at peace. He therefore exclaimed that no calumny should persuade him to change his plans; and insisted that Du Bellay, instead of sending him to Piacenza, should lend him a couple of boats to take himself and his escort down the Po. It was an awkward moment for Captain Rincon. He was in reality travelling in the ample escort of Fregoso, therefore though in reality the captain saw but too much judgment in Du Bellay's words, he did not venture on any remonstrance, not feeling persuaded that the new plan itself was any safer, and not liking to persuade his companion to undertake, because of his own alarm, the risks and hardships of Visconti's plan. Moreover, Rincon was himself so ailing and so corpulent, that it was doubtful if he could support a journey on horseback. We have seen how at Venice in the

spring he had preferred the risk of capture by the Spaniards to the pains of travel. The same thing happened again ; rather than displease his companion or tax his own endurance, Rincon, with a truly Spanish mixture of fatalism, courtesy, indolence, and courage, consented to the easy journey down the Po towards the Adriatic.

But one thing Du Bellay obtained from them at last. The two ambassadors consented that Visconti should take, if not themselves, at least their papers and despatches round by Piacenza in safety, and restore them in Venice. So, if the Emperor laid an ambush and took Rincon and Fregoso on the Po, it would be but their lives that he would gain. And if, instead, Visconti fell a victim to treachery, the two men knew their message and could none the less deliver it at Venice and at Constantinople. This was all that the energy, the reason, and the entreaties of Du Bellay could procure.

Having rested one day at Rivoli, on Saturday the ambassadors and their suite embarked, Rincon and Fregoso in the first boat, and their escort in the second, making a party of sixteen or twenty persons. Du Bellay bade them adieu at Verolengo and returned to Turin. All day and all night, for four and twenty hours, the embassy sailed down the Po until they reached a little place two miles below Cassale. Thence, after a short rest, they set out again and came about noonday to a village called Piaga di Cantalupo, about three miles above the mouth of the Ticino and therefore not far from Pavia. Here, suddenly, two other vessels, filled with men-at-arms, boarded the boat of the ambassadors, slaying at once both Rincon and Fregoso. But the other boat, where most of the escort were, pushed ashore unnoticed ; and the servants remained hidden in a wood till night fell and then escaped in safety.

The greatest pains were taken to keep the deed secret. Rincon and Fregoso, as we know, were killed at once ; such of their servants as were captured, the boatmen, and even the soldiers and the boatmen of Del Guasto's own party, were taken that night by secret ways and thrown into the castle of Pavia. Thus without any scandal the Emperor and his agents hoped to suppress the dangerous embassy of Francis.

But they had not reckoned with Du Bellay. Already he suspected treachery, and when no news was heard of the two ambassadors at Venice, he set his spies again upon Del Guasto's track. By means of the escaped servants or by some other way Du Bellay ascertained that the escort of the ambassadors were lying in the lowermost dungeons of the castle of Pavia. That discovered, he found means to introduce a body of men with muffled files into the moat at night. They filed away the bars of the dungeon in the dark, and led the prisoners by stealth to Turin ; "a thing", writes Martin du Bellay, who leaves this record, "which was not done without great expense and vigilance".

Now with the eye-witnesses under his hand, Du Bellay found it easy to avenge his murdered friends. First he discovered a certain Captain Paulin de la Garde to carry their papers to Venice and the Turk. Secondly he persuaded Francis to proclaim to the whole of Europe and to the East the treachery of Charles towards a nation with whom he was at truce. Thus by his death even as by his life Rincon kept his master for a moment longer from the fatal paths of Spain. The Truce of Nice was broken : Soliman was appeased : open war broke out again between the French and the Empire ; and Rincon and Fregoso were avenged.

A. M. F. ROBINSON
(Madame James Darmesteter).

THE ETHICS OF PESSIMISM.

ONE summer evening a rather disreputable-looking individual stood regarding the Thames from London Bridge. On his head was a broad soft hat, so artfully kneaded and cocked that it seemed to claim for its owner the possession of superior intelligence. Had it not been that the coat upon his back was pointedly suggestive of poverty, one might almost have been led to mistake him for a high dignitary in some imposing body. He stood with his elbows resting upon the parapet of the bridge, and his hands clasped behind his head. He was not a Socialist, yet he claimed to be a philosopher. When his mind had been unusually active during the day, he loved to stand on the bridge at sunset and unbosom himself to the river. He would have preferred an argument, but that was not always available; those whom he deemed worthy his strife being remarkably few. Occasionally, when hard pressed by a shrewder head than his own, he would imitate the malpractices of the hermit crab, and retreat into the shell of some author deceased, where he had the advantage that sometimes comes from being better read than your friends. On his own peculiar subject, however, he was invincible. After much consideration, he had named his favourite theme, the Philosophy of Pessimism and the Pessimism of Culture. As was to be expected, even from one claiming the mighty title of Philosopher, his treatment of the problem generally favoured the suspicion that it had been concocted simply as a basis for a foregone conclusion. This person, then, standing on the bridge, mused.

"The only luxury which Misery allows her victims is a sneer. A sneer may be roughly described as the suicide of a smile. There is imprinted on its once fair aspect a mixed and ugly

expression of failure, fear, and fury. Yet all sneers have not all the same history. Endeavour to smile when your mouth is stringent with acid, and you do something very different. Thus Sniffins sneers because he has a foul mouth, and cannot help doing so. Sometimes he even intends to be friendly, but fate (or his mouth) is against him. I know Sniffins and I know myself, and there are many others of the same kidney whom I do not, and have no wish to know. For myself, I sneer because, as I have already said, it is the only luxury which Misery allows her victims. I am not, I may say, so bitter as Sniffins, for the simple reason that I am more philosophical. But I must guard myself from misapprehension. Could any one overhear me, they would cry, 'Ah! you are a pessimist.' 'Granted,' I would reply. 'But not your literary pessimist, not your snivelling pessimist, not one of your pessimistic *précieux*.' Ah! sublime Molière! how quickly could you have sympathized with me—you who knew men and laughed at them but never despised them, as unfortunately I do. My weakness in this respect would have exposed me also to your laughter. Alas! we cannot all possess genius, nor can every one have a king for his friend. My case, even you would admit, is peculiar. Once I was admired, sought after, even loved by somebody. Now I am sordid, disreputable, regarded of nobody. I do not complain of disillusion so much as of physical discomfort. I am come to this pretty pass, that whereas when I was prosperous I had one friend—myself, now I have none. Yet Timon's rage be far from me! Low as I am, I will never condescend to hate what formerly I laughed at, but enjoyed. Nor am I a Thersites—spiteful cur—hiring out

my bitterness as another does her charms. No! Give me a crust and a sip of wine, a clean-swept door-step warmed by the sun in some quiet street, and a literary pessimist sitting at my feet, and he who brought me there to hear me curse life will have bitter reason to complain, 'Behold, you have blessed it.' I am such an one, that if Horace had never known Mæneas, and had taken to the gutter by a choice that wore the aspect of necessity to deceive him, I think he might have deigned to shake me by the hand. I rail with good reason, but not always bitterly, and mostly without malice. I am discontented with my lot, yet I pride myself justly on my equanimity. My philosophy makes me superior to the position which I am forced to occupy in society, but it is none the less the veritable fruit of that position. This is interesting. The futility of life no longer affords me food for mournful reflections, because having tried everything and failed there is nothing left for me to attempt. It is generally those who have not exhausted half the possibilities of success and happiness that life affords who have most to say about the unreachableness of things. Again, the transitoriness of life is a consoling thought to one who but seldom gets any enjoyment out of it. That was a strengthening thought to the big blackguard,

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the
roughest day.

Pain would be unendurable were we not certain that it cannot last for ever, and so would life be. I am a pessimist, but not by choice. Mark that! you *dilettanti* imitators. You gloom upon life because you imagine how much better life might be if it could go by your ordering; I on the contrary lament because I know exactly how much worse it is possible for things to be with me. You relegate to some distant date the evils which your genius anticipates for man-

kind at large, or deplore rapid currents of events which you prophesy are hurrying their victims to certain destruction, but which you yourselves calmly survey from a place of safety; I am beset with troubles, and cry out not caring who hears me. You are mournfully musical over the vanishing form of Immortality. It is enough for me if 'after life's fitful fever I sleep well.' Are you, indeed, pessimists worthy of the name, compared with one whose only comfort is that a luckless finish to a joyless day makes at least an end of it? Ah! Barty! where is the good of heaping up the agony when you are alone? Be candid! I will, though it goes against the grain. Yes, I have to confess that the only hindrance to my perfect calm are the amorous visits of the slut Expectation. I go to sleep with my head upon a stone and with the pattering of gentle rain for a lullaby; and lo! I awaken in the morning with her soft arms round my neck and her whisper in my ear that on that day for certain Fortune is coming to visit me. Of course I do not believe her; still it is annoying. Certainly I do not regret that as I grow older her visits are becoming less frequent; I feel but the more philosophical."

So he rambled on. Just then some one paused near him. The new-comer was well dressed and had an air of distinction about him, as of pride continually lapsing to the verge of confirmed melancholy and suddenly jerking itself alive again. They had once been friends; and when their eyes met, for an instant they seemed to recognize the fact, then as suddenly to forget it. As the silence grew between them, they each became more and more absorbed in watching the river. At last the new-comer's thoughts took utterance thus.

"Life is so transitory, illusory, anonymous. Here to-day, gone to-morrow; so much attempted, so little done; for ever nameless. What matters it that all our lives through,

like obedient slaves, we toil to lay something upon the world's altar? The hand that offers withers with the gift. As the Present issues radiant from the womb of the Past, life comes trippingly forward and promises priceless kingdoms that shall never perish. And scarcely is the promise spoken before part of it is withdrawn; and all through the brief space of a few years it is one sad story of relinquished hopes. The soldier dreams of glory, and it comes to him glimmering faintly through a mist of blood and with 'a sound of lamentation.' The poet hopes for immortality in the realms that his songs have peopled. Alas! do not even the Immortals die? The statesman receives the homage of a nation. Then the Silences receive him; and his acts, his innumerable acts, whether good, bad, or indifferent—who can say what they are?—work themselves out so differently from what he had expected, and in the course of a few years become as useless as he is himself. And the religious sceptics and the common people shriek of doing one's duty and thinking of that only. But faith! in these days what is duty?"

"Go it," murmured the shabby man, rubbing his hands softly.

"And the lesser tragedies of life that the world seldom hears of, how unspeakably bitter they are! High promise dwindling down to impotence, till Love's eyes swim sick at the sight; Love herself blasted in her bloom; Hope ruthlessly deflowered; the despair of emptied hearts. If the Graces must be separated, if Love has limbs distinct from Hope's, and an embroidered garment all her own, then may we never have to choose between them! Yet—it is a sad confession—the heart can live without love, but not without hope. We talk glibly of despair; one glimpse of the hideous spectre shatters the tongue; those whom it embraces—die. It is in life as it is in art, to bring out the sunshine the shadows must be deepened. What a wonderful picture life presents to us! Here we see happy faces whose smiling light

need not fear comparison with that of the orb of day itself; and there is hideous darkness that makes night luminous. And our most comforting philosophy is that without both we can have neither. But even where the sunlight is brightest, suddenly an eye quickens with agony that does not pass, and there another glazes in death. And in the region where darkness crouches, a sunbeam—a mote of light—dances and instantly is gone, lost in the too great gloom. And the terror of it all is that those whom we see bathed in light know nothing of it, and those whom night seems to swallow are yet not blind. Just as when in the evening the sun sinks beyond the headland, those to westward of us on the sea are smitten with his falling sceptre that fails by so little to touch us also, while those to eastward seem lost in the twilight. We are all alike deceived."

"What a sweet specimen I have come across," murmured the shabby one. Then aloud "Ahem! Mr.—"

"Opaline is my name," returned the other graciously.

"Ah! the name of Opaline is well known. Mine is Black, at your service. Mr. Bartholomew Black, pessimist. Your thoughts are suggestive, Mr. Opaline; they stir one. To have one's name writ in water, that is to be anonymous. To leave footprints on the sands of time proves at least that you did not die there, but it is to be anonymous sooner or later, for the tide comes in. We, the myriads, scramble and scrape and snap just where the waters of Oblivion turn to flow shoreward. It does not take long to put a stop to our screaming—and a good thing too—but we take our revenge sometimes by floating on the surge."

"It is all inexpressibly sad," sighed Mr. Opaline.

"So it is," rejoined Mr. Black. "The big tragedies that you talked about so splendidly are too big for me to comprehend. But those minor tragedies of life, Mr. Opaline, what

business have you to be drivelling over them? Were you once a youth of high promise, and are Love's eyes at this moment swimming sick at the sight of you? Has your own sweet love been blasted in its bloom? Have all your hopes been ruthlessly deflowered? Is your great heart at this moment quite empty and yet full of despair? Out upon you, sir, for a sham! a maudlin, hypocritical, dishonest quack!" Black trembled in his wrath.

"I am afraid, Mr. Black," said the other calmly, "that if I am to continue to have the pleasure of your company you must moderate your zeal."

"True," replied Mr. Black, "and I humbly beg your pardon. I have been very abstemious lately, and have been thinking a great deal, and am apt to be unreasonable. I can assure you I did not mean what I said. Let us return to the myriads. Ours is a bad case, and doubtless we ought to be comforted in knowing that we have your sympathy. But the truth is—I speak plainly—your sympathy is of no value to us because we have no sympathy with you. To us it seems that men of culture are not thorough enough to be able to give us any real help. They are half of one thing and half of another. They have much refinement, but quite as much lassitude. Their interests are manifold, yet their interest in life is scant. I say that in the face of your Jeremiad. They love that blossom of every civilization—Art, but they love little else. Indeed, they only know life as Art presents it to them. They will snivel over it, or laugh over it, or delight in it, or despise it; what they will not do is to come into real contact with it. They have plenty of sympathy with human effort in the past, and can write about it beautifully, sparing no effort to come at the truth concerning it; the more obscure it is, the more it will interest them and draw out all their powers of patience, tolerance, and forbearance. But with human effort in the present their sympathy

is of a very different strain; it is vague and dyspeptic, mournful and inert. They profess to believe in the brotherhood of man; but their pleasures are those of a caste—one must gain admittance to it before the relationship can do any good."

"Your language, sir," said Mr. Opaline, "is that of an embittered and disappointed man, and I am afraid—plain speaking is what you like—of an ignorant man. Culture admits of no caste; it is open to every one. Certainly it presupposes a thinking, reasonable creature—one fully alive to the intellectual riches of humanity, and convinced that they are life's choicest gifts and worth toiling for. Culture is an Alp, not a molehill; and there must be strenuous climbing if the summit is to be attained."

"Oh certainly!" responded Mr. Black. "Culture is free and so are the mountains. But unless the cripple is carried up, I fear he will have to remain at the bottom. The truth is that in this world the cripples are left to help themselves—and so they do. Two men with one leg apiece, however, are not equal to one man with two. So we cripples do not attempt to climb, but play our little game of chances at the bottom. We miss the fine view, and content ourselves with finding out holes where we can hide. Some of you fine fellows think that the best thing to do is to block up our hiding-places, and then, you swear, we will be seen running like hares. So we will if you prepare better places for us within our reach. If not? Why, we will make you run. So far I have been speaking from the point of view of the myriads, and that much of such criticism is wide of the point I am very willing to admit. Still there must be some ground for the notion, or it surely would not have such wide acceptance, that men of culture are simply intellectual dandies good for nothing but playing with words. I have no quarrel with you on that account, not at all; my personal grievance against you is that you are developing a vein of ex-

quisite pessimism that threatens sooner or later to leave us honest pessimists high and dry."

"The myriads, I am afraid," replied Mr. Opaline, "are certainly a good deal at sea in their criticism of us, more perhaps than even you are aware of. You have made the mistake, I fancy, of holding Culture responsible for, and of even identifying it with, the phrase, 'Art for Art's sake.' Now the adoption of such a sentiment as a rule of life over and above its evident propriety as a rule of art is not evidence, as many people suppose, of over-cultivation resulting in a fastidious dilettantism, but is rather an indication of imperfect culture; it is pursuing life to the end, as it were, on a side issue. Pray, do not misunderstand me. I do not despise, I believe with all my heart in the sentiment of 'Art for Art's sake.' I am certain that to it in due degree we owe all that is most excellent in poetry, music, and the plastic arts. Some persons object that it is as cowardly—some even say as silly—for any one to take refuge in Art and shut themselves up in it so as to escape from the storms and sorrows of the world, as it was for the saints to betake themselves into the wilderness. I cannot consider the comparison well balanced, for the one was a wilderness and the other is not. As for myself, I must confess that I share the objection but slightly, and am glad to pay for my weakness with the admission that to make the sentiment 'Art for Art's sake' a rule of life is to bring one's self under the charge of imperfect culture. But I should like, if you will give me a minute, to extricate the phrase, considered solely as a rule of art, from your misapprehension of it. What is beautiful, Mr. Black, satisfies and pleases just because it is beautiful, and we can assign no other reason. The poet, the artist, the musician, bring what is beautiful before us. To accomplish this they must give themselves up to Art body and soul, if one may so speak. It is an unconscious surrender, but it is none the

less a surrender. They stand between life and its infinite possibilities on the one hand, and the ideal loveliness which they have created out of it on the other. The world of Art is simply the world of Consciousness, after it has passed through the imagination, that potent and most subtle of all prisms, and been enriched in the process with all the magic music, priceless wealth of colour and splendid imagery which Nature had been slowly and blindly accumulating through generations till the hour should arrive and bring along with it the rightful heir. Art is not an undermaster in the industrial school of life, as some people conceive, whose business is to make us well behaved boys by teaching us singing, drawing and versemaking. Art is life; but it is life transfigured. Every noble emotion of which the most commonplace person is capable is identical with Art in its effect upon life. But it is Art alone that is capable of magnifying, elaborating, perpetuating and preserving those best and supreme moments of the race. And it is because Art does all this and is what it is that, like Virtue, it is its own reward. This I take to be the true meaning of the sentiment from the artist's point of view. But on our side admiration may be extravagant and we may waste our enthusiasm on what deserves but a passing glance. I have heard some persons lay all the stress of their praise on the fact that some peculiar difficulty had been overcome. This is surely as absurd as if a lover should admire his mistress because she has succeeded in being beautiful—has triumphed over some defect. On the other hand the artist (using that word in its widest sense) may have for his object merely the celebration of his own skill. Such an one surely is to be but sparingly applauded. One cannot deny that he is an artist, but certainly he is at the bottom of the class. Now it seems to me that it is these dunces and their admirers who have brought upon the phrase so much abuse, and on true and great artists much un-

deserved opprobrium from people who do not know what they are talking about. And they are many and their noise is great. Now, Mr. Black, how could you make Culture identical with what I have been describing?"

"How do you know that I make them identical?" growled Mr. Black. "I never said as much as to lead you to infer that. This much, however, I will admit to satisfy you, that any one, at least I can see that you are all very much tarred with the same brush."

"Tut, tut, my good man, listen to me! When all our energies have free play and none are repressed that another may have abnormal strength, then life is pleasant because we are at our best. He is the happy man, the multiplicity of whose interests finds final expression not in the language of any particular one but in a heightened glow of his whole nature. The chief end of Culture, I imagine, would be attained if for the accomplishment of all the purposes of life the powers of our minds could of themselves combine equally and freely. The Greeks, of all people who have lived upon the earth, seem to have come nearest this ideal. As some one has said, the critics and lovers of the works of Phidias and of Apelles, the disputants and companions of Socrates, the crowds that thronged the theatre to hear the plays of the great tragedians who appealed to the intellects of their hearers in a way that, perhaps, Athenians could alone respond to, were just the average folk of the city."

"If this be Culture," cried Mr. Black, "all the more shame, then, I say, to its croaking apostles."

"Ah! now we come to your personal grievance," continued Mr. Opaline. "Culture and Pessimism! Certainly there are many persons of undoubted culture who groan over the condition of their countrymen; who are only filled with forebodings of evil when they think of the future of humanity, whether spelt with a big or a little *h*; who consider uncultivated

human nature unlovely and even repulsive, easily played upon and turned to base purposes, hard to elevate and enlighten. In the light of the past they examine the present, and find things in a deplorable mess. In the mixed light of the past and the present they forecast the future, and find it in a condition even more deplorable still. They lift up their voices in patient and majestic warning to their generation, but are laughed down as Cassandra. It would almost seem as if to the base mind the gender of the epithet gave it a peculiar piquancy. Is it any wonder, then, that men of culture are frequently pessimistic? But I go further than that, and say that in such matters Culture has as much right to croak as any bird to sing."

"It is a very safe position to take up," replied Mr. Black sarcastically. "To my mind you have not a shred of title to support you as against me, and it is I who dispute your claim. Such pessimism as you vaunt is simply a result of intellectual exclusiveness, and of forgetfulness of a common origin infinite in possibilities. Humanity is greater than any member of it, and in that lies the remedy to your croaking and the rebuke to your pride. Perhaps I can best illustrate my position by putting it in the form of a question. Why should a living man be miserable? One will say he is miserable because he aches. A pungent answer. Yet if he but ache long enough he will cease to ache. It is a poor consolation for so sad a plight, and if he insist on being a pessimist I am afraid you will have to come down, Mr. Opaline, for there is not room for you both. Another will say he is miserable because he has been disappointed of what he desired. To be denied a wish is to be denied one thing out of a multitude—all the rest remain; he must exhaust the list before he comes full upon misery. Another will say he is miserable because he has lost what he loved. The answer is bad, making no account of time. A better

one would be, he is miserable because he has both loved and lost. That man might well be a pessimist if he is not a scoundrel. Another, such as you, Mr. Opaline, will say he is miserable because things might be ever so much better. Will you dare swear that you are miserable on that account? You will not. All you do is to regret it tearfully, musically, at all times, in all places, and in every conceivable manner. There is one thing about such conduct which may give you the shadow of a claim to be ranked among our heroic band, and that is that it is the silliest and most useless thing that you can possibly do, while you fondly imagine that it is something mighty fine. Certainly you have been the cause of some silly fools committing suicide, but your usefulness has stopped at that. One of your own poets has said that there are worse things on earth than tears, but I fail to see how that justifies their use. At any rate, honest pessimists never weep; it is only the false ones who do that. The true pessimist has a heart like the nether mill-stone. I can give you a pretty example of that. As I was coming along here this evening I noticed two urchins in front of me walking hand-in-hand. The elder of the two, as I judged by his face, was much the slighter, and, indeed, seemed a feeble little fellow. Without giving any warning the younger and sturdier boy suddenly sat down and, refusing to budge, commenced weeping piteously. Thereupon the other likewise set up a lamentable howl, and putting his little ragged arm round his comrade's neck called him by all the endearing names he could think of, vainly endeavouring at the same time to lift him up. I presume they were both suffering the pangs of hunger.

Now, Mr. Opaline, what would you have done? Probably spoken a few kind words and given them some coppers. I did neither, but administered to each impartially a sound cuff on the side of the head. Such an act coming from you would have been mere brutality; in me it was highly proper. I knew that my plight was worse than theirs, therefore I could rebuke them. I played the part towards them of a stern but humane pedagogue in the school of Necessity. The brats seemed to know this, for they immediately trotted off in silence. Let this little incident emphasize the distinction between your pessimism and mine. I refrain from elaborating the point."

"Give me your own answer to your own question," cried Opaline impatiently, "for I must be going."

"You shall have it," exclaimed Mr. Black. "The only reason why a living man should be miserable, or, in other words, the only reason why pessimists like myself still continue on the face of the earth, is that it is their own deliberate choice. Just the other night an honest pessimist—I know him well—let himself slip over this very bridge. His last conscious act, he has told me since, was to regret his haste. 'What a fool I am,' quoth he, as he quitted hold. The true pessimist hobnobs with death, and holds to him as a last resource to be run to when life has grown the greater evil of the two. When the scales are almost equal, pessimists like my friend will now and again make a mistake. They are the martyrs of pessimism; they die with a regret on their lips. Could anything be more cruel to a pessimist?"

Bartholomew Black looked up, but Opaline was gone.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBBIE went away next morning very early, before the October day was fairly afloat in the skies. They had no carriage at Drumcarro except "the gig," and it was perched up in this high conveyance, looking very red with tears and blue with cold, that the household, all standing round the door, saw the last of the boy mounted beside his father, with a large portmanteau standing uncomfortably between them. His other baggage had been sent off in the cart in the middle of the night. Jock as a great favour accompanying the carter, to the great envy and wrath of Jamie, who thought it hard that he should miss such a "ploy," and could see no reason why his brother should be preferred because he was two years older. Jamie stood at the horse's head looking as like a groom as he could make himself, while his father made believe to hold in the steady honest mare who knew the way as well as he did, and was as little troubled by any superfluous fun or friskiness. Mrs. Douglas had remained in bed dissolved in tears, and her boy had taken his leave of her in those congenial circumstances. "Be a good lad, Robbie, and sometimes think upon your poor mother, that will never live to see you again." "Oh, mother, but I'll be back long before that," he cried vaguely, doing his best to behave like a man, but breaking out in a great burst of a sob, as she fell back weeping upon her pillows. The girls at the door were in different developments of sorrow, Mary using her handkerchief with demonstration, Kirsteen with her eyes lucid and large with unshed tears through which everything took an enlarged, uncertain outline, and little Jeanie by turns crying and laughing

as her attention was distracted from Robbie going away to Jamie standing with his little legs wide apart at the mare's respectable head. Robbie was not at all sorry to go away: his heart was throbbing with excitement and anticipation of all the novelties before him; but he was only eighteen, and it was also full for the moment of softer emotions. Marg'ret stood behind the girls, taller than any of them, with her apron to her eyes. She was the last person upon whom his look rested as his father called out, "Stand away from her head", as if honest Mally had been a hunter, and with a friendly touch of the whip stirred the mare into motion. Robbie looked back at the gray house, the yellow birches waving in the winds, the hillside beyond, and the group round the door, and waved his hand and could not speak. But he was not sorry to go away. It was the aim of all his breeding, the end looked forward to for many years. "It's me the next," said Jock, who was waiting at Inveralton, from which place by fishing-smack and coach Robbie was to pursue his way to Glasgow and the world. Travellers had but few facilities in those days: the rough fishing boat across the often angry loch; the coach that in October did not run "every lawful day," but only at intervals; the absence of all comfortable accommodation would grievously affect the young men nowadays who set out in a sleeping carriage from the depths of the Highlands to take their berths in a P. and O. Robbie thought of none of these luxuries which were not yet invented. His parting from his father and brother was not emotional: all that had been got over when the group about the doors had waved their last good-bye. He was more anxious

about the portmanteaux, upon which he looked with honest pride, and which contained among many other things the defective half-dozen of handkerchiefs. Ronald Drummond met him at the side of the loch with his boxes, which contained a more ample outfit than Robbie's and the sword-case which had been in the Peninsula, a distinction which drew all eyes. "It's me the next", Jock shouted as a parting salutation, as the brown sail was hoisted and the boat, redolent of herrings, carried the two adventurers away.

"Weel," said Marg'ret, "the laddie's gane, and good go with him. It's ane less to think of and fend for. And we must just all go back to our work. Whoever comes or whoever goes, I have aye my dinner to think of, and the clean clothes to be put into the drawers, and the stockings to darn a' the same."

"If you'll put an iron to the fire, Marg'ret, I'll come and do the collars," said Mary, "he was always so particular, poor Robbie. There will be no fyke now with trying to please him."

"I cannot settle to work," said Kirsteen, "and I will not. I'm not just a machine for darning stockings. I wish I was Robbie going out into the world."

"Oh, Kirsteen, come and see the rabbits he gave me," said Jeanie. "He would not trust one of them to the boys, but gave them to me. Come and take them some lettuce leaves. It will keep us in mind of Robbie." There was perhaps some danger that the recollection of the brother departed would not last very long. So many had gone before him and there were still others to go.

But Kirsteen avoided Jeanie and the rabbits and suddenly remembered something she had to get at the "merchant's," which was a full mile off—worsted for her mother's knitting and needles for herself, who was always, to the reprobation of the elder members of the family, losing her needles. She was glad to represent to

herself that this errand was a necessity, for a house without needles how can that be? and poor mother would be more dependent than ever on everything being right for her work, on this melancholy day. It was still quite early, about nine o'clock, and it was with a compunction that Kirsteen gave herself the indulgence of this walk. A morning away from work seemed to her almost an outrage upon life, only to be excused by the circumstances and the necessity of the errand. She walked along the familiar road not noting where she went, her thoughts far away, following the travellers, her mind full of an agitation which was scarcely sorrowful, a sort of exaltation over all that was common and ordinary. The air and the motion were good for her, they were in harmony with that condition of suppressed excitement in which from the depths of her being everything seemed bubbling up. Kirsteen's soul was like one of the clear pools of the river by which she walked, into which some clear, silvery, living thing had leaped and lived. Henceforward it was no more silent, no longer without motion. The air displaced came up in shining globules to the surface, dimpling over the water, a stir was in it from time to time, a flash, a shimmering of all the ripples. Her mind, her heart were like the pool—no longer mirroring the sky above and the pathway ferns and grasses on the edge, but something that had an independent life. She roamed along without being able to tell had any one asked her where she was. The road was a beautiful road by the side of a mountain stream, which was only called the burn, but which was big enough for trout or even now and then salmon—which ran now along the side of the hill, now diving deep down into a ravine, now half hid with big overreaching banks, now flinging forth upon a bit of open country, flowing deep among the rocks, chattering over the shallows, sometimes bass sometimes treble, an unaccountable, unreasonable, changeable stream. Red

rowan-tree berries hung over it reflecting their colour in the water. The heather on the hill came in deep russet tones of glory defeated, and the withered bracken with tints of gold, all gaining a double brilliancy from the liquid medium that returned their image. To all these things Kirsteen was so well accustomed that perhaps she did not at any time stop to note them as a stranger might have done. But to-day she did not know what was about her; she was walking in more beautiful landscapes, in the lands of imagination by the river of love, in the country of the heart. The *pays du tendre* which was ridiculous when all the fine ladies and gentlemen posed about in their high-heeled shoes is not absurd when a fresh and simple maiden crosses its boundary. She went down the glen to the merchant's and chose her wool, and bought her needles, and said a few words to the women at their doors, and shed a few more tears when they were sorry for her about her brother's going away, without ever leaving that visionary country, and came back from the village more deeply lost in it than ever, and hearing the whisper of last night in every motion of the branches and every song of the burns. "Will ye wait for me, Kirsteen?" though it was only this morning that he went away, and years and years must pass before he came back—"Ay that I will! That I will."

She had nearly reached home again, coming back from the merchant's—for even her reverie and the charm of it could not keep Kirsteen's step slow, or subdue its airy skimming tread—when she came up to the carter with his cart who had carried Robbie's luggage to Inverlorton. She stopped to speak to him, and walked along by his side timing her steps to those of his heavy slow tread and the movement of the laborious patient horse. "Did you see him, Duncan?" she said.

"Oh, ay, I saw him—and they got away fine in James Macgregor's boat; and a quick wind that would carry

them over the loch in two or three minutes."

"And how was he looking, Duncan?"

"Deed, Miss Kirsteen, very weel: he's gaun to see the world—ye canna expect a young boy like that to maen and graen. I have something here for you."

"Something for me!" She thought perhaps it was something that had been put into the gig by mistake, and was not excited, for what should there be for her? She watched with a little amusement Duncan's conflict with the different coats which had preserved his person from the night cold. He went on talking while he struggled.

"The other laddie, Jock, I left to come home with the maister in the gig. He thought it was fine—but I wouldna wonder if he was regretting Duncan and the cart—afore now. Here it is at last, and a' fecht to get it. It is a book from Maister Ronald that you gave him a loan of—or something o' that kind—if I could but mind what gentles say—"

"Gave him—a loan of—?" cried Kirsteen, breathless. She had to turn away her head not to exhibit to Duncan the overwhelming blush which she felt to cover her from head to foot. "Oh, yes—" she added after a moment, taking the little parcel from his hand, "I—mind."

Let us hope that to both of them the little fiction was forgiven. A loan of—she had nothing to lend nor had he ever borrowed from her. It was a small paper parcel, as if it contained a little book. Kirsteen never could tell how she succeeded in walking beside the carter for a few steps further, and asking him sedately about his wife and the bairns. Her heart was beating in her ears as if it would burst through. It was like a bird straining at its bonds, eager to fly away.

Then she found herself at home where she had flown like the wind, having informed Duncan that she was "in a great hurry"—but in the passage on the way to her own room, she

met Mary, who was coming from the kitchen with a number of shining white collars in her arms which she had been ironing. "Where have you been?" said Mary. "My mother has been yammering for you. Is this an hour of the day to go stravaighing for pleasure about the roads?"

Mary pronounced the last word "rods", though she prided herself on being very correct in her speech.

"Me—I have been to the merchant's for my mother's fingering for her stockings," Kirsteen said breathlessly.

"It was wheeling she wanted," said Mary with exasperating calm; "that's just like you, running for one thing when it's another that's wanted. Is that it in that small parcel like a book?"

"No, that's not it," said Kirsteen, clasping the little parcel closer and closer.

"It's some poetry-book you've had out with you to read," said her sister as if the acme of wrong-doing had been reached. "I would not have thought it of you, Kirsteen, to be reading poetry about the rods, the very morning that Robbie's gone away. And when my mother is so ill she cannot lift her head."

"I've been reading no poetry," cried Kirsteen with the most poignant sense of injury. "Let me pass, Mary. I'm going up the stair."

But it was Marg'ret now who interposed, coming out at the sound of the altercation. She said, "Miss Kirsteen, I'm making some beef-tea for the mistress. Come in like a dear and warm your hands, and ye can carry it up. It will save me another trail up and down these stairs."

Kirsteen stood for a moment obstructed on both sides with a sense of contrariety which was almost intolerable. Tears of vexation rose to her eyes. "Can I not have a moment to myself?" she cried.

"To read your poetry!" Mary called after her in her mild little exasperating voice.

"Whist, whist, my lamb, say no-

thing," said Marg'ret. "Your mother canna bide to have a talking. Never you mind what she says, think upon the mistress that's lying up there, wanting to hear everything and canna—wanting to be in the middle of everything and no equal to it. It was no that I grudge going up the stairs, but just to keep a' things quiet. And what's that you've gotten in your hand?"

"It's just a small parcel," said Kirsteen, covering it with her fingers. "It's just a—something I was buying—"

"Not sweeties," said Marg'ret solemnly, "the bairns had more than plenty last night—"

"Never you mind what it is," said Kirsteen with a burst of impatience, thrusting it into her pocket. "Give me the beef-tea and I'll take it up stairs."

Mrs. Douglas lay concealed behind her curtains, her face almost in a fluid state with constant weeping. "Oh, set it down upon the table," she said. "Do they think there's comfort in tea when a woman has parted with her bairn? And where have ye been, Kirsteen? just when I was in want of ye most: just when my head was sorest, and my heart like to break—Robbie gone, and Mary so taken up with herself, and you—out of the way—"

"I'm very sorry, mother," said poor Kirsteen. "I ran down to the merchant's to get you your yarn for your knitting. I thought you would like to have it ready."

Mrs. Douglas rocked her head back and forward on her pillow. "Do I look like a person that's thinking of yarn or of stockings, with my head aching and my heart breaking? And none of you can match a colour. Are you sure it's the same? Most likely I will just have to send Marg'ret to change it. What's that bulging out your pocket? You will tear every pocket you have with parcels in it as if ye were a lad and not a lass."

"It's only a very small thing," said Kirsteen.

"If that's the yarn ye should never let them twist it up so tight. It takes the softness all out of it. Where are ye going the moment you've come back? Am I to have nobody near me, and me both ill in body, and sore, sore distress in mind? Oh, Kirsteen, I thought ye had a truer heart."

"Mother, my heart's true," cried the girl, "and there's nothing in the world I would not do to please you. But let me go and put away my things, let me go for a moment, just for a moment. I'll be back again before you've missed me."

"You're not always so tidy to put away your things," said the invalid, "sit down there by my bedside, and tell me how my bonnie lad looked at the last. Did he keep up his heart? And was your father kind to him? And did you see that he had his keys right, and the list of all his packages? Eh me, to think I have to lie here and could not see my laddie away."

"But, mother, you have never done it," said Kirsteen, "to any of the boys—and Robbie never expected—"

"You need not mind me," said Mrs. Douglas, "of the waik creature I've always been. Aye in my bed or laid up, never good for anything. If you'll lift me up a little, Kirsteen, I might maybe try to swallow the beef tea; for eh! I have much, much need of support on such a doleful day. Now another pillow behind my back, and put the tray here; I cannot bear the sight of food, but I must not let my strength run down. Where are you going now, you restless thing? Just stay still where you are; for I cannot do without you, Kirsteen, do you hear me? The doctor says I'm never to be left by myself."

It was not till a long time after that Kirsteen was free. Her eager expectation had fallen into an aching sense of suspense, a dull pang that affected both mind and body. Instead of the rapid flight to her room full of anticipation in which she had been arrested in entering the house, she went soberly, prepared for any disenchantment. The

room was shared with her younger sister Jeanie, and it seemed quite probable that even a moment's solitude might be denied her. When she found it empty, however, and had closed the door upon herself and her secret, it was with trembling hands that she opened the little parcel. It might be the handkerchief sent back to her, it might be some other plain intimation that he had changed his mind. But when the covering was undone, Kirsteen's heart leaped up again to that sudden passion of joy and content which she had first known yesterday. The parcel contained the little Testament which Ronald had carried to church many a Sunday, a small book bound in blue morocco, a little bent and worn with use. On the flyleaf were his initials R. D., the letters of the handkerchief, and underneath C. D. freshly written. He had made rather clumsily, poor fellow, with a pencil, a sort of Runic knot of twisted lines to link the two names together. That was all. Nowadays the young lover would at least have added a letter; seventy years ago he had not thought of it. Kirsteen's heart gave a bound in her breast, and out of weariness and contradiction and all the depressing influences of the morning, swam suddenly into another world: a delicious atmosphere of perfect visionary bliss. Never were public betrothals more certain, seldom so sweet. With a timid movement, blushing at herself, she touched with her lips the letters on the title-page.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DOUGLAS of Drumcarro was the son of one of the Scotch lairds who had followed Prince Charlie, and had been attainted after the disastrous conclusion of the Forty-Five. Born in those distracted times, and learning as their very first lessons in life the expedients of a hunted man to escape his pursuers, and the anguish of the mother as to the success of these expedients, the two half-comprehending children, twin

boys, had grown up in great poverty and seclusion in a corner of a half-ruined house which belonged to their mother's father, and within cognizance of their own real home, one of the great houses of the district which had passed into alien hands. When they set out to make their fortune, at a very early age, their mother also having in the meantime died, two half-educated but high-spirited and strongly-feeling boys, they had parted with a kind of vow that all their exertions should be addressed to the task of regaining their old possessions and home, and that neither should set foot again upon that beloved alienated land until able in some measure to redeem this pledge. They went away in different directions, not unconfident of triumphantly fulfilling the mutual promise; for fame and fortune do not seem very difficult at sixteen, though so hard to acquire at a less hopeful age. Willie, the younger, went to England where some relations helped him on and started him in a mildly successful career. He was the gentlest, the least determined of the two, and fortune overtook him in a manner very soothing after his troubled boyhood in the shape of a mild competency and comfort, wife and children, and a life altogether alien to the romance of the disinherited with which he had begun.

But Neil Douglas, the elder, went further afield. He went to the West Indies, where at that period there were fortunes for the making, attended however by many accessories of which people in the next generation spoke darkly, and which still, perhaps, among unsophisticated people survive in tradition, throwing a certain stain upon the planter's fortunes. Whether these supposed cruelties and horrors were all or almost all the exaggerations of a following agitation, belonging like many similar atrocities in America to the Abolitionist imagination, is a question unnecessary to discuss. Up to the time at which this story begins, whenever Mr. Douglas of Drumcarro quarrelled with a neighbour over a

boundary line or a shot upon the hill-side, he was called "an auld slave-driver" by his opponent, with that sense of having power to exasperate and injure which gives double piquancy to a quarrel. And of him as of many another such it was told that he could not sleep of nights; that he would wake even out of an after-dinner doze with cries of remorse, and that dreams of flogged women and runaways in the marshes pursued him whenever he closed his eyes. The one thing that discredited these popular rumours among all who knew Drumcarro was that he was neither tender-hearted nor imaginative, and highly unlikely to be troubled by the recollection of severities which he would have had no objection to repeat had he had the power. The truth was that he had by no means found fortune so easily as he had hoped, and had worked in every way with a dogged and fierce determination in spite of many failures, never giving up his aim, until at last he had found himself with a little money, not by any means what he had looked for and wanted, but enough to buy a corner of his old inheritance, the little Highland estate and bare little house of Drumcarro. Hither he came on his return from Jamaica, a fierce, high-tempered, arbitrary man, by no means unworthy of the title of "auld slave-driver," so unanimously bestowed upon him by his neighbours, who, however, could not ignore the claims of his old Douglas blood however much they might dislike the man.

He had married a pretty little insipid girl, the daughter of one of his brother's friends in "the south country", who brought with her a piano and a few quickly-fading airs and graces to the Highland wilds, to sink as soon as possible into the feeble and fanciful invalid, entirely subject to her husband's firmer will and looking upon him with terror, whom the reader has already seen. Poor Mrs. Douglas had not vigour enough to make the least stand against her fate. But for Marg'ret she would have fallen at once into the domestic drudge which was

all Drumcarro understood or wanted in a wife. With Marg'ret to preserve her from that lower depth, she sank only into invalidism—into a timid complaining, a good deal of real suffering, and a conviction that she was the most sorely tried of women. But she bore her despotic husband seven boys without a blemish, robust and long-limbed lads equal to every encounter with fate. And this made him a proud man among his kind, strongly confident of vanquishing every adverse circumstance, in their persons at least, if not, as Providence seemed to have forbidden, in his own. He set his whole heart upon these boys—struggling and sparing to get a certain amount of needful education for them, not very much it must be allowed; and by every means in his power, by old relationships half-forgotten, by connections of his West Indian period, even by such share as he could take in politics, contrived to get appointments for them, one after another, either in the King's or the Company's service for India. The last was much the best of any; it was a fine service, with perpetual opportunities of fighting and of distinction, not so showy as the distinctions to be gained in the Peninsula, but with far better opportunities of getting on. The four eldest were there already, and Robbie had started to follow them. For Jock, who took to his books more kindly than the others, there was a prospect of a writership. It was more easy in those days to set young men out in the world than it is now. Your friends thought of them, your political leaders were accessible; even a passing visitor would remark the boys in your nursery and lend a friendly hand. Nobody lends a friendly hand nowadays, and seven sons is not a quiverful in which a poor man has much reason to rejoice.

On the other hand the girls at Drumcarro were left without any care at all. They were unlucky accidents, tares among the wheat, handmaids who might be useful about the house, but who had no future, no capabilities

of advancing the family, creatures altogether of no account. Men in a higher position than the Laird of Drumcarro might have seen a means of strengthening their house by alliances, through the means of four comely daughters, but the poor little Highland lairdlings, who were their only possible suitors, were not worth his trouble, and even of them the supply was few. They too went out into the world, they did not remain to marry and vegetate at home. Mr. Douglas felt that every farthing spent upon the useless female portion of his household was so much taken from the boys, and the consequence was that the girls grew up without even the meagre education then considered necessary for women, and shut out by poverty, by pride, by the impossibility of making the appearance required to do credit to the family, even from the homely gaieties of the country-side. They grew up in the wilds like the heather and the bracken, by the grace of nature, and acquired somehow the arts of reading and writing, and many housewifely accomplishments, but without books, without society, without any break in the monotony of life or prospect in their future. Their brothers had gone off one by one, depriving them in succession of the natural friends and companions of their youth. And in this way there had happened a domestic incident never now named in Drumcarro; the most awful of catastrophes in the experience of the younger members of the family. The eldest of the girls, named Anne, was the handsomest of the three elder sisters. She was of the same type of beauty which promised a still more perfect development in the little Jeanie, the youngest of the daughters; with fair hair just touched with a golden light, blue eyes soft and tender, and a complexion somewhat pale but apt to blush at any touch of sentiment or feeling into the warmest variable radiance. She sang like a bird without any training, she knew all the songs and stories of the district, and read every poetry-book she could find (they were not many—

"The Gentle Shepherd", an old copy of Barbour's "Bruce", some vagrant volumes of indifferent verse); she was full of sentiment and dreamy youthful romance without anything to feed upon. But just at the time when her favourite brother Nigel went away, and Anne was downcast and melancholy, a young doctor came temporarily to the district, and came in the usual course to see Mrs. Douglas, for whose case he recommended certain remedies impossible to be carried out, as doctors sometimes do. He advised change of air, cheerful company, and that she should be kept from everything likely to agitate or disturb her. "That's sae easy—that's sae likely," said Marg'ret under her breath. But Anne listened anxiously while the young doctor insisted upon his remedies. He came again and again, with an interest in the patient which no one had ever shown before. "If you could take her away into the sunshine—to a brighter place, where she would see new faces and new scenes." "Oh, but how could I do that", cried Anne, "when I have no place to take her to, and my father would not let me if I had?" "Oh, Miss Anne, let me speak to your father," the young man pleaded. "You shall have a pleasant house to bring your mother to, and love and service at her command if you will but listen to me." Anne listened, nothing loth, and the young doctor, with a confidence born of ignorance, afterwards asked for an interview with Drumcarro. What happened was never known; the doctor departed in great haste, pale with wrath, Mr. Douglas's voice sounding loud as the burn when in spate after him as he strode from the door; and Anne's cheeks were white and her eyes red for a week after. But at the end of that week Anne disappeared and was no more seen. Marg'ret, who had risen very early in the middle of the wintry dark, to see to some great washing or other household work, found, as was whispered through the house, a candle flickering down in the socket upon the hall-table, and the house-

door open. To blow out the last flickering flame, lest it should die in the socket and so foreshadow the extinction of the race, was Marg'ret's first alarmed precaution; and then she shut the open door, but whether she saw or heard anything more nobody ever knew. A faint picture of this scene, the rising and falling of the dying light, the cold wind blowing in from the door, the wild darkness of the winter morning, with its belated stars in a frosty sky looking in, remained in the imagination of the family surrounding the name of Anne, which from that day was never pronounced in the house. Where she went or what became of her was supposed by the young ones to be absolutely unknown. But it is to be hoped that even Drumcarro, savage as he was, ascertained the fate of his daughter even while he cursed her. It came to be understood afterwards that she had married her doctor and was happy; but that not for a long time, nor to the sisters thus taught by the tremendous force of example what a dreadful thing it was to look at any upstart doctor or minister or insignificant person without a pedigree or pretensions like their own.

This was the only shape in which love had come near the door of Drumcarro, and if there was a certain attraction even in the tragic mystery of the tale, there was not much encouragement for the others to follow Anne's example, thus banished summarily and for ever from all relations with her family. Also from that time no doctor except the old man who had brought the children into the world was ever allowed to enter those sacred doors, nor any minister younger or more seductive than Mr. Pyper. As for other ineligible persons there were none in the country-side, so that Mary and Kirsteen were safe from temptation. And thus they went on from day to day and from year to year, in a complete isolation which poverty made imperative more even than circumstances, the only event that ever happened being the departure of a

brother, or an unusually severe "attack" of their mother's continued ever-enduring illness. They were not sufficiently educated nor sufficiently endowed to put them on a par with the few high-born ladies of the district, with whom alone they would have been allowed to associate; and there was native pride enough in themselves to prevent them from forming friendships with the farmers' daughters, also very widely scattered and few in number, who, though the young ladies of Drumcarro were so little superior to themselves in any outward attribute, would have thought their acquaintance an honour. Nothing accordingly could exceed the dullness, the monotony of their lives, with no future, no occupation except their work as almost servants in their father's house, no hope even of those vicissitudes of youth which sometimes in a moment change a young maiden's life. All was bald and gray about them, everything but the scenery, in which, if there is nothing else, young minds find but an imperfect compensation. Mary indeed had a compensation of another kind in the comfortable apathy of a perfectly dull and stolid character, which had little need of the higher acquirements of life. But Kirsteen with her quick temper and high spirit and lively imagination was little adapted for a part so blank. She was one of those who make a story for themselves.

CHAPTER VI.

MARG'RET was perhaps the only individual in the world who dared to remonstrate with Mr. Douglas as to the neglect in which his daughters were losing their youth and all its pleasures and hopes. Aunt Eelen it is true made comments from time to time. She said: "Puir things, what will become of them when Neil's deed? They've neither siller nor learning; and no chance of a man for one of them that I can see." "And yet they're bonnie lasses," said the sympathetic

neighbour to whom on her return home after Robbie's departure she made this confidence. "Oh, they're well enough, but with a silly mother and a father that's just a madman, what can any person do for them?" Miss Eelen Douglas was not quite assured in her own mind that it was not her duty to do something for her young relations, and she took a great deal of pains to prove to herself that it was impossible.

"What if you had them over at the New Year? There's aye something going on, and the ball at the Castle."

"The ball at the Castle!" cried Miss Eelen with a scream, "And what would they put on to go to the ball at the Castle? Potatoes and dishelouts? Na, na, I'm of his mind so far as that goes. If they cannot appear like Drumcarro's daughters, they are best at home."

"Bless me," said the kind neighbour, "a bit white frock is no ruinous. If it was only for a summer Sabbath to go to the kirk in, they must have white frocks."

"Ruinous or no ruinous it's more than he'll give them," said Miss Eelen, shutting up her thin lips as if they had been a purse. She was very decided that the white frocks could not come from her. And indeed her means were very small, not much more than was absolutely necessary to maintain her little house and the one maid who kept her old mahogany and her old silver up to the polish which was necessary. Naturally all her neighbours and her cousin Neil, who hoped to inherit from her, exaggerated Miss Eelen's income. But though she was poor, she had a compunction. She felt that the white frocks ought to be obtained somehow, if even by the further pinching of her own already pinched living, and that the great chance of the ball at the Castle ought to be afforded to Drumcarro's neglected girls. And she had to reason with herself periodically as to the impossibility of this, demonstrating how it was that she could not do it, that it was not her part to do it, that if the

father and the mother saw no necessity, how was she, a cousin once removed, to take it upon her? For though they called her aunt she was in reality Niel Douglas of Drumcarro's cousin and no more. Notwithstanding all these arguments a compunction was always present in Miss Eelen's worn out yet not extinguished heart.

"Besides," she began again more briskly, "what would be the use? Ye'll no suppose that Lord John or Lord Thomas would offer for Drumcarro's lasses. They're as good blood, maybe better; for it's cauld watery stuff that rins in those young lads' veins. But Neil Douglas is a poor man; if he had all or the half that rightly belongs to him, it would be anither matter. We'll say nothing about that. I'm a Douglas myself, and it just fires me up when I think of it. But right or wrong, as I'm saying, Drumcarro's a poor man, and it's no in the Castle his lasses will find mates. And he's a proud man. I think upon Anne, *puir thing*, and I cannot say another word. Na, na, it's just a case where nobody can interfere."

"But Miss Anne's very happy, and plenty of everything, as I hear."

"Happy, and her father's doors closed upon her, and her name wiped out as if she were dead, far more than if she were dead! And bearing a name that no man ever heard of, her, a Douglas!" Miss Eelen's gray cheek took on a flush of colour at the thought. She shook her head, agitating the little gray ringlets on her forehead. "Na, na," she said, "I'm vexed to think upon the poor things—but I cannot interfere."

"Maybe their father, if you were to speak to him—"

"Me speak to him! I would as soon speak to Duncan Nicol's bull. My dear, ye ken a great deal," said Miss Eelen with irony, "but ye do not ken the Douglasses. And that's all that can be said."

This, however, was not all that a more devoted friend, the only one they had who feared neither Drumcarro nor

anything else in the world, in their interests, found to say. Marg'ret was not afraid of Drumcarro. Even she avoided any unnecessary encounter with "the auld slave-driver", but when it was needful to resist or even to assail him, she did not hesitate. And this time it was not resistance but attack. She marched into the Laird's room with her head held high, trumpets playing and banners flying, her broad white capstrings finely starched and streaming behind her with the impulse of her going, an unusual colour in her cheeks, her apron folded over one hand, the other free to aid the eloquence of her speech. Several months had passed in great quiet, the little stir of Robbie's departure having died away along with the faint excitement of the preparations for his departure, the making of his linen, the packing of his portmanteaux. All had relapsed again into perfect dulness and the routine of every day. Jamie, the next boy, was only fourteen; a long time must elapse before he was able to follow his brother into the world, and until his time should come there was no likelihood of any other event stirring the echoes at Drumcarro. As for Marg'ret, the routine was quite enough for her. To think what new variety of scone she could make for their tea, how she could adapt the remains of the grouse to make a little change, or improve the flavour of the trout, or compound a beef-tea or a pudding which would tempt her mistress to a spoonful more, was diversion enough for Marg'ret among the heavier burdens of her work. But the bairns—and above all Kirsteen, who was her special darling. Kirsteen had carried her head very high after Robbie went away. She had been full of musings and of dreams, she had smiled to herself and sung to herself fragments of a hundred little ditties, even amid the harassments of her sick mother's incessant demands, and all the dulness of her life. But after a month or two that visionary delight had a little failed, the chill of abandonment, of loneliness, of a life

shut out from every relaxation, had ceased to be neutralised by the secret inspiration which kept the smile on her lips and the song in her heart. Kirsteen had not forgotten the secret which was between her and Ronald, or ceased to be sustained by it; but she was young, and the parting, the absence, the silence had begun to tell upon her. He was gone; they were all gone, she said to herself. With everything in the world to sustain the young sufferer, that chill of absence is always a sad one. And her cheerfulness, if not her courage, had flagged. Her heart and her head had drooped in spite of herself. She had been found moping in corners, "thinking", as she had said, and she had been seen with her eyes wet, hastily drying the irrepressible tears. "Kirsteen greetin'!" One of the boys had seen it, and mocked her with a jibe, of which afterwards he was much ashamed; and little Jeanie had seen it, and had hurried off awestricken to tell Marg'ret, "Kirsteen was in the parlour just with nobody, and greetin' like to break her heart."

"Hoot awa' with ye, it'll be that auld pain in her head," said Marg'ret sending the little girl away. But this report brought affairs to a crisis. "The bairn shall not just be left to think and think," she said to herself, adding however prudently, "no if I can help it." Marg'ret had managed one way or other to do most things she had set her heart upon, but upon this she could not calculate. Drumcarro was not a man to be turned easily from his evil ways. He was a "dour man." The qualities which had enabled him in the face of all discouragement to persevere through failure and disappointment until he had at last gained so much if no more and become Drumcarro, were all strong agents against the probability of getting him to yield now. He had his own theories of his duty, and it was not likely that the representations of his housekeeper would change them. Still Marg'ret felt that she must say her say.

He was seated by himself in the

little room which was specially his own, in the heaviness of the afternoon. Dinner was over, and the air was still conscious of the whisky and water which had accompanied it. A peat fire burned with an intense red glow and his chair and shabby writing-table were drawn close to it. No wonder then that Drumcarro dozed when he retired to that warm and still seclusion. Marg'ret took care not to go too soon, to wait until the afternoon nap was over; but the Laird's eyes were still heavy when she came in. He roused himself quickly with sharp impatience; though the doze was habitual he was full of resentment at any suspicion of it. He was reading in his room; this was the version of the matter which he expected to be recognised in the family: a man nowadays would say he had letters to write, but letters were not so universal an occupation then. A frank or an opportunity, a private hand, or sure messenger with whom to trust the missive were things of an occasional occurrence which justified correspondence; but it was not a necessity of every day. Mr. Douglas made no pretence of letters. He was reading; a much crumpled newspaper which had already passed through several hands was spread out on the table before him. It was a Glasgow paper, posted by the first reader the day after publication to a gentleman on Loch Long, then forwarded by him to Inveralton, thence to Drumcarro. Mr. Pyper at the Manse got it at fourth hand. It would be difficult to trace its wanderings after that. The Laird had it spread upon his table, and was bending over it, winking one eye to get it open when Marg'ret pushed open the door. She did not knock, but she made a great deal of noise with the handle as she opened it, which came to much the same thing.

"Well," he said turning upon her snappishly, "what may ye be wanting now?"

"I was wanting—just to say something to ye, Drumcarro, if it's convenient to ye," Margaret said.

"What do ye want? That's your way of asking, as I know well. What ails ye now, and what long story have ye to tell? The sooner it's begun, the sooner it will be ended," he said.

"There is truth in that," replied Marg'ret sedately; "and I canna say I am confident ye will be pleased with what I'm going to say. For to meddle between a father and his bairns is no a pleasant office, and one that is but a servant in the house."

"And who may this be," said Mr. Douglas grimly, "that is coming to interfere between a father and his bairns,—meaning me and my family, as I'm at liberty to judge?"

Marg'ret looked her master in the face, and made him a slight but serious curtsy. "'Deed, sir, it's just me," she said.

"You!" said the Laird with all the force of angry indignation which he could throw into his voice. He roused himself to the fray, pushing up his spectacles upon his forehead. "You're a bonny one," he said, "to burst into a gentleman's private room on whatever errand—let alone meddling in what's none of your concerns."

"If ye think sae, sir," said Marg'ret, "that's just anither point we dinna agree about; for if there's a mair proper person to speak to ye about your bairns than the person that has brought them up, and carried them in her arms, and made their parritch and mended their clo'es all their life, I'm no acquaint with her. Eh me, what am I saying? There is anither that has a better right—and that's their mother. But she's your wife, your lamb, and ye ken weel that ye've sae daunted her, and sae bowed her down, that if ye were to take a' their lives she would never get out a word."

"Did she send ye here to tell me so?" cried Drumcarro.

"But me," said Marg'ret unheeding the question, "I'm no to be daunted neither by words nor looks. I'm nae man's wife, the Lord be thankit."

"Ye may well say that," said the Laird, seizing an ever-ready weapon, "for it's well known ye never could

get a man to look the way ye were on."

Marg'ret paused for a moment and contemplated him, half moved by the jibe, but with a slight wave of her hand put the temptation away. "I'm no to be put off by only remarks ye can make, sir," she said; "maybe ye think ye ken my affairs better than I do, for well I wot I ken yours better than you. You're no an ill father to your lads. I would never say sae, for it wouldna' be true; ye do your best for them and grudge naething. But the lasses are just as precious a gift from their Maker as their brothers, and what's ever done for them? They're just as neglectit as the colley dogues: na, far mair, for the colleys have a fine training to make them fit for their work—whereas our young ladies, the Lord bless them—"

"Well," said the father sharply, "and what have you to with the young ladies? Go away with you to your kitchen, and heat your girdle and make your scones. That's your vocation. The young ladies I tell ye are no concern of yours."

"Whose concern should they be when neither father nor mother take any heed?" said Marg'ret. "Maister Douglas, how do you think your bonnie lads would have come through if they had been left like that and nobody caring? There's Miss Kirsteen is just as clever and just as good as any one o' them; but what is the poor thing's life worth if she's never to see a thing, nor meet a person out of Drumcarro House? Ye ken yoursel' there's little company in Drumcarro House—you sitting here and the mistress maybe in her bed, and neither kin nor friend to say a pleasant word. Lord bless us a'! I'm twice her age and mair: but I would loup ower the linn the first dark day, if I was like that lassie without the sight of a face or the sound of a voice of my ain kind."

"You're just an auld fool," said Drumcarro, "the lassie is as well off as any lassie needs to be. Kirsteen—oh ay, I mind now, ye have always

made a pet of Kirsteen. It's maybe that that has given her her bold tongue and set that spark in her eye."

"Na," said Marg'ret, "it was just her Maker did that, to make her ane of the first in the land if them she belongs to dinna shut her up in a lonesome glen in a dull hoose. But naeboddy shall say I'm speaking for Kirsteen alone; there's your bonny little Jeanie that will just be a beauty. Where she got it I canna tell, ony mair than I can tell where Kirsteen got her grand spirit and yon light in her ee. No from her poor mother, that was a bonny bit thing in her day, but never like that. Jeanie will be just the flower o' the haill country-side, if ye can ca' it a country-side that's a' howkit out into glens and tangled with thae lochs and hills. If she were in a mair open country there's no a place from Ayr to Dumfries but would hear of her for her beauty in twa or three years' time. Ye may say beauty's but skin deep, and I'm saying nothing to the contrary; but it's awfu' pleasant to the sight of men; and I'll just tell you this, Drumcarro—though it's maybe no a thing that's fit for me to say—there's no a great man in a' the land that bairn mightna' marry if she had justice done her. And maybe that will move ye, if naething else will."

A gleam had come into Drumcarro's eyes as she spoke, but he answered only by a loud and harsh laugh, leaning back in his chair and opening wide a great cavern of a mouth. "The deil's in the woman for marrying and giving in marriage!" he said, "A bit lassie in a peenny? It's a pity the Duke marrieth, Marg'ret, but it cannot be mended. If she's to get a prince he'll come this way when she's old enough. We'll just wait till that time comes."

"The time has come for the rest,

if no for her," said Marg'ret, unexpectedly encouraged by this tone. "And eh? if ye would but think, they're young things, and youth comes but ance in a lifetime, and ye can never win it back when it's past. The laddies, bless them, are all away to get their share; the lassies will never get as much, but just a bit triflin' matter—a white gown to go to a party, or a sight of Glasgow, or—"

"The woman's daft!" said the Laird. "Glasgow! what will they do there? a white gown! a fiddlestick—what do they want that they haven't got—plenty of good meat, and a good roof over their heads, and nothing to do for't but sew their seams and knit their stockings and keep a pleasant tongue in their heads. If ye stir up nonsense among them, I'll just turn ye bag and baggage out of my house."

"I would advise ye to do that sir," said Marg'ret calmly. "I'll no need a second telling. And ye'll be sorry but ance for what ye have done, and that'll be a' your life."

"Ye saucy jade!" said the Laird: but though he glared at her with fiery eyes, he added no more on this subject. "The lassies!" he said, "a pingling set aye wanting something! To spend your money on feeding them and clothing them, that's not enough it would appear! Ye must think of their finery, their parties and their pleasures. Tell Kirsteen she must get a man to do that for her. She'll have no nonsense from me."

"And where is she to get a man? And when she has gotten a man—the only kind that will come her gait—"

Mr. Douglas rose up from his chair, and shook his clenched fist. Rage made him dumb. He stammered out an oath or two, incapable of giving vent to the torrent of wrath that came to his lips. But Marg'ret did not wait till his utterances became clear.

(To be continued.)

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MAROONED.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RESCUED.

THE wind fortunately did not increase when the darkness fell, but the gloom of the night gave so stormy an aspect to the ocean that you would have thought it blew as hard again as it did. I cannot express how dismal was the appearance of the weltering liquid blackness in whose heart our tiny ark laboured, one moment flung to the sight of the stars, the next plunged into the momentary stagnation and midnight of the Atlantic trough, with long dashes of pale foam heaving like great winding-sheets all about us, and the slender moon leaping with a troubled silver face from the rims of the flying clouds, to render the picture ghastly with the cold, death-like complexion of her light. There was to be no couch for Miss Grant at the bottom of the boat. The fabric rode well, and took but very little water over the bows; but the wet came in fast through the showering of the spray off the seas curling into foam ahead of us, and obliged me again and again to bale, though it occupied but a very little while to free us.

My companion sat beside me in the stern sheets, to which place indeed I had transported most of our little cargo of fruit, water, and the like, that the combined weight aft might give the boat's nose a good cock-up for the run of the surge. Happily, though

it all looked chill as a wintry Channel scene, the wind blew warm, wet as it was; and the water was warm, too, with the first touch of it, though, to be sure, if you let it lie long trickling upon your face the breeze made it frosty. Conversation was out of the question. The roaring of the near seas drowned our voices. To render ourselves audible we had to put our lips to each other's ear, sheltering our mouths even then with the hand against the blast, that would otherwise have clipped our words away as you'd snick the twig from a bough with a pair of shears. I saw that the night was to be a fearfully trying one for us both. My own attention was kept so much on the strain by observing the plunges of the boat, and watching the seas rolling at and past us, that I protest my very soul ached as if it were some physical faculty in me. Our misery, too, was increased by the obligation to keep seated. In calm water, as you have seen, we moved about and eased our cramped limbs by passing to the end of the little craft, or by standing; but now we durst not stir, not only for fear of throwing the boat out of trim, but lest we should be flung overboard by one of her many extravagant leaps.

Thus passed the time. I occupied my mind by considering what we should do on the morrow, if the dawn found us alive and the weather moderated. The one ship we had seen at

sundown made me hope that others might show next day; but I could not forget that we made but a minute speck on this mighty surface, invisible at a very short distance away, and that our chance of being picked up must lie in a vessel passing close to us.

It was shortly before two in the morning, as I might guess by the passage of the stars, that the wind slackened, shifted into the south-west, and hung there a soft and pleasant breeze, with a thinning away of the clouds, a brighter glory of starlight, a more diamond-like edge to the curl of the moon now sailing low, and a spreading out of the sea into a large, round swell, the sleepy cradling of which was like a benediction to the senses after the sharp, snarling curses of the surges which had been racking our bones and bewildering our brains for hours. We sat talking awhile, but my companion's voice was broken by weariness, and presently she made no answer to some question I put, and on looking at her I saw that she had fallen asleep. I supported her as before, but it was not long ere I was nodding too. Her soft and regular respiration was an invitation to slumber; the rhythmic swing of the boat, too, was poppy-like in its influence. My eyelids turned into lead, my chin sunk upon my breast.

I was startled by a voice hailing me. It aroused me from a nightmare, and I woke in a fright. It was daylight, so I must have slept for an hour and a half.

"Boat ahoy!"

I started to the cry that came ringing harsh and loud close aboard, and Miss Grant opened her eyes and sat erect, with an exclamation of astonishment, and a lifting up of the hands as though to fend off some phantasmal object. The sun was just rising, and his first beam like a living lance of light came hurling along the swelling surface of the waters, which brightened out to the stretching of that magic wand of glory into dainty turquoise even as you looked.

"Boat ahoy, I say!"

I turned, and then sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. Close astern of us, within toss of a biscuit, lay a little fore-and-aft schooner, with her canvas shaking to the light south-westerly wind into the very eye of which her jibboom pointed. She was a craft of some twenty-five tons, painted black, sitting low on the water, a beautiful model to the eye, schooner-rigged as I have said, her canvas old and grimy and liberally patched, her masts badly stayed, the standing rigging gray for want of tar. A fellow in a red shirt and a blue cap, like a French smacksman's, leaned with his bare arms upon the rail, staring at us with a face of a dark yellow. Over the forecastle bulwarks were the heads of four negroes attired in bright colours, and another negro stood at the long slender tiller that swayed in his hand, whilst he gazed at us with his mouth open behind the yellow-faced man. All these details were swept upon my mind with photographic swiftness and fidelity.

I cried out: "For God's sake, take us on board. You shall be handsomely repaid for any trouble we give you. We have out-lived a terrible night, and are in the greatest distress, and must perish if you do not receive us."

"Can yah manage to scull dah boat 'longside, d'yah tink?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried, "oh, yes!"

I whipped out my knife, sprang forward deliriously, dragged at the sea-anchor, hauled it streaming into the boat, severed the ligatures, and seizing a paddle floundered aft with it, and fell to sculling the boat towards the schooner. Once a horrible swooning feeling seized me, and I was forced to pause to rally my senses, on which the yellow man bawled out, "Look out for dis yee-rie line," and hove a coil of rope into the boat, which Miss Grant caught, and we were dragged alongside. I thrust my companion's parcel of letters and jewellery into my pocket, and helped her up the side. But the moment we gained the deck the brave

and beautiful girl broke down. She hid her face and sobbed bitterly. Her emotion was tonical as an obligation upon me to bear up, otherwise I believe I should have given way as weakly as any woman, so true it is that sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first. I drew her gently to the side, longing to soothe her with a lover's caress, though I started to the mere fancy of such a thing and half turned from her, for now that we stood upon a vessel's deck again she seemed to slip magically back to the old bearings she had aboard the Iron Crown. It was the mere sensitiveness in my humour then, no doubt, but I felt it as a sudden chill at my heart, that my lovely associate on the island, my patient, tender, heroic companion of the boat, had changed into Miss Aurelia Grant merely, the young lady whom I was escorting to Rio to oblige my cousin, who would marry her on her arrival.

She looked at me through her tears, smiling.

"What would yah like done wid dis yeerie boat, sah?" exclaimed the yellow-faced man.

"Get her aboard, if you please," said I, "or take her in tow, or cast her adrift. She's of no use to us now, thank God."

"Them rugs is yourn, I reckon?" said the man.

"Yes," I answered; "I shall be glad to have them. We may need them here."

He took a look at the boat, and then ran his eye along the little schooner's deck in a sort of calculating way, and exclaimed, "Tain't good enough to send de likes of her adrift. Dere's room yeerie, I guess. Hi! Toby, Hebenazer, Jupiter, lay aft, you tree dam niggers, and get dis boat inboards. Daddy, jump for dah luff-tackle; jump, mah Hafriean, and stop scratching your head. Quick an' lively's dah word all roun' now."

He clapped his hands, and fell to cutting several queer capers, as though striving to work himself up into a

state of excitement, perhaps with a notion of putting life into his niggers. Indeed, he was the oddest figure that could be imagined. His nose was that of the negro, and his mouth so twisted, whether by disease or disaster, that the left-hand corner of it was on a line with his right nostril, whilst the rest of it went up into his cheek in the shape of the paring of a finger-nail. One eye was larger than the other, the dusk of them indicating African blood. His beauty was further improved by a strange growth of short black hair upon his chin, every fibre as wide apart as the teeth of a comb, and as coarse as the bristles of a hog. There was the negro twang in his voice, and he seemed incapable of speaking without hallooing. He wore, in addition to the cap and shirt I have already named, a pair of dirty duck trousers which ran flowing to his naked yellow feet; but grotesquely ugly as he was—and the more so for the contrast of his twisted, guinea-coloured face betwixt his old blue cap and faded red shirt—he could not have been more beautiful in my sight than had he been one of those dewy, ambrosial, lovely spirits who, in "Paradise Lost," with flaming lances keep the devil at a respectful distance from the sleeping Adam and his wife.

All was now bustle; the negroes walloped about, tumbling into the boat, bawling out like school-boys at play, and making the craft we had vacated splash as though they would capsize her. Amidst the utmost confusion, the little craft's nose was got to the gangway, the block of the luff-tackle hooked on to the ringbolt in the stem, and then all hands came aboard to hoist her in. The fellow at the helm left it to help, and though my emotions just then leaned very little to the side of merriment, I laughed till I was breathless at the contortions of the blacks as they pulled in company with the yellow man, every dusky throat delivering a yell with each drag on its own account; till all at once, just as the bows of the boat

were showing over the side, crack! the fall of the tackle parted, down tumbled the negroes in a heap, with the yellow man on top of them, where they spurred and kicked at one another like a lump of spiders in the bottom of a glass, filling the air with execrations and shouts, whilst they rolled over and over in an inextricable muddle of black faces, cucumber shanks, red, yellow, and white head-gear, and shirts that threatened to become rags in a very little while if the sport went on.

I looked for the boat and found her under water, floating with just the line of her gunwales above the surface, and the rugs, shawls, umbrellas, and the like quietly sinking past her in the blue heave of the swell. The yellow man scrambled out of the twisting group with his cap gone; and now he proved himself uglier than had been at all conjecturable whilst his head was covered, for he was ~~as~~ bald as a turnip down to the semi-circle where his wiry hair bushed out thick as the frill of a Persian cat and as coarse as cocoa-nut fibre. In fact his bald head showed now like the top of an ostrich's egg stuck in the hair of a mattress. He ran to look at the boat, and when he saw she was under water he yelled out, "Yah dingy villains! Look at yah work, yah black piggies!" and in a paroxysm of rage stooped his head and went butt in for the first negro at hand; but Ebenezer, as the black was called, was too sharp for him; he sprang aside, and the yellow man drove head foremost against the single old pump that stood before the mainmast. The blow that he fetched himself would have lasted a white man for a lifetime, but it appeared to cause the fellow no further inconvenience than was to be remedied by a brief spell of rubbing. I was getting tired of all this.

"Better get the block unhooked and let the boat go," said I. "What I want has floated out of her, and there's nothing left in the locker that's worth the saving. Besides, I want to have

a talk with you. You'll lose nothing by shoving ahead."

"Right yah are," he answered. "Jump now, some black debbil, and free de block. Way 'loft, way 'loft, Toby, and bring dot tackle down."

He looked about him for his cap, found it, put it on his head, and came aft to where Miss Grant and I had seated ourselves on some small raised contrivance just abaft the rudder-head.

"What's the name of this schooner?" said I.

"Dah Orphan, sah," he answered.

"Where are you bound to, may I ask?"

"We're out a-wrecking," he answered. Then seeing I did not understand, he added: "Dah Orphan's a wrecking craft dat wisits dah islands 'way from Providence down to Inaguey and dah Mona passage, to see what's to be got 'long shore."

I understood him now, for I had heard of such vessels.

"You hail from Nassau, I suppose?"

"Yaas," he said, "dat's my country," inspecting first Miss Grant and then myself with growing curiosity.

"I may take it you're captain here?"

"Dat's so, sah."

"Your name, pray?" said I.

"Capt'n Emilius Jeremiah Ducrow," he answered, drawing himself up, and speaking slowly and emphatically.

"Well, Captain Ducrow," said I, preserving my gravity with an effort that was the harder for the demureness I noticed in Miss Grant's face, "before I tell you our story, let me thank you from the very bottom of my heart—and, of course, I speak for this lady as for myself—for your handsome and timely rescue of us. God knows how it must have been with us both had succour been delayed. I can afford to pay you for any services you may render us, and I simply tell you this, that you may know you and your little ship's company will not be losers by

your complying with any request I may make you."

He kicked out with his heel as he scraped a bow at me, and said: "I see yah a gent. I witness it troo dah accent of yah language. Dere's nebbber no mistakin' a gent. I mix in fust-class company ashore myself, and could tell perlite breedin' blindfold by de mere smell of him. Now, den," he roared, suddenly turning and looking forward, "get dat gangway shipped. Tunder and slugs! 'tain't dinner-time yet, yah blooming shark-fishes, and so I tells yah. Lay aft to dis hellum, Moses. Beg a t'ousand pardons, sah," he continued, rounding upon me with another scrape and a kick-up behind, "but niggers is de most excrooshatin' people to manage. Dey works 'pon your temper more nor aching teef," saying which he extended his arms, drooping his yellow hands, whilst he turned his head from the direction in which he seemed to point, with his face puckered up into an expression of loathing which the twist of his mouth rendered monstrously ugly and comical.

"Well, now," said I, "I want to tell you our story, but before I begin, I should be glad to know if there's anything to eat aboard this little hooker."

"Oh, yes, sah; dere's eating to be had—middling coarse, jest sailor's eating, sah; not fit for dis lubly lady," bowing low to Miss Grant, "but dah best Capt'n Ducrow can perwide."

"We have not had bite nor sup since last night," said I. "What can you give us?"

"Will yah hab it yeerie or in dah cabin?" he inquired.

"Here," said I, making a shrewd guess at the temperature below.

He called to one of the negroes and told him to put a pot of chocolate upon the fire, then to lay aft with a bit of cold salt beef, ship's biscuits, plates, and the like; "And bear a hand, mah humming-bird," he said, "for 'tain't dinner-time yet, yah know. Now, sah," he continued, addressing

me, assuming a fine air of dignity in his manner, "whilst dah wittles is making ready I shall be glad ob yah story."

I at once went to work and related our adventures, and on coming to an end I asked him if he could give me news of the Iron Crown.

He answered no, he had not heard of the vessel, but that he had learnt about a fortnight ago, though he could not recollect the source whence he had received the intelligence, that a vessel bound to Porto Rico had been spoken, and reported that she had on board four men, whom she had found adrift in an open boat, and that the fellows said they had gone in search of a man and lost their ship in thick weather; "And I believe, sah," said Captain Ducrow, "dat dah name of dah wessel dey gave was dah Iron Crown; but I won't swear to it, for I ain't got no memory worf speaking of, 'cept for poetry."

Here he sent a languishing look at Miss Grant.

"For poetry!" I rapped out. "Do you know," I exclaimed, turning to my companion, "that this looks uncommonly like as though poor old Gordon and his men had been picked up."

"I hope so," she answered; "and it seems so indeed. It will diminish by so much the horror of our memories of the ship. And four men too, Mr. Musgrave! That must mean that the poor cabin-boy was recovered."

"Pray, captain," said I, "which is the nearest port hereabouts; some civilized place of houses and ships, I mean, where we may be able to put ourselves in the way of getting to Rio?"

He looked steadfastly around the horizon as though seeking for information on the gleaming sea-line, and then gazing at me with one eye shut full of thought, he exclaimed, "Dere'll be nufften nearer than Nassoo."

"And how far off will that be?" said I—"in the shape of time, I mean."

"Well, maybe a week, maybe a month. Dere's no predicating ob de winds. Perhaps yah know dem bootiful lines, miss—

Sometimes dah gale blow high,
Ho! an' sometimes dah breeze blow small;
Sometimes it breeves in a sigh,
An' sometimes it blows in a squall.

But ho, my lub, and my lub! Most often when I pants to get at yah, down yeeirie it don't blow at all!

"You didn't happen to know dem wereses p'r'aps, miss?"

Miss Grant answered no, smiling.

"Waal, I ask 'cause dey're mine. When sung to dah accompaniment—"

"Beg your pardon, Captain Ducrow," said I, breaking in here, "but I want to settle some plan with you, for we're in a great hurry to get to Rio, and if you'll help us to arrive there you shall do so on your own terms. What do you advise now?"

This reference to his judgment flattered him. He drew himself up, folded his arms, and cocked his eye thoughtfully at the sky, with the air of a man who recognizes his opportunity, and means to make the most of it.

"Tell yah what," he suddenly exclaimed, "take mah advice, and let me bowl yah to Havanna. Dere's breezes to be trusted off de Bahama Bank."

"All right," said I. "Havanna will suit very well. And now to square the matter off whilst we're upon it—what about the passage-money?"

Again he struck an attitude with another squint aloft, then fell to counting upon his fingers, as it were, whilst his lips moved. He uttered a few disconnected syllables. "De grub—lost time yeeirie—nuffen p'r'aps 'long shore arter all;" then bringing his eyes to me, and staring a little without speaking, he exclaimed, "Say fifty dollar apiece?"

"You shall have it," said I, pulling out my pocket-book, and giving him

a sight of some Bank of England notes in it.

The negro now came along, bearing the meal that had been ordered. A small carpenter's bench was brought from forward, a piece of sailcloth spread over it, and Miss Grant and I fell to. The beef proved a piece of corned buffalo hump, and, speaking for myself, it ate with extraordinary relish after our three weeks of turtle and crawfish. Even out of the flinty biscuit I could get enjoyment, whilst the chocolate was as well made and as handsomely frothed as any I ever tasted ashore. Captain Ducrow stood by us whilst we breakfasted. I asked him to join us; but he said his own breakfast of tea, biscuit, and molasses would be coming along shortly, and he'd rather wait. I then asked him if he could tell me the name and situation of the island we had been marooned upon.

"Waal," says he, "I've been t'inking hard 'pon dat berry question whilst yah've been feeding, but what island it can be passes my apprehenshun, sah. 'Tain't Watling, dat's sartin; 'tain't Rum nor Samana. Your resemblance ain't nuffin like him. 'Tain't Guihaney, nor Planas, nor Cockus" (Caicos, I presume). He added, with an air of desperation, "De debbil only knows what island it is."

I was nearly telling him that we had left the most of our traps behind us, but on reflection I thought it was best to say nothing about that. Wherever the island might be, it now certainly lay out of our course. Time must be spent in seeking and making it, and time grew doubly precious when I cast my eye at the little companion-hatch, and reflected upon the sort of accommodation that awaited us below, and how for that, if for no other reason, we could not be in too great a hurry to end this trip. Our baggage would of course have been serviceable to us, but its recovery was not worth the delay of a deviation. And then, again, I believe the mere notion of going to that island afresh, lying off

it, having it in view along with all its melancholy associations of hopelessness and privations, would have grievously depressed Miss Grant, as it must certainly have affected me, even into a superstitious dread that the mere loom of it above the sea-line would prove prophetic of further disasters to us.

When we had finished breakfast I asked Captain Ducrow what sort of accommodation he could furnish the lady with below.

"I can't praise him, I can't praise him," he answered, with a solemn shake of his head, to which the swinging of the tassel of his cap imparted additional emphasis; "but yah shall see him for yourself, sah;" with which he led the way to the companion, and down the three of us went. The small skylight lay open, but it was a stifling little cabin for all that, about the size of a North Sea smack's, with a tiny room bulkheaded out of it, to which Captain Ducrow pointed, exclaiming, "Dat's where I lies, sah; but it is dah duty of ebery gent to make room for dah ladies"—here he scraped another convulsive bow at Miss Grant—"and if you will hab dah grace, ma'm, to hoccupy him till we gets to Havanna, he'll be all de sweeter for me to use again. Dat's it, I reckon, and so, mam'selle, he is werry moosh at your service."

"Ah, captain," said I, "I see now what a fine poet you are. Upon my word, Miss Grant, there's no finished courtier could have turned a neater speech."

The fellow grinned so exceedingly with his twisted mouth, that you would have thought the emotion of delight must have ended in the wringing of one side of his face clean off the other.

"It all comes ob mixing in fust-class company," he said, in a voice whose natural negro huskiness was thickened yet more by excess of gratification. "Tain't all nature in this yeerie yearth. Nebber knew a rale genteel man as didn't git his polishing from dah elbows

of dah fust-class crowd he shoves in 'mongst. Yah may take it for dah Lord's truff, sah—"

I interrupted him. "Any cock roaches here, Captain Ducrow?"

"Waal, yaas; more'n one family, I'se afereed."

"Nothing worse, I hope?"

"Nebber's nuffin worse where dere's cockroaches," he said; "dah cockroach eats up what's worse."

"It's a pity," said I to Miss Grant, "that your hammock went overboard. We could have made shift to swing it in this bit of a room. However, you'll want a place to sleep in, and we can't do better than accept Captain Ducrow's kind offer."

So it was arranged that the skipper should clear out his traps, leaving the bunk bare for the reception of a square of sailcloth, which, with a roll of the same stuff for a pillow, would provide my companion with a clean couch at all events. As for myself, I told Ducrow that one of his lockers in the cabin would supply me with as good a bed as I needed. On my asking him where he meant to sleep, he pointed to a hole in the cabin bulkhead forward, which I found to be a sort of bunk-place like to the orifices in which the hardy smacksmen aboard a certain type of vessels stretch their weary, sea-booted limbs when they turn in. This being settled, we returned on deck, glad to escape from the stifling little cabin.

The hours slipped by, the blue swell came running out of the south-west, with the fresh but burning breeze flashing off the heads of the brimming brine into our patched and grimy spread of cloths, under whose pressure the schooner swept along with the subtlety of the shark, and with such a whipping of her ill-stayed spars to every jump as made one look at times to see them go overboard. They rigged up a sort of awning for us, and under it Miss Grant and I sat throughout the greater part of the day, talking much of the perils we had come through, of our happy deliverance, of

the honest prospect that had now fairly opened upon us of our arriving safely at Rio, at no very distant date either ; with frequent interruptions from Captain Ducrow, who would entertain us with twenty odd remarks, with accounts of his wrecking experiences, with inquiries into our story, with several poetical quotations, all of his own manufacture as he protested, sometimes quitting his lofty air to let fly at one of his negro seamen, or even to chase him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ABOARD THE ORPHAN.

OUR little schooner was named the Orphan. She had indeed a forlorn and melancholy look strongly suggestive of friendlessness, with a dampness besides, owing to her being repeatedly pumped out, that gave her a tearful appearance. Her beautiful lines would have made me imagine that she had been a yacht in her day but for the homeliness of her fittings. She leaked considerably, and the negro who acted as mate aboard her told me her timber was so rotten forward that you could dig cubes of dry rot out of the knees and carlings as easily as you cut a cheese. Her aspect of decayed gentility was quite moving in its way. You witnessed the good blood in her, which perhaps rendered her uncared-for condition the more affecting. But she was an orphan that did not keep her woes to herself. There was not a tree-nail in her but complained, not a fastening nor bulkhead but mingled its groans with the lamentations which broke out from all parts of the little fabric. The very creak of the rudder had the note of the sniff of a sobbing man ; and then, as one or another of the blacks was repeatedly addressing himself to the gaunt old brake-pump in front of the mainmast, there was constantly a choking sound of water in the air, with garglings of the bright stream as it sluiced into the sea through the little holes in the scuppers, which

was perhaps the one and final condition needful to render the lachrymose air of this ill-clothed, sun-blistered, neglected, sieve-like Orphan completely effective. Whether such craft are still afloat at the work to which this vessel was put, I do not know. Perhaps the West Indian wrecking-business is already an old-world story, but in my time a whole fleet of small craft, sloops, cutters, schooners, and the like, were employed in the trade ; that is to say, in hunting the many islands in these waters for wrecks of vessels, and for such commodities as might have been washed ashore out of them.

Havanna, according to Captain Ducrow, was within eight or nine days' sail of us. The outlook of the run, if a run it was to prove, was not a thing to trouble either Miss Grant or myself at the first blush, coming as we did fresh to this little schooner from the horrors and perils of an open boat at sea and from three weeks of hopelessness in an island prison. But it does not take long for the novelty of rescue to wear out. Before darkness closed upon that first day of our deliverance we had ceased to marvel at our happy escape. We had grown used to thinking of it, and though gratitude was always in our thoughts, there was no longer the first passionate delight and astonishment rising at moments to incredulity.

Hence when the evening settled down hot as iron that has blackened out of its white heat, along with a fining down of the breeze to a mere sighing of air that threatened a dead calm anon, our conversation naturally went to the prospect before us, of the passage in this stifling, leaky, ill-provisioned little schooner to Havanna, that yet lay some hundreds of miles distant. The small awning had been removed ; the dark velvet of the heavens showed from sea-line to sea-line fiery with stars ; the moon's reflection lay brightly upon the sea. The heavy swell of the morning had flattened ; but there was a light movement yet to

which the schooner kept time with her whip-like spars, every sail swinging in and out regularly, with draughts of dewy air scurrying cool to one's heated brows from these fannings. A negro stood at the helm, and when the stern of the schooner drooped to a hollow, the ebony figure melted out of sight into the blackness of the water beyond, though with the rise of this end of the craft he would stand out again in a sharp limning against the silver light. Captain Ducrow had gone below to lie down, and we could hear him snoring in the cabin, a sound as persuasive as the heat to detain us on deck. The negro mate paced the gangway with naked feet, soundless as the foot-falls of a cat, with an occasional halt to squirt a stream of tobacco-juice over the side. At intervals a black figure would come oozing out, as it were, from the deep shadow forward to the pump, the clank, clank of which was now a familiar sound in our ears, though I recognized it as a threat to our repose when we should come to stretch ourselves for a little rest; and you saw the fiery water creeping, dilating, fading upon the deck like sheets of wriggling glowworms, with sometimes a faint flash of the sea-glow upon the swell of the jib, rounding to the roll of the little craft when some sudden brimming of the swell broke into light against the bows.

"I'm afraid," said I, "that this part of our experiences will be pretty nearly as tedious as our island life."

"But we are safe," she answered.

"I hope so," said I, "though I could wish there was less need for pumping. But I fear you will be horribly uncomfortable."

"Oh, but after last night, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed, in a way as though she would tenderly rebuke me for the little show of irritation and despondency in my manner just now, quite perceptible to myself, though I would or could not cope with it. "You must not think of me at all—of my comfort, I mean," she added, and then stopped suddenly, as though she won-

dered at her own expression, immediately saying however: "The hardship now is very trifling compared to what we have endured."

"That's so, indeed," I exclaimed, "but I shall be glad to exchange this existence all the same. Buffalo beef and flinty biscuit are not a fare upon which you can long thrive; and then what a bedroom that is down stairs! I dread the moment of your going to it. Yet it is absolutely necessary that you should sleep under deck; for observe how dark these planks are already with dew."

"You will take more cheerful views to-morrow," she exclaimed, "you have suffered much in mind and body, and for your sake, not for mine, indeed, I could wish the cabin a pleasant, airy one, that you might be sure of a good long night's rest. Sleep is what you need."

"I am thinking," said I, waiving this point, and continuing to speak with a little irritation in me, due, as I should have known by giving the thing a thought, to my fancy of her changed attitude towards me, along with the peevish, secret, jealous dislike of the obligation of conveying her to my cousin, of losing her then, of quitting her, consumed by a passion which I was young enough to imagine neither time nor distance could possibly cool,—"I am thinking," said I, "that if we were to come across a good, comfortable, roomy craft, it would be as well for us to tranship ourselves without regard to her destination."

"I will do whatever you wish," she said simply.

"Only," said I, "suppose she should be bound to a European port?"

She seemed to be sunk in reflection.

"It would be rather a blow perhaps," I continued, feeling a bit cynical as I progressed in this talk, "to be borne off to England or to France or to Spain even, or say North America—"

She interrupted me: "The ship might be going the other way; she might be sailing to the East Indies perhaps, or to Australia."

"Oh," cried I, with a short laugh, "in that case then of course we should stop where we are. But suppose the vessel bound to Europe, would you be willing to go on board her?"

"If it were your wish—yes."

"But, Miss Grant, so grave a matter must not lie altogether upon my shoulders. Remember your sailing to Europe again would greatly prolong the term of your divorce from your sweetheart."

I could see her smiling softly in the moonlight, though she hung her head. "We may not sight a ship," said she presently.

"But if we do," said I, "shall we leave this crazy old hooker for her?"

"Yes," she exclaimed.

"Without regard," I said, striving to steady my voice, though my heart just gave a leap that was like to choke me, "to the port she is bound to?"

"Oh, yes," she responded, with a note of archness in her voice; "the captain would not alter his course to oblige us, you know."

"It would only signify a little further delay," said I, "with the comforts of civilization between, and that's what we both want now. Of course on our arrival, be the place the Tagus or the Thames, be it Boston or Marseilles, I should immediately go to work to equip ourselves afresh for a second, and I hope a successful voyage to Rio."

"You are very kind," she answered, a little above her breath, whilst I could see her biting her lip to suppress another smile.

Late as it was, and wearied as I was when I saw her to her miserable little hole of a berth, I yet paced the deck for above an hour afterwards in as odd, unreasonable a temper as ever possessed me, full of the agitation of fifty wild thoughts all rolling one to another in as lively a play as ever the sea showed off a harbour, with the water shoaling in spouts to the sweep of the wind one way, and a current seething into it the other. The fact was, a resolution to keep Miss Grant

by my side, no matter what the name of the stars might be which looked down upon us, had been growing and hardening in me, till I whipped out with it in the suggestion that it would be good for us both to tranship ourselves at the first opportunity that offered, no matter where the vessel we entered might be bound. I should have guessed from her manner all day that such a proposal must have instantly won an eager, anxious *No* from her—instead of which she had promptly assented, saying without hesitation that she would do as I wished; and she had made nothing at all, as you have seen, of my remark touching the destination of the ship—we might exchange the schooner for. This was a sort of acquiescence, let me tell you, to excite me not a little, when I came to turn it over during my solitary march to and fro the lightly swaying deck, specially when I coupled it with what I seemed to find in the memory of her downcast eyes, her quiet smiles, and a something more significant than either in her way, to use the old phrase, though I could not give it a name.

This, to hark back to the image I have just employed, was the intellectual gale that set my thoughts running in surges one way; and all would have been an easy rhythmic motion with me, but for the strong adverse tide of fancy which came washing into the run of feeling with consideration of my cousin's claims upon me, my honour as a gentleman, my duty as a man. Heaven save me!—in my temper I could have struck my foot clean through the deck. I wanted her. I felt that I had a higher right to her than ever my cousin could advance; and yet the thought of the poor fellow stuck in my throat, and I grew so mad with the bother of the whole thing, that I'd gladly have given the darky who stood at the helm half a sovereign for liberty to kick him fore-and-aft until I was tired. After all, thought I, it is for Miss Grant to decide—*she* must settle it. If she persists in making for Rio

—if, in short, she'll have none of me, though mightily obliged and all that sort of thing—and here my mood grew so outrageous that it was an exquisite relief to me to see Ducrow's face, sallow even to the starlight, fork up through the companion with a "Hallo, sah. Keepin' mighty late hours, ain't yah?"

"Oh, go to the deuce!" I cried. "Look here, man, hark to *that* now, bad luck to you!" and as I spoke, the clank of the old brake-pump recommenced for the fiftieth time, it seemed to me, that night. "What's the good of going to sea in an old basket?" I shouted. "Why, damme, Ducrow, don't you know that a dollar's worth of oakum is all that's needed to keep your abominable old pump from disturbing the sleep of the green seamen who lie in shoals here under your keel as you jog along in this weeping bucket?"

He stood staring at me from the companion, as though he thought I had gone mad, and small blame to him for that; then approaching me cautiously, he exclaimed:

"Berry good job, sah, I'm a man of perlite feelings, odderwise I might tumble into a passion, and say something to wound yah sensashuns."

"What d'ye mean?" I cried, hoping he would fall into a passion, as I felt the need of the relief of a row.

"Sah," he exclaimed, drawing himself erect, "a man what keeps de select company I comingles wid ashore am slow in shocking dah feelings ob folks. But what I should like to say am—mind I don't say it—I merely intends dat what I should like to say am, if yah ain't satisfied wid dis little hooker, I'm werry mosh sorry indeed yah ebber came aboard her. Pump!" continued the poor fellow in a broken voice as though he must presently weep, "whar's dah vessel what don't pump? Whar's dah man-ob-war sloop dat don't pump? Whar's dah Indiemans as glorious as sunlight wid gilt and windows wot don't pump? Whar," he continued, raising his voice, "is de noblest frigate

ob dah King of Yengland wot don't pump? Whar—" and this he delivered in a shriek—"is dah magnificentest line-ob-battle ship wot was yebber launched wot don't pump?"

He plucked his cap from his head and flung it on deck, grasped the bush of hair over either ear with his hands as though he intended to tear out by the roots what Nature had left him in that way, and then, swaying to and fro in the moonlight like a drunken man, he exclaimed in a blubbery voice, "An' you speeks dah poor little Orphan to keep dah seas widout pumping?"

Tush! thought I, I'm acting like a fool; and moved by the way in which the poor creature had received my insulting language, I strode over to him and clapped him on the back. "It's all right," said I; "I don't feel very well to-night. Pump away as briskly as you please, my lad, I'll not complain again. I have come through some infernal adventures, Captain Ducrow, and though I sneer at your little craft in my ill-temper, I am grateful to Heaven for the privilege of feeling her under my feet."

He unclinchd his dingy fingers out of his hair and let his arms droop slowly, whilst he looked at me with his head on one side, with a slow twisting up of his eye that was in inimitable correspondence with the absurd cast of his mouth.

"I see how it am, sah," he exclaimed; "yah feels a bit low."

"Worn out without being sleepy," said I.

"Sorter hankering to be soothed, perhaps!"

"Yes," I answered, "but your cockroaches won't help me there."

"Tell yah what will though," said he.

"What?" I asked.

"A little poetry," he answered. "If yah'll sit down I'll gib yah as pretty a half-hour ob sentiment as ebber yah could buy for hard money in dis yeerie airth."

"Much obliged," I answered. "Since

I've been talking to you I've grown a bit sleepy. After all, that pump may be more soothing as you call it than I had supposed. Can you find me anything to serve as a pillow?"

He picked up his cap reflectively and presently said, "I hab it," and stepping to a raised contrivance abaft the rudder-head, he produced an ensign rolled up. "Dere," said he, "dere's dah British colours to lie on. I'll warrant it agin all dreaming, unless it be a wisdom ob de Income Tax."

I took the roll of bunting, and wishing him good-night went below, and stretched myself upon a locker. A slush lamp swung from a blackened beam. It looked like a coffee-pot with the spout vomiting forth a lump of wick burning in a dim flame that blackened into a line of smoke, which went writhing and quivering to the upper deck, whence, spreading, it loaded the atmosphere of this interior with the flavour of hot fat. The beams were lined with cockroaches, wriggling and heaving in dusky lengths, with a frequent skirr of one of the abominable creatures swinging past my ear or dropping upon my face. It was roastingly hot, and I feared to find Miss Grant suffocated in the morning, if indeed the sun should find me still alive after such a course of air as I was now booked to breathe. But miserable as it was below I durst not lie on deck. The dew was like rain, and the light breeze was wet with it. Further exposure moreover, following on the top of what we had already suffered in the boat, would have been sheer madness, seeing that we had managed to come off with our health, which might receive lasting injury from another night spent unsheltered in the warm, moist, fever-breeding atmosphere of these parallels.

I had thought the Iron Crown as noisy a ship as was ever built; but compared with the creaking of this schooner, as she rose buoyant to the dark heave of the swell, floating down into the hollow for another slide upwards, the straining sounds inside the

brig were as the soft singing of a woman to the clatter of a watchman's rattle. But I was dog-tired, as they say at sea, and my cheek could not have pressed the ensign ten minutes before I was sound asleep.

It was a night's rest to refresh me, and though, when I woke up and rolled off the locker, my back ached from the hardness of my couch, I felt a new man, hearty, hungry, and even cheerful. But it was sickening to go on deck and find a dead calm, the sea molten glass, scarce stirred by a delicate undulation, the sun an intolerable flame of fire four hours high, with the heavens half full of his white dazzle, and the rest of it hot, silver azure, down to the edge of the water. In the far east was a dot of light—a sail; and some four points past it to starboard a streak of greenish colour swimming a finger's-width above the horizon, and winding like a small sea-snake in the hot air. It was some Cay, the name of which I have forgotten. There was nothing beside it and the sail in sight, not a pinion of cloud to give us hope of so much as a catspaw.

Miss Grant was on deck when I arrived there. She had slept—not very well she told me; but she had managed to obtain rest enough to refresh her in spite of the oven-like sultriness in which she lay. She was awake when the day broke, and rose soon after the light had filled the cabin.

"You were sleeping heavily as I passed," she said, "and in spite of being covered with cockroaches."

"Would you think me querulous and ill-tempered now," said I, looking at her, "after such a night as we have passed, for advising our transhipment at the earliest possible opportunity?"

"Did I not say, Mr. Musgrave," she answered, with a demureness that was full of archness, "that I am willing to do exactly as you please?"

I sent a glance deep into her eyes, but the riddle went the whole length

of my sight and beyond it. Does she guess that I love her? I thought; and can I suppose that she is even a little bit fond of me—in the right sort of way, I mean? But here Ducrow stumped up to ask us where we would breakfast.

Our first day in the open boat had been a dead calm, as you know, but this was deadlier yet as it seemed to me, perhaps because of my impatience, that would grow to a torment when hour after hour passed and the spot of light that signified the sail still hung stirless in the same quarter, with the streak of green past it flickering like a blowing pennon on top of the white gleam that trembled betwixt the blue of the sea and the blue of the sky, and never a shadow of air from sunrise to sundown to dye a fathom's space of the fiery, breathless surface. There was no comfort to be got out of the schooner at all, saving the news that there was plenty of fresh water aboard. The pump clanked steadily at regular periods throughout the long hours. Now and again would come a brief bit of diversion in the shape of a quarrel between two negroes, and in Captain Ducrow's airs and talk there was much to laugh at; but the calm was in all things and over all things, flattening down the spirits to its own monotonous level, with the heat so great besides that it prohibited one the ease of venting one's self by eager exercise; though again and again I'd half start from my seat with a longing of my temper to exhale itself in a spell of swift, passionate pacing from the taffrail to as far forward as I could have got. On the other hand, Miss Grant was reserved, quiet, thoughtful; always gentle and kind; welcoming my lightest speech with a smile; humouring my little fits of petulance, and making the best of our situation by recurrence to the misery from which we had been delivered. But her gaze no longer met mine with the old brilliant, intrepid steadfastness. There was, methought, a suggestion of coyness about it that showed some-

what oddly when I contrasted it with the dignified sweetness and fearless candour of her earlier bearing. It chilled her manner, to my fancy, as something foreign to her nature, and complicated the riddle for me yet, for there were times when a look from her, a gesture, a smile, would convey notions that set my heart off at a rapid trot; and then the surface would thinly ice again, and leave me as bewildered as a man who struggles to hunt out another's meaning in a book the pages of which have been wrongly stitched.

CHAPTER XXXVI

WE QUIT THE ORPHAN.

WELL, we had three days of this sort of thing—three days and three nights of it; and then on the morning of the fourth a breeze of wind darkened and roughened the western ocean, and presently the little schooner was again under way, off her course by some three and a-half points, but sweeping through it gaily nevertheless, showing herself as rejoiced at her release as if a human heart beat in her. Ducrow slapped his legs and urged her on, bursting into thick laughter at times in his glee, and pointing with a yell of applause to the sparking out of the flying-fish, as though, like an overgrown child, he tasted a kind of victory in the flight of the beautiful little creatures from the winged, buoyant, floating rushes of his leaking, trembling, worn-out old Orphan.

I had not said a word to him about our intention of leaving his schooner if a chance came, but I thought I would do so now.

"Captain Ducrow!" I sung out.

"Hillo, sah!" he answered from the rail, where he was standing with his arm round a backstay, watching with a grin the flash of his little ship through the small ridges which whitened into cream along the dirty green of the vessel's sheathing.

"Step this way, will you?" said I.

He sprang to the deck and approached.

"We want you to speak the first vessel we meet," said I, pointing. "In a word, we wish you to stop her so that we can go aboard of her, as we find your accommodation scarcely all that we require, at least under these burning heights; otherwise, we're both of us quite in love with your charming little vessel, whilst we highly value you for your good breeding, and thank you excessively for the attention you have paid us."

This bit of trowling I deemed necessary that the rest might be easy, but his surprise mastered his gratification, and with a sort of grin in his twisted mouth, whilst his eyes on the other hand stared their amazement, he cried: "Yah want to leave dah Orphan, hein? 'commodation not good? But I know dah reason. De calm's disgusted yah. Yah was werry mosh satisfied afore de wind fell."

"Come, captain," said I, "it shall be all the same to you. See here!" I pulled out my pocket-book and produced a bank-note for twenty pounds. "There," said I, slapping it, "place us aboard the first craft we meet, and this is yours. Of course, if she's bound to some outlandish place we sha'n't quit you; but put us within hailing distance, will you—signal to speak her; and if she will receive us, and her destination be some port convenient to ourselves, you shall have this money the same as though you had landed us at Havanna."

He eyed the note greedily as I folded it up and returned it to the pocket-book, following that too till it was hidden, and then said: "All right, sah. Yah 'll miss de Orphan—dere's nuffen afloat—but den ob course if dah lady hain't comfortable—" He suddenly roared out, "Tail on to dah troat halliards, mah sweet and pleasant livelies; gib dah Orphan a chance, boys. Look at dah set ob dat sail. Whar's de gal whose gwine to dance wid de heel ob her boot wore down?" saying which he flung himself excitedly

upon the tackle in question, roaring out in thick negro accents:

Wah're dah dandy ship an' dah dandy crew.

(Chorus of black throats pulling behind him)

Hi, sah! ho, sah! slap 'im up cheearly!

We am dah boys who's dah lady's only joys,

(Chorus of black throats pulling)

An' dah gals dey lub us dearhly.

(Full chorus)

An' it's yo hi ho! dah breeze him do blow,
An' dah tack will come taut wid dah jigger!

An' dah ship she roll along

To as lubly a song

As was ebber sweetly sung by a nigger.

The chance we looked for was presently to come, though we had to wait for it a little while longer. It was the morning of the sixth day of our rescue from the perils of the open boat. All night long the weather had been breathless, but with the rising of the sun there had come a small breeze of wind, a little to the eastward of south, which as the morning advanced freshened, and the schooner was sliding through it once again, heading saucily along her course, with Ducrow strutting the decks in high spirits, a couple of negroes repairing a sail forward, another at the tiller, a fourth perspiring at the old pump.

Suddenly Ducrow bawled out, "Sail oh!" pointing ahead.

I looked languidly in the direction he indicated, not rising even, so sick was I of this cry of "sail oh!" heretofore as barren to my purpose as a parrot's meaningless croak of the words. I was conversing with Miss Grant at the time, and turned to her afresh, proceeding in what I was saying without giving the vessel ahead another thought. Time passed; presently Ducrow said, "Dat fellow's a big 'un what's coming 'long dah. We mustn't hab de go-by given us if it's to be helped, sah. Must make fuss, odderwise there's no chance ob getting

compassionated." So saying, he went to the little locker, took out the ensign, and bent it, Jack down, to the halliards, and ran it half-mast high, belaying it slackly that it might blow out with a good visible curve. This done, he bawled to his men to shorten sail.

"Down jib, mah blackbirds! down wid both tawpsails! jump, mah blacks, jump! Hurrah now fo' de ship. Up maintack, let go mainpeak-halliards. Now den, Hebenazer, you black teef, down hellum, and trow us right up into de wind—up into de wind—up into de wind, I says," walloping about in a most extraordinary manner as he bawled these orders, and springing from the deck on his naked feet as though the planks were too hot—and well they might be!—to suffer him to stand upon them. Thus all in a moment, so to say, the little schooner was brought to a halt; her mainsail "scandalized," her masts half denuded of canvas, her bowsprit pointing to the wind, the few cloths she showed shivering to the breeze with such a symbol of human distress flying aloft as richly coloured and most admirably rounded off the picture of misery which the posture of the vessel now submitted.

The stranger was heading dead for us, as though she must run us down indeed, so immediately were we lying athwart her hawse. She came steadily along with her yards braced forward, a vessel apparently of six hundred tons, painted black, standing high out of water, a foretopmast-stunsail set, her royal yards close to the trucks, with a glimpse to be had of large black tops under the curve of her topsails. I went with Miss Grant to the side to watch the stranger. My heart beat fast with expectation, yet I struggled hard with my impulse of hope, dreading in the mood I then was the effect of a disappointment. Suddenly the vessel took in her foretopmast-stunsail, then a spot of colour floated aloft past the shining round of her courses to the gaff end. It blew out, and I muttered just above my breath,

"Thank God!" as I recognized the English flag.

"He means to speak us, at all events," I cried. "Pray Heaven he will show mercy, and take us off this schooner. Why, if he were bound on a search for the Nor'-West passage I'd go with him."

"I dare say," Miss Grant exclaimed, in a musing sort of way, "that the captain of that ship will wonder at our wish to leave the schooner when we are within a week's sail of Havanna."

"Yes," said I, looking at her, whilst she kept her face averted by continuing to gaze at the approaching vessel; "but we are not bound to Havanna, you know. Rio is the place we started for; and besides, are we within a week's sail of Havanna? Perhaps to-morrow may introduce a succession of calms that shall last a month, during all which time we are to lie here in this bescored schooner, with our lovely countenances slowly roasting into a rich brown under yonder heavenly furnace! Eh, Miss Grant? Never mind about that skipper there wondering! Better Van Diemen's Land in a ship like yon, as they'd say in the north, than Havanna with Rio close on its heels in this little frying-pan."

She turned just to glance at me, with a gleam like a smile in the look she shot through the dark fringes that drooped again as she resumed her attitude of watching the coming ship. 'Twas not often that I got a view of her mind; but by her manner then, it seemed to me it was her intention to let me know she had obtained a very accurate sight of mine. Be it so, thought I; but if that craft there will receive us, we'll board her all the same.

She was a handsome picture as she drew close, becalming the blue under her lee into a tremorless mirror, in which the reflection of her swelling canvas sank in cream, but lustrous as silver. She had so keen a stem that she clove the rippling surface with

scarce the disturbance of a flash of froth in the wrinkles which broke from her bows, and which went away astern of her in lines of light when her shadow was off them and they streamed fair to the sun. She was heading as if to run us down, but on a sudden her main-topsail was braced aback, with a falling off of her head that gave us a view of her decks, with two white quarter-boats swinging at the weather davits; a couple of men standing at the poop-rail clothed in white, with broad straw hats; beyond them the flutter of woman's apparel, as I thought; several sailors on the top-gallant-forecastle, their whole shapes plain through the low open rail that protected this part of the craft. As she came floating alongside within easy talking distance, she seemed to tower above us like a line-of-battle ship. One of the two men dressed in white approached the mizzen-rigging to hail us. I now saw a woman standing near the skylight, and at that moment another woman came up through the little companion-hatch and joined her.

Ducrow sprang upon the bulwarks, and pulling off his cap he wildly flourished it, whilst he vociferated, "Ho, dah ship ahoy!"

"Hallo!" answered the man standing at the mizzen-rigging.

"What ship am dat?" bawled Ducrow, but with a fine air of importance in his manner, as though this were a ceremony to yield him dignity, and therefore to be made as much of as possible. I secretly bestowed a sea-blessing or two upon his bald head in my impatience; but it would not do to interrupt him.

"The Bristol Trader," came back the answer, "of and for Bristol from Havanna, five days out. And what schooner's that?"

"Dah Orphan ob Nassoo, bound to Havanna, but percastinated by calms and head-winds. We hab somet'ing pertikler to communicate, and will send a boat."

"Ay," cried the other, "but can't

you tell us what's the matter with you without sending a boat? You have your ensign Jack down; what is wrong? Bear a hand, for time's precious."

On hearing this, and fearing that Ducrow would muddle this opportunity away for us with his negro dandyfactions and fine airs and words, I sprang on to the rail beside him, and with a thrust of my elbow tumbled him in-board.

"Ship ahoy!" I shouted.

"Hallo!"

"The case is this. This lady," pointing to Miss Grant, "and myself sailed as passengers from the Downs in June last aboard the brig Iron Crown. There was a mutiny. The mate was killed, the captain disappeared, and the brig was headed for Cuba. One of the Bahama Cays was made, and this lady and I were marooned on it. A boat came ashore, we left the island in her, and were picked up by this schooner, and we desire to exchange her for your ship, if you will receive us as passengers."

The man in white flourished his hand. "Come aboard," he exclaimed; "I dare say we can arrange."

"Over wid dah boat, over wid dah boat, mah darkies," screamed Ducrow. "Hurrah now, bullies, no stopping now to shave, if yah please; 'taint dinner-time yet, so no loafing."

The schooner carried a boat on chocks amidships; as leaky, sun-blistered, paint-denuded a fabric as the mother whose child she was. The gangway was unshipped, the three negroes and Ducrow yelling and bawling all together, and stamping with their naked feet till the thrashing of the decks sounded like twenty or thirty people clapping their hands, ran the boat to the gangway, and launched her smack-fashion. The excitement of one negro however carried him overboard with her. He fell plump, but his black head instantly shot up alongside like a sweep's brush out of a chimney-pot, and in a trice he was in the boat, combing the wet out of his

breeches and grinning into Ducrow's face, who shook his fist at him as "dah clumsiest son ob a hog wid a sow for a grandmudder as was ebber to be met 'pon dah high seas."

A second negro then jumped into the boat, into which the water was beginning to drain in twenty places, so that I saw if we did not bear a hand we should be awash before we had half measured the distance between the schooner and the ship. The negroes threw the oars over, and splashed me alongside the Bristol Trader as though rowing for a wager, with a dollar for the man who should catch the most crabs. I sprang into the mainchains, and in a minute stood upon the ship's poop.

The captain, as the man who had hailed us proved to be, was an intelligent-looking, weather-darkened, iron-haired fellow of some forty-five years, thin, smooth-faced, with a gray, seawardly eye, kind in its expression. I raised my hat, he did the same. I repeated my story, now relating it circumstantially. The two women drew near as I talked, and he interrupted me once to introduce me to one of them as his wife, to the other as a friend of hers who was going home in his ship as a passenger. My romantic story seemed quite to the taste of these ladies, who frequently broke out into exclamations of astonishment, whilst they sent glances full of curiosity at Miss Grant, who had withdrawn to the shelter of the awning on the schooner's quarter-deck, and sat there watching us, too far off for her beauty to be evident, though one might have guessed her charms even at that distance by the delicate light of her face under her broad hat.

"But you were bound to Rio," said the captain.

"Yes," I answered.

"You may easily get to Rio from Havanna," he continued. "That schooner should carry you to Havanna in a week. It seems a pity to travel all the way home again, when your port is comparatively at hand. We

could provision you, too, with a few articles to render the run more tolerable."

"No," said I warmly, "there is nothing in food and drink to render that schooner tolerable. Her cabin creeps with cockroaches, the atmosphere can scarce be breathed for the heat and smell of it. The lady and I have talked the matter over, and we are earnest in our wish to return to England. Why, see here, sir; you'll be able to land us at Bristol before we could hope to reach Rio, even suppose yonder schooner should convey us to Havanna in a week's time, which I gravely question when I recall the spells of weather which have nearly murdered us. Of course," I went on, seeing him look a bit reflective, "we should ask you to receive us as passengers, that is to say, as people who will be glad to defray all charges for accommodating us."

"Oh," he said, in a tone of indifference, "that matter can be hereafter settled. As a mere question of humanity it would be my duty to receive you. You have no luggage, you say?"

"None."

"Well, sir, the lady can come along at once." He looked over the side. "Hi, you Jumbos! shove off now, and bring the lady aboard."

I hailed the schooner: "Miss Grant, the negroes will fetch you. Ducrow, come you along with the lady that you may receive your money."

Ten minutes later I had assisted Miss Grant over the side, and escorted her on to the poop. She bowed with stately grace to the two women, who courtesied to her as though she were a princess. The captain, whose name by the way was Foljambe, held a trifle aloof at the sight of her, eyeing her with a mixture of astonishment and admiration. Perhaps now, with a couple of her own sex at hand to contrast her by, helped by such definition as her fine figure would obtain from the white and roomy deck, the clean brass-work, the sparkling skylights, the snowy awning, with the wheel in the sunshine past it, at which stood

the smartly-dressed figure of an English sailor carelessly leaning upon the spokes, watching us under the spread of a great Cuban hat—perhaps now, in the swift glance I threw at her, I could see in a manner scarce to be managed before, how little her beauty had suffered from the trials we had come through, from exposure to the high sun, from the many bitter anxieties which had clouded her mind. The glow of the tropics was in her cheek, and seemed to clarify the brightness and to enrich the loveliness of her full, dark, speaking eyes; the very neglect of apparel enforced by privation appeared as a grace in her, as the dishevelment of her soft brown lustrous hair gave a character of romance to the dignified sweetness of her countenance. I could not wonder that Mrs. Foljambe and her friend stared, nor that the captain should have fallen back a step at her approach, as though veritably startled by her beauty, as I had been indeed when I first met her.

Captain Ducrow came up to me, cap in hand. His strut was incomparable. I heard the half-smothered laughter of men forward as he bowed first to the captain's wife, then to her friend, then to the captain, bringing his cap to his heart, and slowly bending his body, till I thought he had a mind to double himself up after the manner of stage contortionists.

"Berry sorry to lose yah, Massa Musgrave," he said to me, "and berry much sorrier still to say good-bye to dis most bootiful lady, which," he added, with an emotional grunt in his voice, "I may nebber, nebber see agin in dis yeerie earth—" He was proceeding, but I could see that Captain Foljambe was impatient. So I cut him short by handing him the bank-note, and then shook him warmly by the hand, thanking him, with the sort of sincerity that a man who had gone through what I had could hardly miss, for his rescue of us and his subsequent kindness. Miss Grant also gave him her hand, addressing a few words of gratitude; but my gravity vanished

when the poor fellow suddenly plumped down on one knee and lifted her fingers to the side of his face where his mouth was.

"Now then, skipper," cried Captain Foljambe, "away with ye, my lad. This is a breeze to make the most of, so please don't keep me waiting."

"Gor bless yah! Gorramighty in hebben bless yah both, an' make yah happy," cried the poor fellow, backing to the gangway as though from the presence of royalty, and speaking with so much emotion that I looked to see him blubber. "May dah good Lord look down 'pon dis ship, and send yah ten-knot breezes all dah way;" and arrived at the gangway, he dropped over the side, and was pulled to his little schooner.

"Get your topsail-yard swung, Mr. Murphy," exclaimed the captain, addressing the mate, who was the other of the two men I had noticed clothed in white, and who had been standing quietly on the lee-side of the poop, waiting for this business to end.

The sailors sprang to the braces; the great yards came slowly round, the sails, silk-white in the sunshine, swelled out to the blue breeze, and the Bristol Trader was heading along on her course again. Meanwhile the two negroes had splashed Ducrow aboard his little schooner in hot haste, to save themselves the job of baling the boat, as I suspected; but I gathered what the hurry was about, when the poor yellow-faced fellow, who had drawn his cap down over his ears in his excitement, floundered as though pursued by a bull to the signal-halliards, hauled down the ensign with frantic gesticulations, bent it on afresh with the Jack right-side up, and then sent it aloft again, yelling to one of his negroes to lay aft in a voice that was distinctly audible, though the distance between the vessels was being magically widened, considering the lightness of the breeze. The negro seized one length of the halliards, Ducrow the other, and between them they dipped the flag, that is to say, they lowered

it as a token of farewell—hoisting it anew, and then lowering it—not once, not five times, but over and over and over again, the whole dusky crowd of them howling a good-bye at us every time the flag rose to the masthead, until the schooner had slipped so far astern that their voices could no longer be caught, while the flag itself had dwindled into a mere red spot.

It was the last I saw of the little craft ere I turned to accept Captain Foljambe's invitation to step below. I behold her now again with my mind's eye, heaving to the long ocean swell, with a tremor of light in her black side as she lifts it wet from the brine, slowly paying off with her jib rounding, her main-peak hoisting, a dingy white topsail slowly creeping to the masthead, the Liliputianized figures of her crew making a very toy of the little fabric indeed as she heads slowly into the mighty loneliness of the ocean, with the glare of the sun in the sky over her going down like a wall of dazzling brass to the whitish blue of the heavens, trembling upon the remote western confines. Ah, there are no memories so dream-like as those one carries away from the ocean !

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOME.

THE Bristol Trader was one of the most comfortable ships of her class that ever I was aboard of. Her cabins were tall and roomy, her decks spacious, her port-holes large, her hatchways big enough to serve for an emigrant ship. After our experiences on the island, in the open boat, and on the schooner, it was like arriving at some cheerful, hospitable inn, with the welcome of a blazing fire, a hot supper, and a warm bed, after hours of blind groping over miles of snow-clad moors, to find one's self in such a ship as this. One needs to be marooned to appreciate comforts made cheap by homeliness and familiarity. We had been absolutely destitute aboard the schooner,

without the commonest and meanest conveniences—no hairbrush, no towels, soap, sheets, and what not ; nay, there had not been even a looking-glass, and neither Miss Grant nor I had the least idea of the sort of faces we submitted until we had been conducted to our cabins by Captain Foljambe and his wife. I borrowed a razor from the captain, and shaved myself for the first time since I had left the island, and I protest the sensation was as though Nature had clothed me in a new skin. It is the commonplaces of life which make themselves heard of in maritime disasters. The captain was good enough to lend me a clean shirt and collar, with other articles of under-clothing, all which sat very comfortably upon me, as we were pretty nearly of the same build. He told me that his wife was taking care of Miss Grant, that she (namely Mrs. Foljambe), together with her friend Mrs. Tweed, had between them a plentiful stock of clothing, so that my companion could be at once made comfortable and kept so until our arrival at Bristol.

He was a man that improved on acquaintance, shrewd, respectful, sailorly in a sort of careless manner that was a grace in its way, well spoken, with something of the manners of a well-bred gentleman, roughened without being coarsened by the usage of the ocean. He sat in my bunk whilst I dressed, and asked me many questions about the Iron Crown, and our life on the island. He could give me no news of the brig, did not seem to know of her name even, but he told me that whilst at Havanna he had heard of a vessel which had fallen in with a boat containing four men, that had gone adrift during thick weather from the craft that owned it ; and this coming on top of Ducrow's narration, confirmed my belief that Gordon and the others had been saved, for which I was heartily thankful indeed.

It was long past the dinner-hour, but neither Miss Grant nor I had

broken our fast since the morning. On my telling Captain Foljambe this, he immediately gave orders to his steward to prepare a meal for us in the cabin, and by the time I had finished civilizing myself with the razor, hair-brush, and the skipper's linen, the meal awaited us: cold roast chicken, fine white biscuits, ham, several plates of fruit with the sweetness of the tropic soil still in their flavour and freshness, a decanter of brandy, a *monkey* of cold water—why, Heaven bless us! after poor Ducrow's brine-toughened buffalo-meat and his caulkers of water warm from the scuttle-butts, this was such a princely regale that the recollection of it bids fair to outlast the memory of many a sumptuous banquet that I had before and have since sat down to. The afternoon sunshine flashed azure off the water through the open ports, and filled the interior with a soft golden haze that floated cool to every sense in me after our days and nights of the Orphan's cabin, whilst the eye was soothed by the violet shadow cast by the awning down upon the open skylights, in whose gaping casements the hot breeze hummed as though it echoed the burden of the island insect chorus.

I was conversing with the captain's wife and Mrs. Tweed, two very homely, unaffected ladies, brimful of kindness and sympathy, when Miss Grant arrived. I had never seen her beauty look so rich. The peculiar complexion of the atmosphere in the cabin just then may have helped her, but methought there was the glory of the newly-blown flower in her as she stood a moment after coming out of her cabin, instantly smiling as our gaze met. I brought her to the table, and we seated ourselves. There was a West Indian plant, bearing a star-shaped flower lovely as the lily, but inodorous, trained against the handsomely-framed trunk of the mizzenmast, sloping abaft the table from the deck to the cabin. The captain cut one of these flowers and presented it

with a sailorly bow to Miss Grant, who thanked him and put it in her bosom.

"This sort of thing," said I, almost jealous to think that the hand of a stranger should have touched a stem that was to find so sacred a resting-place, "makes one feel alive again. I fancy I must have been dead for a month, perhaps a little longer. Everything strikes me with an astonishment that is preposterously unnatural. This damask table-cloth; how white it is! this crystal tumbler—I never before knew glass to sparkle so! and yonder roast chicken!—upon my word, I thought there had been an end of hens."

The captain laughed. "I have been shipwrecked, sir," he exclaimed. "I've known the time when the hairy face of a seaman has set me weeping as though I was taking my last view of the only man left in the world besides myself."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Mrs. Foljambe. "I've never heard you say that before, William."

"My dear," said he, "had it been the last *woman* perhaps I shouldn't have cried."

"Because I dare say you'd have taken care it shouldn't have been your last view of her," observed Mrs. Tweed dryly. This lady was a widow.

"Now, Miss Grant," said I, working away at the roast fowl and ham, and immensely enjoying Captain Foljambe's excellent old brandy, "shall we ask our kind friend here to shift his helm and give chase to the schooner, that we may overhaul and board her afresh, and make our way to Havanna in her?"

"If you will return to her, I will," she answered.

"That means no," said Captain Foljambe. "No for all hands. Bad look-out to shift the helm now, Miss Grant. It blows a pretty six-knot breeze."

"Hurrah!" cried I. "Why, with this clipper keel under us we shall be heaving Bristol into sight whilst

the little Orphan is still dodging the ghost of a catspaw in waters not yet hull down. No, no, it was a voyage not to be pursued. A twenty-five ton boat, Mrs. Foljambe! her one pump going day and night! all the plagues of Egypt rolled into one, in the shape of cockroaches! Think of that, Mrs. Tweed."

"Shocking, sir," she cried; "the horrid creatures! But there are none here, thank goodness."

"Here and there one," said the captain.

And so we went on, chatting and eating, then mounted on deck, I with a big Havanna cigar in my mouth, so joyous in spirits that it might have needed but a band of music to have started me off dancing for the rest of the day. What words have I to describe the delight that filled me as I looked at the sparkling blue sea, sloping between the awning-stanchions to the heavens which were reddening all round to the westering sun, and at the swelling folds of the courses which, past the edge of our canvas shelter, rose in stately cloud upon cloud, every cloth silently doing its work, rounding marble-like to leeward, the shadows of the rigging lying in delicate curves in each still, snow-like heart, and the tinkle of water swiftly shorn at the stem faintly sweeping a bell-like note through the steady breezing of the wind! The ocean looked boundless from the height of the poop deck, and the way before us was yet a long road. But my heart beat the more gladly for the very thought of it when I turned to look at Aurelia Grant, and reflected that she was still by my side; that for many a week we should be together; that, in short, I had by this manoeuvre indefinitely postponed the hour of our separation. Was I dishonourable? Was I disloyal? Was I unfaithful to my trust? Maybe, maybe. How you would have acted in my case I cannot tell. Fallibility must fail somewhere, says the old moralist,—— and I was in love!

But you have made one eventful voyage with me, and I am as little desirous possibly as you that you should undertake a second uneventful one—uneventful, I mean, in respect of incident, for we were a smart ship, and the crew hearty and honest, the captain a wise disciplinarian, and his two mates plain, sturdy, steady-going seamen. Yet though uneventful in the sense of gales of wind, collisions, lee-shores, leaks, mutinies, and the rest of the list of maritime perils, for me it was marked by a passage that rendered it more stirring than all the experiences we had gone through boiled down into one could have proved. I have spoken of a quality of reserve in Miss Grant's manner when aboard the schooner, of my own sensitiveness to it, and how between us there had come a something that seemed to hold us a bit apart; but this had made way before we left the little vessel for the old frankness, the warmth, the sweet and fearless cordiality of her bearing towards me when on the island. Yet we had not been twenty-four hours in the Bristol Trader when I noticed that her behaviour was once more charged with the same chilly and uncomfortable element. Then she even grew timorous at times, shunning my gaze, though sometimes I'd catch her unawares watching me with an expression of wistfulness that lay sad in her eyes like a shadow of melancholy. I very well knew she had guessed that my proposal to sail home was merely that I might enjoy her society for some weeks or perhaps months longer; and I would fancy that in thinking over this she had come to resent it, as though she was now clearly seeing that my duty lay in proceeding with her in the schooner to Havanna, whence, as Captain Foljambe was constantly saying—and I certainly did not like him the better for this confounded trick of iteration—we would have met a ship to transport us to Rio without delay.

All this secret worrying in me over what might be in her thoughts resulted

in cooling my manner too, though my love for her increased as my demeanour became inexpressive; and sometimes it would happen that we were together only at meal-times, by which I mean that I would go and sulkily post myself in some corner with a book, which I would read upside down, whilst she paced the deck with the captain's wife or Mrs. Tweed, or remained below in the cabin. I was for ever seeking to interpret her, but never could find the hints I sought. When with her I would constantly talk of Alexander and of the plans I had formed: for instance, we should arrive at Bristol; we should then proceed to London, where she would take up her abode at the hotel she occupied before she left England, whilst I made all necessary preparations for a second attempt to carry her to her sweetheart. But I took notice whilst I thus talked that she had very little to say to it all. She'd thank me and tell me I was too good, and protest that it was not likely she would put me to the trouble of escorting her again; that most probably on her arrival in London she would write the story of our adventures to Rio, and wait for my cousin to fetch her—most probably; indeed, she would add with a sigh, she had not made up her mind. There was plenty of time to think the matter over, and meanwhile I was not to dream that she would again subject me to the risk of undergoing perhaps worse adventures than those which we had happily come safe through. This and the like she would say, but always with a sort of air of indifference, as though she talked to a person whose programme she did not regard as a very sincere one, and as though in consequence she could take no interest in it.

There came a day however when feeling grew too strong for me. Conscience had wrestled hard with inclination, but to no purpose. Often, whilst tossing in my bunk at night, whilst seated alone on the deck by day, I would ask myself if I had not acted

dishonourably in falling in love with this woman, and whether I should not be rendering my sin heinous beyond forgiveness by proposing to her. But it was like putting some insoluble riddle to my heart. I gave it up. Had Alexander been my brother instead of my cousin it would have been all the same. I was head over ears in love with Aurelia Grant, and I made up my mind to marry her if she would have me. And there came a time, as I have said, when patience gave way, when passion grew too powerful for restraint, and when I determined to put the matter boldly to her and see what she had to say to it.

The ship was then on the equatorial verge of the Bay of Biscay, so you will gather that I did not make up my mind in a hurry. Our clipper had made a noble run through the trades, with fine weather and pleasant breezes to follow, and now on this day at noon we found ourselves under all plain sail on the port tack, bowlines triced out, a light breeze off the bow, and the vessel sliding quietly through it over the long undulations of the Atlantic swell flowing with pulse-like regularity from the westward. When the dusk settled down, the half moon shone in the sky. Her light lay soft and white upon our high-reaching canvas, and filled the shadow between the rails with a silver tint through which the forms of the seamen moved in dark outlines.

I came on deck after an hour spent alone in my cabin, and stood a little at the head of the ladder that led to the poop, trying to persuade myself that I lingered to admire this fair ocean night-picture; but I found my eyes quickly going from it in search of Miss Grant. I saw her in a moment standing in the dark shade flung on the deck by the reflection of the mizzen-mast. She was talking to Mrs. Foljambe and Mr. Murphy, the chief mate. I put on the lightest air I could summon, and approached the group in an easy saunter.

"Pleasant weather this for the close

of October, Mrs. Foljambe," said I; "it won't be quite so nice a little higher up."

"There's no climate after all, Mr. Musgrave, that beats the English," said Mrs. Foljambe.

"Well, madam," said I, "I might agree with you if I were a slug or a water-rat."

"You must go to the west of Ireland for a fine climate," quoth Mr. Murphy.

"Too much steam," said Mrs. Foljambe. "I once stayed a week at Ballyvaghan, and it was like looking at natural scenery through the smoke from a bowl of hot punch."

"You should have thried Ballagherreen, ma'am," said Mr. Murphy.

"Say Ballydehob at once, now," answered Mrs. Foljambe; "and I am sure a hob the poor creatures who live there must find it—a hob with a steaming kettle on it."

"Well," said I, "this evening is a fine one, but it is a bit chilly for all that. What say you to a stroll, Miss Grant?"

She assented, and we left Mrs. Foljambe and Mr. Murphy arguing on the climate of Ireland.

"Will you take my arm?" said I. "This long heave is gentle, but it doesn't help to steady one."

She did as I asked. I thought I felt a little tremor in her fingers; she was silent and pensive, looking away from me towards the ocean; but this had been her demeanour of late, and was therefore not new in her.

"This is the Bay of Biscay," said I; "not many more days now before us."

"I shall be glad when the voyage is ended," she answered; "the Foljambes are very kind, everything is nice here, but I am weary—*weary* of the sea, Mr. Musgrave."

"You had need be; it has used you very ill, and something of this weariness of the ocean you are extending."

"Extending! I don't understand you."

"Well now, to be plain, Miss Grant, you have had enough of my company."

"You don't think so," she answered quietly; "why do you say so then?"

"I say so because I think so, and I think so because the fancy has been forced upon me by your manner. Since we have been in this ship you have ceased to be what you were."

"What was I?"

"Warm, cordial, frank, making our association to me so sweet an intimacy, that though I was clamorous to leave the island, I now vow to Heaven I would be glad to go on suffering a life-long imprisonment in it to preserve what I have lost in you."

"You have lost nothing," she exclaimed, speaking in a subdued voice, that did not however conceal her agitation; "if you have noticed any change in me, it is but the reflection of your own manner."

"My manner! It should be warm, not cold; it should be bright, not gloomy, if love be the hot and radiant emotion the poet tells us it is. Aurelia——"

She fixed her dark eyes upon me as I pronounced her name, and halted, looking at me intently, but for a few seconds only, then her gaze fell and she resumed her walk, still holding my arm.

"Aurelia," I said gently, "you heard what I have said—you know now that I love you."

"I have known it a long while," she answered, still looking down, but speaking with composure, though I have little doubt I should have felt her heart in her finger-tips had I brought them to my lips.

"You say I have no sympathy; but I am quicker to see than you—quicker to recognize."

Her meaning was as clear as the sound of a bell. We were to leeward, forward as far as the deck extended; the sheet of the great main course curved like a dusky wing betwixt us and the moonlight on the water, and we stood in this dusk, concealed from the others, obscured from all eyes in the fore-end, though clearly visible to each other. It was my turn now to

halt. I let fall her hand from my arm, then clasped it and the other as well. She stood passive. I drew her to me till her face was close to mine, and kissed her forehead. She released her hands with a manner of tender agitation, and went to the rail and looked over, and I heard her draw her breath in a sob.

I stepped to her side, and said, "If I have grieved you, forgive me. The time had come when I could not help speaking. I have loved you from the hour I first saw you. It has been a hard fight. I have endeavoured to do my duty, will still attempt it if you command me, but your beauty and sweetness have conquered my resolution of silence."

She wept silently.

"See now how I have vexed you," said I.

She shook her head. "No, I am happy," she answered, in a voice so low that I had to bend my ear to catch the words. "I am indeed happy in knowing that you love me. It is as it should be. It is—it is—as *he* would—as he *might* desire it. Poor boy. But—but——"

She raised her head, and the next instant her face was hidden on my shoulder, my arms around her, and her heart beating against mine.

And thus it was that we managed to round off in true poetical style our most eventful experiences as a marooned couple. That this was a right and proper ending I will not affirm, but that we could help it I do most vehemently deny. And, after all, if you will but gravely consider the matter, you will see it was scarce possible but that two people thrown together as Aurelia and I were should fall in love, to the exclusion of all promptings of loyalty and conscience on the one hand, and of all impulses of an earlier passion on the other. Nor was this all. The character of our intimacy demanded our union. Indeed, Aurelia did not scruple to tell me afterwards—I mean when she was

my wife—that even had her love been made to falter by thoughts of my cousin's claims upon her, and by the memory of their vows and betrothal, the recollection of the island must have sufficed to rally her into accepting me as destined by fate or old ocean, which is the same thing, to be her husband. But why enlarge upon this? It would have been easy to shift the helm of this yarn towards the close of it, and submit myself as having cut a highly virtuous figure. But then is it highly virtuous to heave one's emotional obligations overboard?—to confront a pure and ennobling passion with a countenance acidulated by some bolus of conscience that is, strictly speaking, neither here nor there, though it works very uncomfortably in the moral system, without leaving one much the better for it?

We arrived at Bristol on the 6th of November, after above four months of much livelier experiences than I should again care to undergo on any account whatever, and proceeded to London, where before the month was out we were married. The wedding, as will be supposed, was a very quiet one, so quiet indeed that there was nobody but ourselves present; I mean nobody in any way concerned in it. Privacy of this kind is a happiness that attends the nuptials of those only who are without relations; that is to say, when the marriage is an honest one, done in the light of day, and not what one may call a window-and-ladder match. Aurelia was as good as alone in the world, and for the matter of that so was I; so we drove one morning to church and returned man and wife, and I remember saying to my blushing beauty as we stepped arm-in-arm from the sacred building, that if all marooning experiments had ended as ours did, the punishment must long before have become so fashionable that there would be no uninhabited islands left; the most sterile rock would be occupied by some languishing couple, and it might come to skippers being handsomely rewarded for reporting so

much even as the creation of a volcanic spot of earth.

But before I was married I wrote a letter to my cousin, Alexander Fraser. It was a very long letter indeed. I gave him the full relation of our adventures, and do not know that I spared him the most trifling detail, so anxious was I to submit the whole picture to him, that there might be wanting no incident which, omitted, I might have regretted as helpful to the general apology of the missive. I told him that of course I expected he would resent my conduct at first, that he would consider I had taken a mean advantage of the trust he confided in me, but that when he came to think the matter carefully over, he would understand that nothing else than what had happened was possible. I touched very delicately upon Aurelia's and my enforced intimacy of association on the island; delicately, I say, but I indicated it too, for therein, methought, lay the very handsomest excuse any man could seek or expect for what I had done. Whatever occurred to me to say in self-extenuation, I said; but though I took great pains, wrote in a subdued strain, with plentiful appeals to his sailorly instincts as a man to judge me kindly, to believe that I had embarked most honestly, that for weeks and weeks I had never thought of the girl but as his sweetheart, that even after we had quitted the island I was still for conveying Aurelia to Rio, though I was loving her passionately then, and abhorred the thought of parting with her—I say, that though I did my best in this letter, I felt at every word which dropped from my pen that it was like rubbing a cat the wrong way, as uncomfortable to the stroking hand as to the creature thus dealt with. Perhaps I said too much; then it would occur to me that I had not said enough; and sometimes I thought it would have been best to say nothing at all, and leave him to conclude that the Iron Crown had foundered, and we with her.

Well, a few months after I had

dispatched this epistle—this great bundle of manuscript I should call it, for it ran into many sheets—during all which time not a syllable reached me from Rio, I received a letter from Captain Foljambe, in which he gave me a piece of news of great interest to me.

It concerned the Iron Crown. It seems that this vessel had been found derelict at sea, about a hundred leagues westward of the island of Cuba. She was fallen in with by a French barque, whose people on boarding her discovered a couple of auger-holes in her bows, one of which had been plugged, whilst the leakage of the other had been, strangely enough, stopped by a fish that lay jammed in the orifice, just leaving room enough for a small draining of brine, scarce as much as would have raised a foot of water in her hold in a fortnight. On entering the cabin they found the ceiling, stanchions, and a portion of the forward bulkheads scorched, with other signs of a fire having been kindled, manifestly for the purpose of destroying her. There were traces of blood upon her quarter-deck and waist, whether human or not could not be told. Aloft she was a complete wreck; most of her sails in rags, her maintopmast gone, her fore-topgallant-mast hanging by its gear, and about ten feet of her starboard bulwarks smashed level to the covering board. Her name was plain upon the stern, and she was unquestionably the brig in which we had sailed. She had apparently encountered a violent storm, but whether before or after her abandonment was not to be guessed. There was nothing to be done with her, and as she would prove a formidable obstruction to drive into in the dark, the Frenchmen knocked the plug out, cleared away the fish, and left her to drown. Nothing was known of her crew, and I may as well say here, that though I continued long afterwards to make inquiries, I never got to hear of them, and therefore remain to this hour ignorant of the manner in which Broad-

water had met his end—whether he was murdered or perished by his own act.

It was eighteen months before I heard from Rio, by which time I had arrived at the conclusion that either my cousin Alexander was dead, or that he hated me too violently to put pen to paper. Aurelia believed that death was the reason of his silence. He had died, she believed, of grief, and I was heartily glad, for my own sake as much as for my wife's, when one morning I received a letter from him; for I may as well say her notion that he had died of a broken heart was the cause of many fits of melancholy in her, which rendered me a little peevish with jealousy; so that had Alexander not written, there might by and by have come some little unhappiness into my married life.

He began by saying that he had made up his mind not to write to me at all. He had hated me consumedly for months after reading my letter, and would have been pleased to kill me, only that the voyage home was too tedious and expensive an undertaking for so twopenny an issue. News of the Iron Crown having been found abandoned and in a wrecked condition had reached him before he got my letter, and he concluded that Aurelia and I were at the bottom of the sea. He had written home to the owners of the brig for information, but his inquiries remained unanswered. His getting my letter, he said, was like receiving a missive from the other world, and he swore that before he was one-third through it he heartily wished that it *had* come from the other world, and from the deepest and most fiery part of it too, for to that place did his temper consign me at every full stop he came to. Of Aurelia he desired to say nothing. Women were sent into the world to make fools of men, and not even old age hindered the most of them from struggling on in fulfilment of this mission. But a woman could sometimes make as great a fool of a man by marrying him as

by jilting him. For many months he had been wondering which of us two—meaning himself and me—was the more deserving of compassion, but now he was no longer in doubt and could only hope I was happy. Aurelia was a beautiful woman, and he had been very much in love with her; but after all beauty is but skin deep. And then, again, people's feelings change wonderfully. Time converts the loveliest face into a mask, and often into a very ugly one; and how swift is the flight of time! We clasp a beautiful creature to our heart, and when she lifts her face from our bosom, lo! we find the angel of Time has been with her, and 'tis all pucker and rheum, crows'-feet, sausage-curls, and the deuce knows what besides! As to the durability of sentiment—Stop! he'd give me a yarn. He was at a funeral last year. A young wife had died, and the husband was inconsolable. His grief at the grave-side was terrible to witness. His friends had to grasp him by the arms and coat-tails to hinder him from precipitating himself into the yawning chasm when the coffin was lowered into it. He wept, he howled, he tore his hair, he shook his fists at the sky, and asked with streaming eyes what he had done to deserve this dreadful affliction. This emotion was sincere down to the very heels of it. "Four months later," added my cousin, "I received an invitation to his wedding!"

"And now," continued the letter, "since I have made up my mind to write, I may as well give you and Mrs. Musgrave all the news. Will you ask your wife if she remembers Isabella Radcliffe? No doubt she does. Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Grant were, I believe, friends, but a coolness sprang up between them some time before the latter left Rio. Though Isabella has not the *good fortune* to have Spanish blood in her, being indeed purely English, and eminently gifted with her countrywoman's noblest quality—the grand characteristic of the *entirely* British lass—I

mean loyalty, Dick ; she is exceedingly beautiful, nevertheless. Her eyes are violet, richly fringed, her hair auburn, rarest of tints ; there is nothing *majestic* and *stately* about her ; she is merely *lovable*, plump, fragrant, sweet to see and to hearken to, with so exquisite a contralto voice that everybody calls it a fortune to her. Her papa is dead, and his will appoints that the sum of eight thousand pounds is to be settled upon her when she marries, providing that she does so with her mother's consent, presuming of course the mother to be living. The mother *is* living, and *I* have her consent, and perhaps some of these days I may have the pleasure of introducing the prettiest woman that was ever seen in South America to Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave. Happily she resides at Rio, so I shall not be obliged to ask any relative to bring her to me. Be good enough, when you next write, to let me know what I owe you for Mrs. Musgrave's outfit, and for the hire of the cabins of the ship you embarked in. Convey my kind regards to your wife, and believe me, my dear Dick,

Yours very truly,

"ALEX. FRASER."

Poor Alec !

Yet this letter magically cleared our home atmosphere. There were no more melancholy references to my cousin's broken heart. I have drunk many a bottle with Alec since, and he is godfather to my second boy, and Aurelia is godmother to his third girl.

So passes the procession of life across the stage of the world. I had advanced but a few steps, so to speak, on the boards when this experience I have written about befell me. My wife and I were young, our hearts had a strong beat, the sun was yet in the eastern heavens, his light very glorious and the land fair and gay with flowers ; and now I am hobbling off within a few paces of the dark wing whose shadow, when the actor has entered it, shrouds him for ever from the gaze of the company that sit watching the show. But the western radiance still lingers, the dusk has not yet fallen ; and my wife and I, though our clasped hands tremble with the infirmities of age, still walk in sunshine, finding cheerfulness in the lingering lustre, though we know it to be waning fast.

THE END.

VERDI'S "OTELLO."

THE enterprise of transplanting "Otello", with the whole La Scala company bodily from Milan to London last July, proved as successful as it was bold. The only undertaking of similar magnitude in our times was the importation a few years ago of a complete German company to play German opera, especially Wagner's later works. That was anything but successful, in spite of the enormous advertisement given by the great Wagnerian controversy; and a similar fate was confidently predicted for the Italian experiment. Indeed its chances of success looked even less; for in the previous case there had at least been the attraction of several operas, whereas it was now proposed to give nothing but one single work throughout three consecutive weeks; that work, moreover, by a man whose name excites no bitter controversy, who is neither derided on the one hand as a charlatan, nor extolled on the other as the greatest genius the world has seen. Nevertheless, contrary to all expectation, it turned out most triumphantly successful; far more so than would be supposed from the accounts of contemporary newspapers which, doubtless for reasons of their own, maintained for the most part a studiously cold attitude. As a matter of fact, the theatre was filled night after night by a genuine and increasingly enthusiastic audience; and that in the face of a rival house enjoying an undeniably successful season. It may be worth while to enquire into the reasons for this really remarkable result. There were two—the performance, and the work itself.

In the first place the performance was one of great excellence. In addition to a conductor who has no living superior, a first-rate orchestra

and chorus, the minor parts were adequately filled; while the two principal artists offered an impersonation of remarkable merit. In speaking of Tamagno and Maurel, it is difficult to avoid using the language of exaggeration. But upon full and sober reflection it seems by no means too much to say that, for singing and acting combined, in all probability no better work has ever before been done on the stage by two men together. It is at any rate certain that Tamagno and Maurel have themselves never done so well before, nor indeed anything like it. The opera has clearly inspired them. This brings us to the second point. We find the reason for the unusual excellence of the performance in the work itself. What then is the peculiar merit of this opera? What is its position in the history of the art?

Song is simply extended and magnified speech, and its artistic basis lies in that fact. When any one speaks under the influence of emotion, he unconsciously does three things—he prolongs the sound of the expressive word uttered: he increases the inflection of the voice; and he increases its loudness. The last is much less important than the two former. In proportion to the strength of the emotion are the prolongation, inflection, and (less often) the loudness of the voice, until it becomes what may properly be called a scream as of terror, or a roar as of rage. On the stage, the actor, whose business it is to express emotion, consciously and purposely reproduces this lengthening and inflection of the words. So too does the orator. In oratory it is a common thing to see one speaker exercise an influence upon his audience infinitely greater than another of equal mental gifts and readiness of utterance. The

secret lies in the studied use of the voice. Canon Liddon, for instance, in uttering from the pulpit such a phrase as "a pallid caricature of masculine self-assertion", prolongs the syllables to an almost incredible extent, but with so much art that the hearer is quite unconscious of anything of the sort. He only knows that the words come to him with such force, that they ring in his head and he cannot forget them. Another preacher might say the same thing with the same fervour, but without the voice and the art, and produce no effect at all. There is but one step between this and singing. Salvini, when he says in "Il Gladiatore" *Figlia mia* with an expression of intense parental tenderness, comes as near singing as is possible. Indeed there is no real break between the two: the one merges almost insensibly into the other; and it is possible to recite a poem, gradually prolonging the syllables, until it becomes distinctly a song. Competent teachers of singing know that the one general principle on which to rely in forming a voice is to make the pupil produce the singing sound on a given note, in precisely the same way as the speaking sound upon the same note. The one is simply a prolongation of the other. The most successful singers are, *cæteris paribus*, those who most thoroughly carry out this principle, consciously or not. It is this which gives their peculiar charm to such singers as Patti, Sims Reeves, and de Soria. Their singing sounds natural and easy, because it is so. The words seem to drop out in a delightful manner as if spoken, but with a degree of meaning beyond speech. The same thing applies to the music sung. In vocal music the musical phrase is successful in proportion as it approximates to the spoken phrase in form and inflection, and that for two reasons. It expresses the meaning most intelligibly to the hearer, and it lies most naturally for the voice of the singer. It is successful, because intelligible and pleasing. In the best specimens of song the sentiment contained in the

words, whatever it may be, is so exactly expressed by the musical inflections, that it is quite intelligible when sung in an unknown tongue. No one could mistake "Adelaide" for anything but a love-song, or "The Erl-King" for anything but a tale of terror and affright. The poem of "The Erl-King" may be recited with the speaking voice note for note according to Schubert's music, and sound quite natural and effective when so done.

It is necessary to insist upon the artistic status of dramatic song, because, while lyrical and narrative song is universally admitted to be an art, the claim is curiously enough denied to opera. Of all forms of poetry, the one which lends itself most naturally and properly to musical expression is the drama. Since singing is, as we have seen, an extended form of emotional speaking, it follows that opera should be an extended form of drama. Yet it is constantly refused the title of a genuine art at all: it is derided as anomalous; and the feeling entertained for it by most "unmusical" people is one of half-contemptuous toleration, as for a thing necessarily absurd from an artistic point of view, but which pleases their "musical" neighbours. The only theoretical objection which can be urged against the musical drama, is that in ordinary life people do not express themselves in elaborate music. But of course, the same objection may be urged against the spoken drama, and especially against the highest form of it, grand tragedy. The stage is not ordinary life. Ordinary life does not consist of kings and queens, of heroes and monsters. In ordinary life people do not speak in verse rhymed or blank. Ordinary rooms are not formed by three walls and an open space; nor are a row of gaslights sunshine. Ordinary life is just what you do not want on the stage, or in any other art. We are suffering only too much from ordinary life in fiction and in the drama. The exact reproduction of

real life, which seems to be the aim of so many novelists and dramatists, is not art. Art is not Nature.

For Art commends not counterparts or copies ;

But from our life a nobler life would take,
Bodies celestial from terrestrial raise,
And teach us, not jejune what we are,
But what we may be, when the Parian
block

Yields to the hand of Phidias.

The musical drama is as truly based upon Nature as is any other art. The real reason why it has met with so much contempt is the great difficulty of carrying it out successfully. Music imposes limits. Both the subject and its verbal handling must be specially adapted to musical treatment, before the immense difficulties of the actual composition are reached at all. It is on this rock that opera has usually struck. Both the play and its poetical treatment have been bad. The fault is invariably laid to the charge of the musician—but most unfairly. It is true that a certain colour is lent to this accusation by the fact that many composers have apparently been too easily satisfied with the *libretti* provided for them; and many have shrunk from the difficulties imposed by a high ideal. It is so much easier to write a song than an opera; just as it is easier to write a few stanzas than a drama. Hence it happens that too many so-called operas are little more than albums of songs disguised; and so long as the public is content with an album of songs, the supply is sure to follow the demand. But is it to be supposed that composers have insisted on foolish plots and puerile language? On the contrary, the history of the opera is that of a constantly renewed struggle on the part of the musicians to obtain worthy subjects for their muse, a struggle unfortunately for the most part unsuccessful.

The originators of opera in Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century were animated by the purest artistic aspiration, that of re-constructing the Greek drama, which, as we

believe, was musically declaimed; and from them down to the present day we have a long list of great musicians who undeniably appreciated the seriousness of their art, and the necessity of a fine subject for the exercise of it. Monteverde, Purcell, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Wagner may be mentioned, without referring to living writers, as having striven for a high ideal. One proof of the difficulty they encountered is the frequency with which they have had recourse to the same subjects. The story of Orpheus has been set to music by at least five composers, and that of Faust by as many more. Sometimes they have failed altogether to find a subject. Haydn and Beethoven wrote but one opera apiece; Mendelssohn could not find a satisfactory libretto at all until it was too late. The oft-repeated charge of slavish submission to artificial forms of construction and the tyrannical caprices of singers, may be true enough in the case of weaker spirits, but does not apply to the great men whose names have just been mentioned. Handel for instance, who wrote at a time when rules for the construction of opera were the most strict and the most artificial, and when the despotism of singers was at its highest, never allowed either to stand in his way. The same is true to a great extent of Rossini. Purcell was a daring innovator. Gluck ran directly counter to the popular taste of his day in a noble, and to some extent successful, attempt to re-establish the musical drama on a true artistic basis. Mozart threw up at least one librettist in despair. Weber and Spohr invented and successfully carried out a new style, half-way between tragic and comic, which, though not the highest, is yet a serious and worthy form of art. Meyerbeer worked like a slave at his operas, sparing no trouble or expense, and was so particular about the character of his *libretti* that he quarrelled with his dramatist, Scribe, who was pro-

bably the best that ever condescended to co-operate with a musician. Without extending the list any farther, or coming down to later writers, enough has been said to show that operatic composers have been neither unconscious of an ideal nor slaves to fashion.

The fault lies far more with the librettists. We see just the same thing in the case of sacred music. When the words are taken direct from the Bible, or are those of the holy offices, the composers have proved equal to the task and have produced truly magnificent results. When they have had inferior words, the result has been inferior. Compare Haydn's *Masses* with his "Creation". Where in all his *Masses* is there anything like the absurd duet between Adam and Eve, "Graceful consort! Spouse adored!"? Compare Beethoven's *Mass* in C with his "Olivet". But the great case in point is Handel. At the Handel Festival two oratorios are always given entire, the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt". All his others are represented by a selection, and quite properly. The words of these two are from the Bible; but it is not the words only that are superior;—the music corresponds. The other oratorios contain some great beauties, and these form the selections. They occur when the librettist has chanced to give him a fine subject, or when his irresistible genius has broken through the fetters and clothed inferior words in music far too good for them. An instance of the former is the air "Total eclipse!" from "Samson", one of the most glorious specimens of musical declamation in existence. An instance of the latter is the chorus in "Joshua", "In watery heaps affrighted Jordan stood". The well known chorus "Envy! eldest-born of Hell!" might almost be cited phrase by phrase as showing the influence on a composer of good and bad words respectively.

A book might be filled with similar instances from opera, to show that when the musician has had a chance

he has made the most of it, and has often succeeded in spite of impediments placed in his way by a poor librettist. Scores of beautiful fragments and many whole works have come down to us and hold their place to the present day, in which immortality is given to very poor lines by the genius of the musician. It will be sufficient to take the case of Mozart. Out of some twenty dramatic works of more or less pretensions, the only serious ones are taken from classical subjects. Dramatists seem to have thought at that time that grand art was impossible unless the subjects were taken from Greek or Roman history. This mistake, to which Gluck also fell a victim, was a legacy from the Renaissance. Shakespeare could write "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus", but the Abbate Varesco was not Shakespeare. The great classical Greek drama could no more be reproduced in another age than the classical Greek architecture. Mozart did all that was possible with the poor lifeless artificial stuff that was supplied to him. "Idomeneo" and "Clemenza di Tito" were as successful as such works could be. Of the comedies, many were very slight affairs; but three at least have survived with undiminished popularity to the present day, "Le Nozze di Figaro", "Don Giovanni", and "Die Zauberflöte". Of these it may be remarked in the first place that musical comedy is an inferior form of art. It is not the proper business of music to heighten comic effects or express trivialities, but to give effect to the higher emotions. Setting the composer of the "Requiem Mass" to work at comedies would be like giving Raphael comic scenes to paint. They were beneath his genius. What he did was to invest some second or third-rate plays with a beauty and grace which were not their own and to give them an immortality they were far from deserving. "Le Nozze di Figaro" is a very fair comedy, but far below Mozart's music. Take the air "Voi che sapete",

for instance, one of the most exquisitely beautiful melodies ever written. What is there in the words to suggest it? Absolutely nothing. Of "Don Giovanni", that extraordinary genius, Ernest Hoffmann, himself an intensely artistic spirit, says, "It is difficult to understand how Mozart could conceive and compose such music on such a subject". And in order to account for it, like a true German, he invents a profound psychological study of the conflict between good and evil in the soul, making out Don Giovanni to be a sort of Faust. But it is to be feared that, in spite of Hoffmann's ingenuity, the commonplace libertine will remain commonplace. "Die Zauberflöte", the most musically perfect opera we have, is pure nonsense. Dark hints have been thrown out about recondite meanings intelligible only to Freemasons; but these have not gone farther than identifying some chords in the overture with a masonic sign having the same rhythm. If ever a man was competent to set Shakespeare to music it was Mozart, and he is thrown away upon such rubbish as this. Who were Varesco, da Ponte, and Bretzner, his best-known librettists? Who would ever have heard of them but for Mozart? Whatever importance their works possess is derived from his music.

In truth, the whole history of opera is not that of drama sacrificed to music, as has been so frequently said, but of good music thrown away on bad drama. This is true even of the later and despised Italian writers. Of course, when the play is rubbish and the words poor, the interest of the public is centred on the music. Hence the violations of dramatic propriety which have become customary in the performance. But that is the fault of the dramatist the example of Wagner clearly shows. That great genius and innovator, dissatisfied with the condition of operatic art, set to work to compose, not a new kind of music, but a new kind of *libretto*. Unable to find a dramatist, he boldly determined to

be his own. Unfortunately he was not a good workman, and he chose a bad subject. He chose those mythological and legendary subjects which have always taken an epic form, for the very good reason that they are essentially epic and not dramatic in character. Upon these subjects he composed a truly wonderful mass of doggerel verse, for it is really nothing else; the splendid courage of the attempt should not blind us to its failure. Only the enthusiasm of a fanatic can call Wagner a great poet. The task he set himself was really beyond his powers, for he was a poor playwright and worse poet. Some fine dramatic situations he has, but no one can pretend that with the possible exception of "Der Holländer" there is a single one of Wagner's dramas dramatic enough to be played as such without the music. Some are disfigured by a startling degree of impropriety, which alone would prevent their being put upon any ordinary stage whatever; and scenic effects impossible to be presented otherwise than ridiculously are constantly demanded, notably in the "Nibelungen-Ring". But far more important than all this is the extreme tediousness of a great part of all his operas. The interminable and pointless dialogues, which so often occur, surpass in dullness anything else upon the stage; and the poverty of the verse is even greater than that of incident. The great bulk of it is either common-place, or so ingeniously distorted as to be almost meaningless. The book of "Parsifal" is all but unintelligible; it is difficult to tell what any of the characters are saying or doing at any given moment. This is explained by its being a mystic sacred drama; but mystic only means obscure, and obscurity is a deadly fault. It will be said that one has no right to separate Wagner's plays from his music, and that on the stage imperfections in language disappear. This is merely saying that the audience is dazzled by splendour of sound and spectacle, and overlooks the lame verse. For, how-

ever closely united they may be, words and music are two separate things; and if one is bad, it remains bad, however good the other may be. Besides, the whole question here is that of the *libretto*. Of his music it is not necessary to say much. On the whole it is far too good for the words. For though the uncouth distorted phraseology has been to a great extent only too faithfully rendered by equally uncouth music, whenever he has given himself a chance, and often when he has not, he has shown us what he might have done under happier auspices. Apart from the extreme beauty, ingenuity, and power of the well-known purely orchestral pieces, there are many noble and delightful fragments for the voice. The controversy is still too hot about Wagner to hope for a dispassionate opinion; but the time will come when he will be judged by the same standard as every one else (a thing forbidden at present), and it will be seen that in view of the high aim with which he started his plays are dull and his verse poor; that after all he has suffered shipwreck on the same rock as his predecessors. But all honour to him for his great and influential attempt to restore the ideal!

Now we come to "Otello", the "heir of all the ages". In the first place, it is not necessary to say much about the play. "Othello" needs no advocate. But we must insist upon the significance of going to Shakespeare for a subject. In truth he is for us the one fountain of what is greatest in drama. He is our *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Aristophanes* in one. Instead of trying to reconstruct the classical Greek drama, as the early Italians and Gluck did, or of inventing a classical German one, as Wagner did, following the same lines, but employing German legend instead of Greek, Verdi and Boïto have gone to the great poet who truly represents our later age. In the second place, "Othello" has been most admirably and skilfully handled by the librettist. Boïto possesses quite unique qualifications for the task. He is a

poet of great taste and cultivation and a most gifted musician, who yet has the modesty to take a second place and work for another's glory. It is to Boïto that a large share of the success of "Otello" is due. His work gave Verdi the stimulus and inspiration needed, and made the opera possible. Precisely for want of a Boïto opera has so often failed in the past. This is markedly the case with the other Shakespearean plays that have been set to music. The drama has been largely spoilt, and in the French language at any rate there seems to be something inimical to Shakespeare. Boïto on the contrary has surmounted the dramatic and verbal difficulties with great skill. Such alterations as there are are in good taste and do not spoil the action, while the translation is noble and poetical. In the third place there is Verdi, the veteran composer. No man's work has been more belittled, or more popular. His operas are always called hackneyed; though why they should deserve that journalistic epithet any more than "Don Giovanni", "Il Barbiere", "Faust", or "Carmen", it would be difficult to say. Verdi is not a Mozart or a Beethoven, but one thing is to be observed about him which stamps him as a true artist; throughout his long career he has steadily developed and progressed towards a higher goal. The setting of "Otello" to music is the highest task he has yet attempted. Two qualifications he undeniably possesses, a complete mastery of the resources of modern orchestration, and, what is rarer, a thorough knowledge of the human voice, that most difficult of instruments. He is one of the greatest writers for the voice that ever lived. Moreover he seems to have been inspired by his theme and to have risen with it. To enter into a detailed analysis of the opera is not the present purpose. It is enough to say that the music throughout gives just and appropriate effect to the verse. Exception may no doubt be taken here and there, but on the whole the

meaning is expressed with extraordinary truthfulness and power. And yet there is not a single unmusical phrase throughout. It is the true *musica parlante* of Peri and Caccini, the rendering of the play of passion by the medium of song. It is the nearest realization of the ideal of musical drama that has yet been attained in our age, and fairly represents our modern equivalent of the Athenian declamatory tragedy. On our comparatively small stages it is not necessary for the actors to increase their stature by artificial means, as the Greeks did, and Tamagno at least needs no contrivance to strengthen his voice. But the art is the same in essence, so far as our knowledge enables us to judge. Pretty it is not,—how should it be? there are no serenades in Othello—and many people may not like it. That is no condemnation of it or of them. Many people do not care for tragedy, and many more like their music mild. But the grandeur of the effect is undeniable. This very effect, however, shows us the limitations of musical drama. "Otello" is, as opera should be, ordinary drama extended and magnified. But what is gained in size is lost in delicacy. The whole thing is painted in broader lines and brighter

colours. It is impossible for any artist on the operatic stage to act like Salvini; the conditions forbid him; his grand effects are grander, but he necessarily misses the subtle ones.

In conclusion, then, the phenomenal success of "Otello", both here and wherever it has been performed, is due to the unique character of the work. It is a drama of the highest kind, appropriately set to music. But because "Otello" is the highest point yet attained, it does not follow that all operas are to be "Otellos". There is room for the lesser art as well as the greater. We can enjoy fun and romance as well as tragedy. We may shudder at Iago and be crushed by Otello; but we shall still be charmed by "Spirito Gentil," or "Salve Dimora:" we shall still smile at the Barber of Seville and Meister Beckmesser of Nüremberg; we shall still weep with Marguerite and Brünnhilde. As for Italian or any other opera being dead, and the great merit of a certain sagacious manager in reviving it, that is nonsense. The said manager, being a good man of business, perceived that what was dead was not the opera, but merely a bad article at a high price. That is dead and, let us hope, buried.

A. S.

ARCHIBALD PRENTICE.

A PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF JOURNALISM.

IN the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, situated right in the centre as it were of a natural amphitheatre of hills through which the river Clyde placidly winds its way past the town of Lanark to its Falls, stands the farm-house of Covington Mains. It is one of those delightfully old-fashioned buildings with low ceilings and general air of snugness abhorrent no doubt to the minds of sanitary inspectors, but which even sanitary inspectors would perhaps allow to be not without its compensatory advantages as in the long wintry nights, comfortably seated in the wainscoted parlour or round the blazing kitchen fire, one listened to the wind as it rushed down the side of Tinto, whistling among the trees in the park or roaring among the chimney-tops, reminding one of the snow-clad hills and the bleak moorlands beyond. Hardly a stone's throw from the front door stands the "Auld Tower", the substantial ruins of an old keep or castle, built, so tradition says, by Lindsay of Covington in the year of grace 1442, whose walls, even yet in some places ten feet in thickness, tell of times when

Tooming faulds, or sweeping of a glen
Had still been held the deeds of gallant
men.

True it was not till 1750 that Archibald Prentice's grandfather, David, a dounce, quiet man, and a subscriber to the "Gentleman's Magazine", a notable thing in a man of his station in those days, removed with his fair wife, Agnes, daughter of Alexander Reid of Covenanting memory, from the bare uplands of Knowknowton, where even oats did not always ripen, to the lower and milder level of the Clyde at

Covington. Nevertheless the influence of historic memories such as the old tower conveyed was not likely to be lost upon Archibald, who remembered with pride how one of his ancestors, Sir John Prentice, the laird of Thorn, had fought with General Lockhart under the Commonwealth, and how more recently his great-grandfather, Archibald of Staine, had played a stout part in the conflict at Bothwell Bridge. David Prentice, the grandfather, died in 1756, and was succeeded by his younger son, Archibald, who in 1763 married for his wife the beautiful daughter of his uncle, Thomas Prentice of Hinchilwood. An admirable specimen of the Scottish yeoman of the last century, hard-headed, industrious, religious, somewhat austere, he ruled his household with a despotism which affection and respect on the part of the ruled made light and easy.

Among the numerous visitors who at different times enjoyed the plain but hearty hospitality of the Mains was Robert Burns himself, when on his way to push his fortunes in Edinburgh about the end of 1786. His advent was eagerly expected, and his visit long remembered by the farmers in the neighbourhood. They had all read with delight the poems he had published, and were anxious to see the ploughman who had as it were shed a halo of glory around them as well as himself. Accordingly they were invited by the "gudeman of the Mains" to meet him at a late dinner, the signal of his arrival being a white sheet attached to a pitchfork fixed on the top of a corn-stack in the barn-yard. "At length", says Prentice, recounting the incident in a letter to Professor John Wilson, "Burns arrived mounted

on a pownie, borrowed of Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, near Ayr. Instantly was the white flag hoisted, and as instantly were seen the farmers issuing from their houses and converging to the point of meeting. A glorious evening, or rather night, which borrowed something from the morning, followed, and the conversation of the poet confirmed and increased the admiration created by his writings". Next morning, after breakfasting with a large party at a neighbouring farmhouse, Burns departed for Edinburgh on his "pownie", which he afterwards returned to its owner by John Samson, brother of the immortal "Tam", with a letter to Mr. Reid of Barquhar, a friend of the Prentices, in which he expressed the pleasure he had experienced in meeting his friends at Covington. "No words", he said "can do justice to Mr. Prentice. Plain warm hospitality and strong sound sense are truly his".

In 1773 Archibald's first wife died, and in 1780 he married Helen, daughter of John Stoddart of the Bank, a farm in the parish of Carnwath. Of the seven children of this marriage, the youngest but one, Archibald, the subject of this sketch, was born in December, 1792.

At the age of six he was sent to the parish school where, under a dominie who possessed every qualification for his office except a knowledge of the art of teaching, he learnt as much or as little as a thoughtless schoolboy was likely to learn. Fortunately, however, he was not wholly dependent for his education on what he learnt at school. His father seldom taught directly, but, in the opinion of his son, he did what was perhaps equally useful—he asked questions and never waited for an answer. Then, when he had learned to read, and when the wet weather prevented him seeking his amusement out of doors, there was the parish library, recently established at the instigation of his father, from which to borrow books. Nor is it without interest for us to learn that

in this family the most generally read and most thoroughly appreciated book was *Don Quixote*. *Sancho Panza* soon became a household word, and at the threshing-mill, the turnip-hoeing, and the shearing, his proverbs were in constant use among the serving-men. But young Prentice, who failed to relish altogether the Squire's humour, was touched to his very soul by the lofty chivalry and noble idealism of the Knight of La Mancha.

Those were happy days at the Mains, and they came to an end all too soon. Before he had completed his twelfth year Prentice was engaged to a Mr. Rankin, a respectable baker in Edinburgh famous for his biscuits. But the preliminary steps in learning the baking-trade, consisting mainly as they did in carrying a heavy load of bread and hot rolls on his head every morning and in taking out and riddling ashes from the oven in the afternoon, proved excessively irksome to him. Some six months after he had been thus employed he received a visit from one of his father's ploughmen, whose disgust at seeing "a son of the gudeman of the Mains riddlin' asse'", some of which the apprentice prudently allowed to fall on him, may easily be imagined, when it is remembered that in Lanarkshire no greater degradation could befall a man or boy than the milking of cows or the riddling of ashes. A few days after he received a letter from his father intimating that if he thought he should not like to be a baker he was at liberty to return home. The permission thus guardedly given was not neglected and, having shaken off the dust of the bake-house from his clothes, he was soon back once more at Covington. In the following summer (1805) he, however, again found himself in Edinburgh, this time as the apprentice of a Mr. Samuel Somerville, woollen draper in the Lawn Market. Old Samuel was a bachelor and much "fashed" with his temper, and the young apprentice found no little difficulty in always pleasing him. "Never mind, laddie",

said old Jean Inglis, his master's only servant, when he one day complained to her about him; "there was naeboddy ever stuck fast in this world but Lot's wife"—a piece of homely philosophy not without its value to him in after life. Meanwhile his father had been persuaded by Mr. Reid of Barquharry that Glasgow with its wholesale manufacturing business presented much better opportunities for an enterprising youth than did shopkeeping Edinburgh, and accordingly, after having served his three years' apprenticeship with Somerville, he was invited to stay at Fergushill until an opening in some warehouse presented itself. Reid, who had been the means of introducing Burns to the people at Covington, was a person of some consequence in his locality. He had two large farms in his own holding, besides being factor to the Earl of Eglinton with a salary of £500 a year and a good old-fashioned house, a few fields and a large orchard on the north side of Eglinton Park rent free. To him young Prentice was of some little service in reading his letters, docketing them and answering the less important.

Among those which it was his fortune to read was one from Burns's

Rough, rude, ready-witted Rankin,
The wale of cocks for fun and drinkin'.

Poor fellow! His fun and drinking had reduced him to poverty, and the letter, in which there was some wit of the roughest nature, was to acknowledge the receipt of £20 which the Earl allowed him as an annual pension. Baillie Greenshields and Tam Samson's brother, John, two other of Burns's old Kilmarnock cronies, were frequent visitors at Fergushill. The Baillie's dinner dress was yellow buckskin breeches and white-topped boots, and the usual invitation to him ran: "DEAR BAILLIE,—The leather breeks and tap boots on Thursday.—G. R."

For the rest, young Prentice found the time glide away so pleasantly in

the constant company of Miss Reid, whom he regarded with mingled feelings of boyish admiration and of devotion such as Don Quixote felt for the Duchess, that it was not without a pang of regret that he heard that a situation had at last been secured for him in the warehouse of Mr. Grahame, brother of James Grahame the poet.

He was soon at work among the "creeshie weavers" at a salary of £15 a year, and before long was promoted to the counting-house. Two rather remarkable men had preceded him as book-keeper. The first was Burns's celebrated Dr. Hornbook ("Jock Hornbook i' the clachan"); and Hornbook's successor was John Young, a facetious and very clever fellow, apt however at times to allow his work to fall into arrears. He afterwards became known to the world as Dr. John Young, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Belfast Institution.

Prentice had hardly completed his second year's apprenticeship when he was appointed traveller to the house in England. The proposal nearly took away his breath. To be elevated to the high and mighty profession of bagman, and that after only two years' apprenticeship! But Thomas Grahame had not formed his opinion rashly. And to Prentice's objection that he was too young, too inexperienced, too diffident and not smart enough to hold his own with his fellow bagmen, he replied that he was the best judge of his capabilities, and forthwith cancelled his indentures and gave him a salary of £80 a year, to be increased if the expectations formed of him were realized. After all, the bagmen, or representatives as they preferred to style themselves, proved to be not such dreadfully wild fowl as he had been led to imagine. Collectively they were formidable, great at table, oracular in speech, men who had seen the world and knew it, not to be tackled except when now and then one was caught singly, when it was discovered that some of them were after all mere wind-bags. An anecdote

dote, which Prentice used to relate with great glee, illustrates pretty accurately the kind of men among whom he was thrown at this time, though a *rara avis* like Richard Cobden would sometimes spring from their midst and astonish the world.

One evening, after having supped in company with some eight or ten of them at the Old Swan in Market Street, Manchester, a dashing young man from Nottingham in buckskin shorts and boots with immaculate tops, suggestive of a profound acquaintance with the use of oxalic acid, and who perhaps from that practical application had studied chemistry, was dilating eloquently, much to the edification of the company, on that science, when the door was opened and a tall person entered, who humbly took his seat at a round table in a corner of the room. I whispered our chairman to ask him to take his seat with us. "No, no", he replied; "he is only some Owdham fellow". But the appearance of the stranger was not that of a country manufacturer. He seemed to be about twenty-eight years of age, with a profusion of light hair flowing loosely and rather wildly. He was dressed in a drab shooting-jacket, a reddish waistcoat, drab shorts and long yellow gaiters, and might have passed for a well-to-do farmer or miller, or perhaps one of the smaller class of gentry not very careful of the fashions of the day. He sat listening very attentively to the discourse, and then said: "Gentlemen, I live in a country place and have seldom an opportunity of listening to such intellectual conversation, and would esteem it a favour if you would allow me to take a seat at your table". The request couched in such terms was of course acceded to, and he was graciously installed as one of our company. The discourse on chemistry proceeded. The stranger now and then begged a little explanation, deferentially, almost humbly, hoped he was not troublesome, but he liked to add to his small stock of knowledge, and so went on asking apparently simple questions until he brought the unfortunate bagman to the end of his tether, which was not a very long one. The discomfited took himself off to bed, and was soon followed by the rest, one of them remarking, *sotto voce*, as he passed me, that the fellow knew more than he professed. I saw he did, and said to him: "They have left us alone, Sir; shall we have another glass of brandy and water together?" "With

all my heart", said he. The conversation from science went to literature, from general literature to poetry, from poetry to poets, from Burns to Scott and from Scott to Grahame. The stranger pronounced a beautifully discriminate eulogium on Grahame's "Sabbath". When he had done I looked him in the face and said, "You are John Wilson". "How the deuce", said he, "did you find that out, young bagman?" I rose and went to my driving-box which was in the room, and laid before him "A Monody on James Grahame", by John Wilson [it will be remembered that the lines on Grahame were published while his "Isle of Palms", Wilson's first published volume, was passing through the press, and that consequently at that time he was quite unknown to the public], which I had received by post that morning from my master, who was Grahame's brother. "Ah!" said he, "an acute young fellow you are for a bagman. Shall we have another glass of brandy and water?" I had no objection, but the bar was locked. "Then bring us", called Wilson to the waiter, "a bucket of cold water and bedroom candles, and we will break up when we like". Three o'clock struck. "I am going by a Yorkshire coach at six o'clock", said Wilson; "it is no use going to bed now, will you see me off?" "Certainly I will", said I, and I saw him off; but I made no note of that night and morning's talk. I wish I had, for there was in Wilson's conversation all the extravagance and all the beauty of the "Lights and Shadows" of Christopher North.

In 1813, while staying at the White Horse Hotel at Leeds, he made the acquaintance of another remarkable man, whose appearance constantly reminded him of Burns's lines,

Auld carline nature,
To make amends for scrimpit stature
Had stamped the man on ilka feature.

It was John Childs, printer, of Bungay in Suffolk. The acquaintance soon ripened into a warm and intimate friendship, which lasted without interruption until the death of Childs in 1853. He had gained a new friend just when he lost an old one. A few weeks afterwards his father died. The first death in the family, it affected him very much. "I often dream", he said many years later, "of that

noble old man, but always of him as alive and talking to me across the table in the wainscoted room at Co-vington". In 1815 Thomas Grahame, acting upon Prentice's advice, removed his business from Glasgow to Manchester, and a few weeks after the completion of his five years' apprenticeship Prentice found himself installed in No. 1 Peel Street as the partner of his former master.

These, it will be remembered, were the days of Lord Sidmouth and "wholesome severity", of corn-laws and dear bread; of government spies and agricultural distress; of selfishness and imbecility in high places, and of misery and brutality among the masses. That Lancashire suffered little from the spy-fomented risings that convulsed Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire was almost entirely due to the exertions of the Manchester Reformers of that time, "a small but determined band", as Richard Potter used to call them. At this time there existed in Manchester a small weekly paper, known as "*Cowdroy's Gazette*", exercising considerable influence among the more intelligent working-men in the neighbourhood, but, like other provincial papers of the day, containing little more than an abstract of what had appeared during the week in the London journals. The importance, however, of the *Gazette* as an organ for the propagation of reform principles was quickly recognized by Prentice, and he and several others contributed frequent articles to it, which Cowdroy, a stout-hearted, honest man, gladly printed, bravely undertaking the risk of giving utterance to opinions most unpalatable to the powers that were. Nor was the danger he ran an imaginary one, as may be gathered from the fact that the members of the Manchester Literary Society, like the members of the Liverpool Roscoe Society in the days of Pitt and the French Revolution, thought it advisable to suspend their meetings and to relegate their discussions on questions of literature and

political economy to their own firesides. Not being able to close their eyes to the distress around them, and despairing of any real attempt on the part of the Government to remedy or alleviate it, the position of the reformers became so uncomfortable that some of the younger and more ardent of them (like other clever young men before them) seriously contemplated emigrating to one of the western states of the American Union, where it was proposed to form a joint-stock company and purchase a tract of land in Ohio, lying along some stream emptying itself into a navigable river. "It was a pleasant dream", wrote Prentice many years after, "this imagination of a tract some fifty or sixty miles in length by four in breadth gradually filling up with intelligent men, enjoying the rude plenty of the new world with the civilization of the old! Ourselves sitting under our own vines and our own fig-trees, planted with our own hands, surveying the golden wheat waving on land turned up by our own hard labour or directing care, and offering an asylum, amongst us and around us, to the oppressed of our native land". But the whisperings of conscience that something ought first to be done prevailed. Perhaps too the fact that he had about this time (June 3rd, 1819) married the daughter of Mr. James Thomson of Oatridge near Linlithgow, an old friend of his father's, had something to do with his own decision in this respect. The want, however, of some more efficient organ than "*Cowdroy's Gazette*" was keenly felt by the reformers, and Prentice, after having consulted with his cousin, the editor of "*The Glasgow Chronicle*", and several other experienced editors, became convinced that a thorough-going radical paper was not only possible in Manchester but that it might also be made profitable.

The plan was mooted, and in May, 1821, "*The Manchester Guardian*" was started on its future prosperous career under the editorship of Mr. John

Edward Taylor. But bitter disappointment was in store for the more advanced reformers. Taylor, whose political principles were in their opinion of rather a lukewarm description, soon abandoned the arduous task of preaching unpalatable reforms, and took up his abode in the convenient half-way house of Whiggery. This apostasy of "The Guardian", for so it was regarded, created considerable dissatisfaction among a number of gentlemen who had been mainly instrumental in its establishment, and Prentice, whose predilection for journalism had been cordially recognized by his friends, was advised to purchase "Cowdroy's Gazette" and start an opposition paper.

Accordingly in June, 1824, the first number of "The Manchester Gazette" appeared, and soon won for itself a high, if not the highest, place among the provincial papers of the day. The year 1826, however, was one of great commercial depression, and among the houses that went to the wall was one that had opened a credit for him with a bank at the time he purchased his paper. The accident happened most unfortunately, for "The Gazette" had already begun to make its way, and promised speedily to become a good property. Finding bankruptcy inevitable, he on January 12th, 1828, issued an address to his readers, in which he set forth plainly and honestly the facts of the case. There was a very general expression of sympathy for him, and "The Gazette" passing out of his hands to be incorporated with "The Manchester Times" he was asked to take the entire management of the new paper, the first number of which appeared on October 17th, 1828.

As an editor Prentice frequently offended against the generally recognized notions of newspaper propriety. He would quote passages from any writer, sometimes even whole articles, which seemed to him particularly appropriate or likely to promote the cause he was advocating. For this he was loudly denounced by

his more strait-laced contemporaries. His insertion of the best of Cobbett's articles at one time called forth quite a storm of protests, and he was pestered with letters warning him to desist from doing what scarcely any other journalist did. But he went on his own way, fearlessly advocating what he knew to be true, utterly regardless of what hornet's nest he might pull about his ears. His friends, Dr. Bowring, at that time editor of "The Westminster Review", and Colonel Thompson, of whose "Anti-Corn-Law-Catechism" he distributed four thousand copies with his paper, encouraged him and sent him their own articles. The Tories became alarmed at the progress Manchester was making towards reform and seized the opportunity presented by his denunciation of a certain Captain Grimshaw, who he asserted was accustomed to give indecent toasts at public dinners, to institute proceedings against him for libel.

Fortified by his extensive knowledge of the principles of English law, and the sagacious counsels of Bentham, Prentice defended himself. His victory was complete, and congratulations poured in from all quarters. A number of gentlemen desirous of expressing their sense of the stand made by him against judge-made law presented him with a splendid silver snuff-box bearing the inscription "Presented to Archibald Prentice of Manchester, Labourer, by one hundred of his fellow-labourers". In the indictment he had been termed a "labourer", and in his address to the jury he had said, using the words of Jeremy Bentham, "Yes! a labourer I am in a certain sense and I glory in so being. A labourer I am and a labourer I have long been in the field of parliamentary reform; and for my labours in that field, rather than for any injury to Captain Grimshaw, I suspect I owe my appearance before you to-day". But the compliment that pleased him best was a letter of congratulation from Bentham himself.

Of Bentham's writings he had long been a devoted admirer, and shortly before his trial he had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of the venerable jurist and of walking with him in Milton's garden. But when he saw him the oil was fast wasting in the lamp which had burned so long and so brightly. He died on the day before the Reform Bill passed, and he knew it was to pass.

Towards the close of 1836 an Anti-Corn-Law Association had been founded in London mainly by the influence of Joseph Hume and other parliamentary radicals; but London, for reasons which are too patent to need explanation, proved utterly worthless as the centre of an agitation necessary for the destruction of such a powerful monopoly as was secured by the corn-laws. The circumstance which transferred the agitation from London to Manchester might, humanly speaking, be reckoned an accident. Early in September, 1838, Dr. Bowring returned from a commercial mission in Egypt and Turkey, and Prentice, having been informed that he was about to pass through Manchester to visit his constituents at Blackburn, hastily invited a number of prominent Manchester men to meet him at the York Hotel. About sixty responded to the invitation and Prentice was called to the chair. Bowring's speech created great enthusiasm, and Mr. James Howie having suggested that the assembly should form itself into an association for the repeal of the corn-laws and the proposal being well received, Prentice invited all who were favourable to the object to meet at the same place on the following Monday fortnight. Accordingly on Monday, September 24th, there assembled in the same room Edward Baxter, W. A. Cunningham, Andrew Dalziel, James Howie, James Leslie, Archibald Prentice, and Philip Thomson. "These seven men", says Bastiat, "with that manly determination which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race, resolved to

overturn every monopoly by legal means and accomplish without disturbance, without effusion of blood, simply by the power of opinion, a revolution as profound, perhaps more profound than that which our forefathers worked to effect in 1789." Such were the small beginnings out of which sprang the mighty Anti-Corn-Law League. From the very first day Prentice threw himself heart and soul into the agitation. "I resolved", he said, "that my pen should allow no landlord fallacy to appear unanswered and that my paper should be devoted to record the proceedings of the new movement,—not as its organ but as an independent coadjutor in the good work. Hence an occupation of space for eight years, more probably than any weekly newspaper ever devoted to a single subject. During that long struggle I was often told that it would be more to my interest if I made 'The Manchester Times' more of a newspaper. It mattered not. If journalism was not to effect public good it was not the employment for me; and now, at the end of fourteen years, calmly looking back upon the past, I not only do not regret the course which I took but am deeply thankful that no temptation induced me to swerve from a straightforward and, as I believed, a righteous purpose."

At last, in 1846, when the long campaign had come to an end, and the laws to prevent the free importation of corn were prospectively repealed, it was thought fitting that out of the surplus funds of the League some slight recognition of their services ought to be made to the members of the Executive Committee. The testimonial took the form of a silver service of tea and coffee of two hundred and forty ounces, and was in its way a handsome present. But to Childs, who knew how much the League had been indebted in its infancy to the single-minded zeal of Prentice, and how he had worn himself out in its service, this piece of plate seemed almost an insult, considering the hand-

some presents that were then on foot for Cobden and Bright. "You might as well have given him a pig's tail", he exclaimed to John Brooks. Prentice, however, merely laughed at this characteristic outburst of indignation. "A man who goes about complaining that he is misunderstood and ill-used", he said, "is generally a worthless sort of fellow". Nevertheless Childs was not so very far wide of the mark after all. Nor were his strictures on the Anti-Corn-Law movement—that it had cultivated a mercenary spirit in Manchester men, and that there was a very great deal that was unlovely about it—to be dismissed as a libel. That Prentice should have gained nothing, but on the contrary have lost considerably in a pecuniary sense by the movement, was what might have been inferred from the beginning. His support, though constant and earnest, was not to be bought. His paper, he declared, was not an organ to be at the bidding of any class or party.

This of course was quixotic, and the result of it was that in 1845 a company was started to run another radical paper in Manchester wholly devoted to the manufacturing interest. This was "The Manchester Examiner", the first number of which, under the management of Thomas Ballantyne, appeared on January 10th, 1846.

It proved a serious blow to the older paper, and naturally roused Childs's indignation to boiling point. Writing to Colonel Thompson in May, 1846, he complained bitterly about it, and to Thompson's reply, that he had heard that Prentice was not active enough, he said: "The complaint that you have heard that Prentice was not active is just the point a cunning man, who had benefited by him and wanted no more of his help, would alight upon. He is as active as he ever was. He was always. I have known him more than thirty years a faithful, earnest, principled man, and he never forfeited a principle. He was the father, the intellectual and moral guide of the League through its childhood and youth

into manhood, and I should like to know what Cobden and Bright would have done on many a stormy day without him. Shall I say what they would have done without his help? But now that they are become machines for working reform-club tactics, and Prentice does not, as he never did, go in that groove, the insolence of factory-system wealth swaggers in his face with an opposition paper and ten thousand pounds". In 1847 Prentice disposed of his interest in "The Manchester Times", which in the following year was incorporated with "The Examiner" under the joint editorship of Paulton and Ballantyne, and thus terminated his career as a journalist.

The United States had long possessed considerable interest for him, not only because of its democratic institutions, but also because it had become the adopted country of several members of his family, and now having freed himself from his paper he was at liberty to carry out an agreement he had made with John Brooks to accompany him thither in his search for relaxation and health. Of his experiences he has left an interesting and at that time valuable account in his "Tour in the United States", which he printed in a cheap form in order to promote emigration and to be of service to intending emigrants. On his return from America he obtained an appointment in the gas-office of the Manchester Corporation, which enabled him to devote a considerable time to the literary work in which he was then engaged.

But his time and energy were now chiefly devoted to the completion of the "Historical Sketches and Personal Reminiscences of Manchester from 1792 to 1832", a considerable portion of which had already been printed in the columns of "The Manchester Times" in 1847-48. The "Sketches" were published in 1851, with a dedication to his cousins Elizabeth, Agnes, and Beatrice Prentice, sisters of David Prentice, the founder in 1811 and, until his death in 1837, the editor of

"The Glasgow Chronicle". The book, which is very good reading, having been well received, he immediately devoted himself to the preparation of the "History of the Anti-Corn-Law League", which was dedicated to John Childs and published in 1853. Carlyle, to whom he sent a copy, replied in the following characteristically kind letter, which may serve in lieu of further criticism :

CHELSEA, 11 Nov., 1853.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for the second and final volume of your History of the League, which along with an agreeable letter from your hand, arrived the night before last. You have done a good work in putting down, in an authentic condensed form, for the use of contemporaries or of posterity who may be interested in it, the particulars of that important Adventure,—the successful revolt of the shuttle and steam-engine against the shot-bolt and double barrel : which will unquestionably make an epoch in British history ; tho' I fear, it is by no means the end of the Battle either ! Alas, already the Hudsons, etc., are uglier than any Dukes we have ever had ; and there are battles fiercer than ever still ahead of us for very life or what is better ! Meanwhile you, as I say, have done manfully and well, in your part of the affair ; you individually, I believe, kindled that League into being ; and you now record with a certain rough veracity and energy which I much like, the victories it gained in this world. Whatever is to follow next, all men owe you their thanks—and surely I in particular. Alas, poor Childs cannot read this volume ; he is gone out of the struggle : may all the brave go as honourably. With many thanks and regards I remain,

Yours sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

For many years Prentice had been sadly convinced of the ruinous consequences and fatal fascination which drink had for the English labourer, and had gradually from an advocate of temperance principles become a fervent apostle of total abstinence. On the formation of the Manchester Temperance League in 1857 he accepted the post of treasurer, and one of the last lectures he ever delivered was on the bacchanalian songs of Robert Burns. Nevertheless his principles did not interfere with his enjoyment of society. Wherever he went he was always a welcome guest, and no one tired of listening to the anecdotes of "witty Archibald Prentice", who, it was said, was as intimately acquainted with the stories and mysteries of the green-room as he was with the springs of public politics.

In 1853 a number of his friends and admirers, desirous of securing comfort for him and his wife during their declining years, had purchased him an annuity of about one hundred pounds. But he was not long permitted to enjoy this substantial token of their affection, for on Tuesday, December 22nd, 1857, he was seized with paralysis resulting from congestion of the brain, and on the following Thursday he passed quietly away in his sixty-seventh year, after a life unselfishly devoted to the amelioration of the lot of his fellow-men. His widow survived him for many years ; but they now lie side by side in the Rusholme Road cemetery at Manchester.

R. DUNLOP.

A SCHOLASTIC ISLAND.

AN island almost entirely given up to education is about the last thing one would expect to find in the Levant; nevertheless in the Sea of Marmora, about ten miles from Constantinople and within sight of its many minarets, such an anomaly exists and flourishes exceedingly. The island is called "Chalki" by the Greeks, and "Saddlebags" by the Turks from its resemblance to those indispensable adjuncts to Eastern travel when suspended from the back of a mule.

Chalki is one of the Princes Islands, close to that unfortunate rock on which Henry Bulwer wrecked his diplomatic career, and this curious development of educational establishments upon it is due to the fact that these Princes Islands have for centuries enjoyed comparative tranquillity, and immunity from those political catastrophes which have well-nigh ruined the rest of Turkey. They have in their seagirt strength been a haven for peace-loving Greeks and other nationalities ever since Mahomet the Second gave them a species of Home Rule which still exists; that is to say, they govern themselves by municipal bodies of their own, they are exceedingly lightly taxed, and they carry out their own improvements after a Western fashion which appears quite out of character in the Levant. These favourable circumstances have combined to make Prinkipo, the largest of the group, the favourite retreat of the merchants of Constantinople, and hence a perfect insular Babel, as may be judged from the fact that in fourteen adjoining villas fourteen different tongues are spoken. These well-to-do men have combined to make their island comfortable in every way: they have just constructed a road, eight miles long, which goes the circuit of their island, and their villas have all the modern

improvements, from electric bells to fashionable wall-papers; whereas Chalki, the second island in point of size, is entirely given up to education, and possesses two celebrated institutions, namely the commercial and theological colleges, which provide for the young Greeks of Constantinople the best education that can be got in Turkey.

Intent on making a study of these, we took the island-steamer which dropped us at the small port of Chalki, a thriving wood-built village bristling with cafés and restaurants to entrap summer pleasure-seekers from the capital. But our business was not with these, so forthwith we started along an excellent road through the pine forest and up a gentle slope to visit the large Greek commercial school, which is built on the site of an old monastery dedicated to the Virgin, nestling in a hollow amongst the pines overhanging the sea.

During this century educational activity has been marked amongst the modern Hellenes, and two incentives to jealousy are said to have driven the Greek merchants of Constantinople to endow this gigantic school at which their children could receive a first-rate commercial education; the first incentive being the great educational development in Free Hellas and the university lately erected at Athens, whilst the second was the American institution at Robert College which initiated the same course for the Christians in Turkey. Be this as it may, the merchants of Constantinople joined together, bought out, at a reasonably cheap sum, the monks of the monastery of Panagia in Chalki, and erected the hideous building we were about to visit, a perfect eyesore in one of Nature's most favoured nooks.

The boys were pouring out of their

common-room, where masters and pupils dine together, as we approached, and were tumbling over one another and playing in the large quadrangle just as English boys would do; but as we stood and watched them the contrast between these Levantines and our own boys at home struck us forcibly. They were for the most part swarthy and puny, precocious and ill-countenanced: even the young ones showed a sufficiency of moustache and whiskers to cause any English young man of twenty a keen spasm of jealousy; and there can be no doubt of this precocity when you peruse the rules drawn up for their observance; one canon forbids them the use of "aromatic oils, and other aids to beauty"; another forbids all correspondence save with parents and guardians; no pocket-money is allowed, no novels, no box with a lock and key; and there is also a strict rule, pointing to the commercial capacity of these youngsters, which visits with condign punishment those who sell, exchange, or otherwise make away with their clothes, the wardrobe-keeper having strict orders to keep a book notifying therein the belongings of each, and to see to their regular return.

Our arrival at this juncture was most opportune, for it enabled us to have a long talk with the head-master, anent the management of his school, while his pupils were at play. At the present moment he has one hundred and fifty pupils, sons of the principal Greek families in Turkey, the future leaders of the Greek nationality in the Eastern capital; he is responsible to a governing-body (*ἐφορία*) for the management of the establishment, and the maintenance of the rules they have drawn up not only for pupils but for masters. Some of these rules for the under-masters struck me as peculiarly severe: they are obliged to eat, sleep and walk with the boys, to go to bed half-an-hour after, and to get up half-an-hour before them, which must be a serious consideration, since the big bell for all to rise is rung at five winter and summer (except on saints' days, when

half-an-hour's law is given), and nine is the general hour for retiring to rest. During the day the preceptors are allowed two hours for repose and solitude; for the rest of the time a master at Chalki school has nothing to expect but turmoil and publicity.

The cost of education at Chalki is fifty Turkish pounds a year including everything, save the iron bedstead, the mattress and the necessaries which each boy brings with him. I made inquiries concerning punishments, judging from the appearance of the boys that stringent measures must frequently be necessary, and was surprised to learn that corporal punishment is never resorted to, only imprisonment and expulsion. The holidays consist only of two months in the summer; but boys may go away for the "season of twelve days" at Christmas, if they have been good, and can get leave.

The most interesting part of our conversation with the head-master was on the subject of the classes and the course of education pursued. It was amusing to investigate how a Greek teaches Greek, and how a Greek boy learns the first elements of that commerce in which he will doubtless become so expert in after life. There are eight separate classes at Chalki, of which the most elementary, for boys of eight, teaches only modern Greek, prose and poetry, besides the elements of mathematics, French, geography, and the Fine Arts. The second class introduces some simple phrases in ancient Greek for parsing, commences natural science, and teaches Roman and Byzantine history. The third class aspires to Xenophon, and the fourth brings into the course of studies elementary Latin phrases and Greek history. On reaching the fifth class the pupil is introduced to Plato, and commences his commercial education with book-keeping, and also adds Turkish to the list of his studies. The sixth class learns Demosthenes, Thucydides, Herodotus and Homer, also logarithms and shorthand. The

seventh class composes Greek verses in the ancient tongue, and adds to the other abstruse subjects, physical science, dynamics, and modern history with special reference to the Eastern Question. I was beginning to wonder what could possibly be left for the top class to learn, when the head-master abruptly concluded by stating that his finished scholars aimed at perfection in the foregoing subjects, and only added to the list logic and political economy.

I expressed surprise at the little attention given to modern languages except French and Turkish in a course which professes to be commercial, but the master told me that the young Greeks of Constantinople are born polyglots. English and German may be learnt as extras, but French was the only language they cared to teach classically and accurately.

We then discussed lighter subjects, and he told us an amusing story about that *bête noire* of education in Turkey, the censor of the press, Midhat Pasha, whose restrictions in most cases are puerile in the extreme. He had, he told me, lately sent to England for a consignment of Shakespeares for the use of the boys who learnt "extra English." These the censor looked at with critical eyes, and at once forbade the teaching of "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," recalling, as they did, in their tragedies the sad fate of Abdul Aziz; but he kindly allowed them to be going on with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" until he had leisure to cast his eyes through the other plays.

We next had a little talk with the *Æconomos*, or steward, who caters for the boys, and in point of diet we thought there was nothing left to desire. For the rest of the time at our disposal we wandered over the building and saw the class-rooms and the dormitories, which rival in their comfort any at home, and then went to the church, which is very old, an inscription telling us that it had been built by "Maria Comnena, the beloved consort of the Emperor John Palæo-

logus," who was the founder of the monastery. A remarkable but little known man who had great influence at Constantinople in the seventeenth century is buried here. He was a Cypriote Greek, by name Panagiotaki, a great linguist, astronomer, and mathematician, who in his position as dragoman to the Austrian Embassy did great things for Greek freedom. He recovered for his countrymen many of the rights they had lost; he returned to their keeping many of their holy places, restoring at his own expense many of their monasteries, including this one at Chalki, which had been much injured during the taking of Constantinople by the Turks: in short, he did more for the preservation of Hellenism than any one man before or after him, an admirable example for the young Greeks who to-day worship over his grave.

We determined, on leaving the commercial school, to take a long and pleasant walk round the island with a view to driving the cobwebs from our brains before we laid siege to the theological institution. In addition to its scholastic reputation, Chalki has also become renowned as the retreat of hermits. Some years ago a wealthy Greek merchant, Antonios Scimas by name, was lost from his home and his office in Constantinople. After searching for him high and low, with no result, his wife and family began to fear that he had been spirited away by evilly designed persons (like Alexander Patoff in Mr. Marion Crawford's tale) when news came that he had been discovered in hermit's garb on the top of the hill at Chalki. He refused all entreaties to return to his home and his ordinary life, and, handing over his worldly goods to his wife for her consolation, remained where he was till his death, which occurred four years ago, a strict ascetic in his cell. His example was followed by several others who had grown weary of this world's vanities, and to the cell of one of these, Arsenios by name, we went.

The comfort that these latter-day ascetics indulge in was remarkably different from all one's preconceived ideas of the life of those men who, poorly clad and eating nothing but herbs, remain exposed to all the changes of weather for righteousness' sake. On the contrary, the holy Arsenios has built himself a most comfortable house. In his guest-chamber where he received me was a soft divan, before which stood a nice warm brazier of charcoal, for the day was cold; the adjoining room served him for a dining-room, and a third chamber was his church, where he performs his penances and nocturnal vigils. Verily the life of an anchorite of the nineteenth century is not so bad after all, for many guests visit him in summer, and all the year round he enjoys from his windows a view of excessive loveliness over the Sea of Marmora dotted with islands, with the snow-capped heights of the Mysian Olympus for a background.

Up on the hill above Arsenios, in the cell of the runaway husband, lives now another hermit, but time would not permit us to visit him; so keeping down by the shore we skirted a lovely little bay, where a lot of wooden erections mark the spot where in summer-time the poorer inhabitants of Constantinople repair with their beds and their cooking utensils to take sea-baths. All around the pine-trees murmured softly in the breeze, and the rich redness of the soil told us that we were near the copper mines which in former ages gained for Chalki its reputation and its name. We returned to the village for refreshment, and then proceeded to lay siege to the second of Chalki's celebrated scholastic institutions, the theological college.

Given in full the establishment rejoices in the name of "The Theological College of the Great Church of Christ," and it is not only the leading institution of its kind in Turkey, but also the oldest in the Orthodox Church, dating from Byzantine times. It is

supported, says the prospectus, by "the gifts and offerings of education-loving Christians," and the governing-body is under the immediate supervision of the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Holy Synod; while the direction of the school itself is placed in the hands of a principal appointed by the Patriarch, who must be ordained and a man of "recognized virtue and probity."

The college is a large monastic building crowning a wooded eminence; its roof is red and its walls are yellow, and it is most picturesquely buried in tall pines, cypresses and fine old olive trees. Inscribed over the porch are some doggerel verses in modern Greek, which welcome the stranger to "the sacred island of the Propontis, the seat of theological learning." In the eyes of the Orthodox Church Chalki is quite hallowed ground, not only on account of this theological monastery, but also because as many as ten of the Patriarchs of Constantinople have been buried therein.

On entering the courtyard we sent at once to the Principal, but as he was engaged for the moment with his scholars we had a little time at our disposal for examining the courtyard and the cells around it, constructed on the lines of a monastery. In the centre stood the little church which is exceedingly rich in carvings, sacred pictures, and the usual decorative paraphernalia of a Greek church: it is moreover a very old edifice, having been built by one Photios in the ninth, and rebuilt by one Metrophanos in the sixteenth century. This Metrophanos was a man of curious history, who, the son of a tile-maker and born in a small village on the Bosphoros, rose to be successively Archbishop of Cappadocia and Patriarch of Constantinople; of this latter post he was deprived on a charge of simony, which was probably true, as he received on retirement the charge of two dioceses, one of which he sold and lived in the other. Some of the students of the college are always

to be found in this church, busy in the performance of a devotional programme which would satisfy the most ardent ritualist.

On Easter Sunday a curious ceremony is kept up here, a ceremony which they profess to have maintained ever since the days of the apostles, namely that of reading a passage of the Gospel of St. John (xx. 19—24) in as many as twenty-seven different tongues. First they read a paraphrase in iambic and hexameter metres in ancient and modern Greek; then one student after another gets up and reads the verses in Latin, in French, in Italian, in the Balkan languages, in English, in German, &c., and to hear this polyglot performance visitors from all the country round flock to the church, laughing loudly, with the irreverence which characterizes worship in the Orthodox Church, at each fresh linguistic effort, and criticising, if they can, the performer's pronunciation.

The Principal, by name Germanos, received us in a comfortable room when his work was over. He is a handsome, long-bearded, affable man, and willingly consented to satisfy our curiosity concerning the constitution and management of his academy. "The object of our college," he began, with somewhat of a smile, "is for the manufacture of bishops;" a somewhat harsh phrase, we thought, which requires a little explanation. He really meant that young men are educated here on theological principles that, in the first place, they may fill the posts of secretaries and subordinates in connection with episcopal work; and from amongst these the bishops are generally chosen, after they have been affiliated to some monastery and have attained a suitable age and dignity. Students at this college never become common working parish-priests, but belong to that peculiarly exclusive and aristocratic class of divines who rule the Eastern Church, and afford us the curious anomaly of a religious aristocracy

existing where everything else is democratic.

Joachim the Third, the Patriarch of Constantinople, recognized in this system one of the chief evils in the Eastern Church, and did everything he could to break down this barrier and elevate the lower clergy. With this view he established another theological seminary in Chalki, the object of which was to give a sound education to young boys with the ultimate idea of making them parish-priests, and of course the option of choosing another profession when the time came for their ordination. Prejudice, however, and the strict conservatism of the Eastern Church have nullified the good intentions of the Patriarch. Most of the scholars, as they advanced in education, became ambitious, and preferred to try their chances of success in secular work to embracing a profession which offers no promotion. Many commercial institutions in Constantinople, including the Ottoman Bank, have received the pupils educated in Patriarch Joachim's seminary, and opened out to them quite a different line of life from that which was originally intended.

Germanos has ten professors under him, of whom those who teach theology must be ordained, and, inasmuch as they have only fifty pupils to divide amongst them, their work cannot be very arduous. None under the age of eighteen are admitted, nor over the age of twenty-two, and the course must be concluded at the age of twenty-five. The pupils have nothing to pay for their education here, but each must be recommended by the Patriarch in the first instance, and must produce a surety living at Constantinople; and if on attaining the age for ordination he is not willing to take the holy vows, either he or his surety must produce the sum of fifteen Turkish pounds for each year he has passed at the college. This rule does not hold good, however, in the case of those who have developed chronic or organic disease during the course of their stay, for the Eastern

Church refuses to ordain any one thus afflicted.

The dress of the pupils is monastic, and has, together with certain other things, to be provided by the student on his arrival. Principal Germanos handed me a list of the requisites which each youth must bring with him; besides his cassock and his tall hat, the list requires him to bring the furniture of his cell (a table, chair, and bed), two nightcaps, four pocket-handkerchiefs, and books for his own reading, "which do not militate against Piety, the Turkish Government, and Good Breeding."

As compared with the educational system at the commercial college the theological one is old-world and useless. The young men spend weary hours in pouring over treatises on heresies, the histories of the many councils, the disputes of the Eastern and Western Churches; and very little attention is paid to the larger fields of studies in which the young merchants are brought up. They learn classical Greek, it is true, and Byzantine history; but as for lessons in higher mathematics, modern languages and other subjects of modern improvement, they are conspicuous only by their absence in this academy.

Even at their meals these embryo bishops are not allowed to eat in peace without the relish of some dogmatic work, for it is a rule of the establishment that at their common dinner "each pupil in turn shall read in a loud voice from some ecclesiastical book, appointed by the Principal." As for religious observances in the church, they are never-ending, and in Lent most of their time is spent in keeping them. Of course the many fasts inculcated by the Eastern Church are here observed with the strictest regularity, and all private eating, drinking or smoking is forbidden—a state of affairs which, I fancy, few young men in our country between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five would tolerate. Although abstinence

in nearly every form has been practised in the Eastern Church, strange to say the teetotal-mania has not as yet found its way there. The students at this college are given wine at all their meals, wine made in vineyards on the mainland opposite belonging to the college; and at the autumnal vintage the Principal solemnly blesses the new wine when it is safely stored in the cellars. Habitual drunkenness is almost unknown in the Levant; and if our divines would try the experiment of blessing wine instead of cursing it, perhaps more satisfactory results might be obtained.

We took leave of Germanos and descended once more to the village, where we had a little time to wait before the island-steamer passed on its return to Constantinople. It would seem as if the fever of education had well-nigh consumed Chalki and would turn it ere long into an insular Oxford, for down by the harbour the Turks have chosen to build their naval college, and here too young Moslems are educated to hold posts in the Turkish navy. Here it was that Woods Pasha lectured to the students, and tried to infuse into the youthful brains of this retrograde race some knowledge of explosives and torpedo-warfare; but now, I hear, they do not admit foreign professors, and plunge on in their own ignorance as best they may. As it was only last year that a properly equipped training-ship was provided for the college, and as the Sultan, doubtless from prudential motives, has forbidden that the pupils should be instructed in the mysteries of search by electric light, it is doubtful if the young mariners of Chalki will be up to the standard of modern requirements. This college nevertheless is a very imposing building as seen from the sea; it has its own mosque and its own minaret, and moreover possesses the now historical room in which after the Crimean war the officers of the allied armies gave a ball.

J. THEODORE BENT.

ENGLISH BIRDS OF PREY.

THE Cumbrian Lake District is not the primitive spot it once was. As tourists have invaded it, the eagles and larger birds of prey have left their haunts. The spots which knew the wild white cattle, bears, wolves, and beavers, know them no more, and by the working of a great natural law these have become extinct. But if the invasions of a utilitarian age have rid us of the eagles, yet they occasionally pay us a passing visit in their majestic flights. The Raptors among birds are what kings and princes are among men; they hold sway over a wide area, and suffer no intrusion—the Raptors, with their clean-cut figures, their bold dash, and glorious eyes!

The Lake hills long offered an asylum not only to eagles, but to all the larger birds of prey, and these commonly built among them. Wordsworth and John Wilson mention the Golden Eagle as breeding in the Lake District; and in their journals Gray the poet and Davy speak—the one of seeing an eyrie robbed, and the other of watching the birds themselves. De Quincey has also a note of personal observation. Raven Crag, the high hills above Keswick, Thirlmere, and Borrowdale are sites of former eyries. It is asserted by a shepherd of the district that these eagles during the breeding season destroyed a lamb daily, to say nothing of the carnage on hares, partridge, pheasants, grouse, and the waterfowl that inhabit the lakes. At the places above mentioned the farmers and dalesmen were careful to plunder the eyries, but not without considerable risk of life and limb to the assailant. In one case a man was lowered from the summit of precipitous rocks by a rope of fifty fathoms, and was compelled to defend himself from the attack of the birds during his descent.

Gray graphically describes how the nests were annually plundered, upon one of which occasions he was present. The two species which bred in the district were the White-tailed or Sea, and the Golden Eagle. Wordsworth tells us that they built in one of the precipices overlooking the tarn in a recess of Helvellyn, and that the birds used to wheel and hover over his head as he fished those lonely waters. When we last visited the spot the silence was only broken by the hoarse croaking of a couple of ravens, the sole relics of the original "Red Tarn Club."

An instance is related of an eagle which, having pounced on a shepherd's dog, carried it to a considerable height; but the weight and action of the animal effected a partial liberation, and he left part of his flesh in the eagle's beak. The dog was not killed by the fall; he recovered from his wound, but was so intimidated that he would never go that way again. The son of the owner of the dog shot near Legberthwaite at one of the eagles, which he wounded. This bird was found by a farmer, about a week afterwards, in a state of great exhaustion, the lower mandible having been split and the tongue wedged between the interstices. The bird was captured and kept in confinement, but became so violent that it had ultimately to be destroyed. On the eagles being frequently robbed of their young in Greenup they removed to the opposite side of the crag. At this place they built for two years, but left it for Raven Crag within the Coom, where, after staying a year only, they returned to their ancient seat in Eagle Crag. Here they bred annually during their stay in Borrowdale. On the loss of its mate the other eagle left the district but returned in the following

spring with a fresh one. This pair built during fourteen years, but finally abandoned Borrowdale for Eskdale. Here again they were disturbed, and the female being afterwards shot, the male flew off and returned no more. Eagle Crag is a grand, towering rock, or collection of perpendicular rocks, connected by horizontal spaces of variously coloured vegetation. Its form is fine, and it forms a majestic background to many pleasing scenes. On that part of Eagle Crag which is opposite to Greenup, the eagles occasionally built their nests. But they were so destructive to the lambs, and consequently injurious to the interests of the shepherds, that their extermination became absolutely necessary. Their building-places being inaccessible by climbing, a dangerous experiment was tried. A man was lowered by a rope down the face of the cliff for ninety feet, carrying a piked staff, such as is used by the shepherds, to defend himself against the attacks of the birds while he robbed the nests of eggs or eaglets. If birds, their possession was to be his remuneration; if eggs, every neighbouring farmer gave for each egg five shillings. The nest was formed of branches of trees, and lined with coarse grass and bents which grew upon the neighbouring rocks. The eagles sometimes flew off with lambs a month old, and in winter frequented the head of the Derwent, where they preyed upon water-fowl.

The White-tailed Eagles bred upon the rocks of an escarpment overlooking the sea, and fed upon gulls and terns. The vast peat-mosses which stretched away for miles below abounded with hares and grouse, among which the birds made terrible havoc. Year after year they carried off their young from the same cliffs, but now return only at rare intervals, or when storm-driven.

The Peregrines have the eagles' eyries and are eagles in miniature. The sea-fowl form their food in summer, as do ducks, plover, and game in winter. At this latter season the Osprey, or Fish-hawk, comes to the

bay and the still mountain-tarns, adding wildness to the scenes which his congeners have left never to return.

We are lying on the outskirts of a dark pine-wood interspersed with firs and pines. A large bird has just flown into that clump of trees on the hill-side opposite. There it sits on a dead bough with its mottled breast towards us, and restless head quickly turning from side to side. Against the dark-green foliage we can see the bright orange of its legs, and know it to be a sparrow-hawk. As it flies from the clump a pair of missel-thrushes and a flock of smaller birds follow in its wake, but dare not mob it. It swoops as one approaches too near, glides upward, and pursues its way scarcely deigning to note the screeching crowd. The hawk glides silently into the wood threading its sinuous way through the trees, and takes up its position in the centre. The cooing of wood-pigeons seems to excite it, and it makes a circuit, skimming over the ground at the height of a few yards. Then, as something in the grass attracts it, it beats the air with its rounded wings, and depressing its tail, hangs as if suspended. In a second it falls, just as a lark shoots from a turf to seek the shelter of a thick thorn-hedge. The hawk follows, and beats the bush with its wings, first on one side, then on the other; but the trembling lark cannot be frightened out of its stronghold, and the bird, finding itself baffled, skims along as before. Round and round the wood it flaps, now sweeping low over the trees, and anon hanging motionless. A number of chaffinches are picking among the corn unconscious of the presence of an enemy. Suddenly the hawk darts round the corner of the wood into the midst of the terrified flock, clutches one in its talons, and is off straight and swift across the country, staining with a deeper scarlet the ruffled plumage of its captive.

Let us in imagination follow this bold spirit of the air to some such fir-

plantation as it has just left, and there, on the topmost branches of a pine somewhere near the centre of the wood, we shall find its nest. It is bulky, having been repaired annually for years, and somewhat neatly constructed of fir branches. It is nearly flat, and on its edge is the chaffinch, torn limb from limb and cleanly plucked. Those four screaming demons clothed in down are young sparrow-hawks, and never-satisfied things they are, too. We descend the tree, just keeping in mind a rotten bough, and leave the young ones to enjoy their feast. Yonder on an ash-stump sits the female, quietly watching our movements, to return when we are gone.

The spot on which we lie is a haunt of the Kestrel—a perpendicular limestone escarpment which rushes sheer down fifty feet for a mile along its front. Below is a flood of green, patched by the mellow tints of rolling crops. On one hand mosses and silvery sands stretch away far beneath us, and on the other rise the mist-capped peaks of the hills. What a scene of peace and contentment! White farm-houses lie like spots of sunlight on the dark green landscape, each embowered in its clump of sycamores, which serves to shade and keep the dairy cool. A limestone road winds its sinuous way far out among the brown heather, almost as far as the eye can reach. There the green-wash, like liquid silver, flows on until it is lost in the sands to the south. It sees as it goes the haunts of gulls, terns, and herons. Now our attention is attracted by two small blue pigeons that are flying along the base of the cliff. After watching for a moment we know them to be the beautiful Rock-dove from which our domestic stock is descended.

We are lying on the turf when a shadow floats past us. We look up, and there comes the pleasant cry, *Kee, kee, keelie*. Suspended above us and hovering in the wind is the Kestrel. So quickly do its wings vibrate that we can scarce detect the motion as the

bird hangs against the blue. It hovers a while, then flies to a short distance, and is again attracted by a stirring in a tangled tuft of grass and bents. Poising itself for a second, it drops like a stone on closing its wings, which it just slightly expands again as it takes a mouse in its talons and flies off to the cliff. When this morsel has been devoured, the male and female fly from the nest and perform—just for the love of exercise it would seem—a series of aerial evolutions that it would be impossible to describe. The nest in this instance is upon the projecting ledge of a rock midway down the scaur, and protected both from sight and the sea-winds by an old twisted yew.

We are scrambling among the crags in search of Alpine plants when a large bird of prey advances on the wing. At a distance the under parts appear to be white, but the bird flying directly overhead at a height of sixty feet enables us to see distinctly the dark bars across the feathers of the abdomen. Its flight is a sort of flapping motion, not unlike that of the ringdove; and we can see its head turned rapidly in various directions, the eye at the same time peering into the crannies of the rocks and ghylls in search of any skulking prey. The Peregrine is marked by dark streaks proceeding from the corners of its bluish-grey back, and by the transverse bars just mentioned. It will dash through a flock of wild ducks or a covey of partridges, wounding several in its *sortie*, but eventually carrying off the one selected with unerring aim. A noble bird is the Peregrine, with its glorious eyes, wild, restless, and changeable! This bird is the falcon of the royal falconers; its mate, the tercel. Among all our British birds the Peregrine ranks first; for strength, and courage, and speed it has no compeer. Rooks clamour and arrange themselves in battle-array at its approach; other hawks fly off to the covert; small birds of every species seek the thickest shelter, and farmyard

poultry their roost, as it sails in mid-air down the dale. Even the eagle suffers itself to be mobbed by the comparatively small Peregrine without offering any retaliation.

We advance over the heather, and there, skimming towards us, is a large hawk—a Harrier. The species cannot be doubted, as it flies near the ground, working it as a hound or a setter would do. Now it stoops, glides, ascends, stoops again, and shoots off at right angles. It rounds the shoulder of a hill and drops in a dark patch of ling. A covey of young grouse whirr heavily over the nearest brae, but the Marsh Harrier remains. It has struck down one of the “cheepers” and is dragging its victim to the shelter of a furze bush. The wonderful evolutions and movements in which this bird indulges, its sudden swoops, its ascending and descending, seem all regulated by its tail.

A male and female Harrier generally hunt together, and afford a pretty sight as they “harry” the game, driving it from one to the other, and hawking in a most systematic fashion. They thoroughly quarter the ground previously marked out, and generally with success. When they hawk the quiet mountain-tarns their mode is regulated according to circumstance. In such instances they not unfrequently sit and watch, and capture their prey by suddenly pouncing upon it.

The great grouse-poachers of the moors are the beautiful little Merlins. They work together over the heather like a brace of well-broken pointers. Not an object escapes them; however closely it may conform to its environment, or however still it may keep, it is detected by the sharp eye of the Merlin and put away. The miniature falconry in which this bird indulges on the open moorlands, where nothing obstructs the view, is one of the most fascinating sights in nature. The Red Hawk is plucky beyond its size and strength, and will pull down a partridge, as we have witnessed repeatedly. The young of moorfowl,

larks, pipits, and summer snipe constitute its food on the fells. It lays four bright red eggs in a depression among the heather, and about this are strewn the remains of its prey. To be seen to advantage this smallest of British falcons ought to be seen in its haunts. It is little larger than a thrush, and in the days of falconry was flown by ladies at larks, pipits, pigeons, and occasionally partridges. On the moorlands it may be seen suddenly to shoot from a stone, encircle a tract of heather, and then return to its perch. A lark passes over its head, and its wings are raised and its neck outstretched; but it closes them as if unwilling to pursue the bird. Then it flies, skimming low over the furze, and alights on a granite boulder similar to the one it has just left. As we approach this the male and female flap unconcernedly off, and beneath the block are remains of golden-plover, ling-birds, larks, and young grouse.

It was a wise legislative proceeding that granted a double protection to Owls, for of all birds from the farmer's point of view they are the most useful. They hunt silently and in the night, and are nothing short of lynx-eyed cats with wings. The benefit they confer upon agriculturists is almost incalculable, as is susceptible of easy proof. It is well known that Owls hunt in the night, but it may be less a matter of common knowledge that, like other birds of prey, they disgorge the hard indigestible parts of their food in the form of elongated pellets. These are found in considerable quantities about the birds' haunts, and an examination of them reveals the fact that Owls prey upon a number of predacious Rodents, the destruction of which is directly beneficial to man. Of course, the evidence gained in this way is incontestable, and to show to what extent Owls assist in preserving the balance of Nature, it may be mentioned that an examination of seven hundred pellets yielded the remains of sixteen bats, three rats, two hundred and thirty-nine mice, six hundred and

ninety-three voles, one thousand five hundred and ninety shrews, and twenty-two birds. These remarkable results were obtained from the common Barn-Owl, and the remains of the twenty-two birds consisted of nineteen sparrows, one greenfinch, and two swifts. The Tawny and Long-eared Owls of our woodlands are also mighty hunters, and an examination of their pellets shows equally interesting evidence. It must be remembered in this connection that Britain is essentially an agricultural country, and that if its *fauuna* is a diminutive one it is not the less formidable. We have ten tiny creatures, constituting an army in themselves, that if not kept under would quickly devastate our fields. These ten species consist of four mice, three voles, and three shrews. Individually, so tiny are these that any one species could comfortably curl itself up in the divided shell of a chestnut. But farmers well know that if these are small they are by no means to be despised. Now that the corn-crops are cut, and the hay housed, the field-vole and the meadow-mouse are deprived of their summer shelter. Of this the Barn-Owl is perfectly aware, and at evening he may be seen sweeping low over the meadows, seeking whom he may devour,—with what results we have already seen.

Much unnatural history has been written of Owls, and unfortunately most people take their ideas of them from the poets. The Owl is not moping, nor melancholy; he is neither grave monk, nor anchorite, nor pillared saint. Poets write by day, and Owls fly by night, and, doubtless, Mr. Gray and his school took their opinion of Owls from staring at stuffed specimens in glass cases, or at the living birds surprised in the full light of day, when they will be seen blinking, nodding, and hissing at each other very unlike representatives of Minerva. Christopher North is the only writer who has done justice to Owls; or justice to the poets, for the matter of

that, by his denunciation of their epithets and false images. He knew well that the White Owl never mopes, but holds its revels through the live-long night when all else is hushed and still. Most birds are stoics compared to Owls, and those who cultivate their acquaintance know that they have no time wherein to make their poetical complaints to the moon. Poets should not meddle with Owls. Shakespeare and Wordsworth alone have understood them; by all else they have been scandalously labelled from Virgil to the Poet Close.

The Barn-Owl, when she has young, brings to her nest a mouse about every twelve minutes; and, as she is actively employed both at evening and dawn, and as male and female hunt, forty mice a day is the lowest computation we can make. How soft is the plumage of the Owl, and how noiseless her flight! Watch her as she floats past the ivy tod, down by the ricks, and silently over the old wood; then away over the meadows, through the open door, and out of the loop-hole of the barn, round the lichened tower, and along the course of the brook. Presently she returns to her four downy young, with a mouse in one claw and a vole in the other, soon to be ripped up, torn, and eaten by the greedy, snapping imps. The young and eggs are found in the same nest. If you would see the mid-day *siesta* of these birds, climb up into some hay-mow. There in an angle of the beam you will see their owlships, snoring and blinking wide their great round eyes; their duet is the most unearthly, ridiculous, grave noise conceivable, like nothing else you ever heard. Here they will stay all day, digesting the mice with which they have gorged themselves, until twilight, when they again issue forth upon their madcap revels. This clever mouser, then, has a strong claim to our protection; so let not idle superstition further its destruction.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS was one of the days when Mrs. Douglas thought she felt a little better, and certainly knew it was very dull in her bedroom, where it was not possible to keep even Kirsteen stationary all day, so she had ventured to come down stairs after the heavy midday dinner which filled the house with odours. A little broth, served with what was considered great delicacy in Drumcarro in a china dish on a white napkin, had sufficed for her small appetite; and when everything was still in the house, in partial somnolence after the meal, she had been brought to the parlour with all her shawls and cushions, and established by the fire. The news of the great ball at the Castle which had moved Marg'ret to the desperate step she had just taken had its effect in the parlour too. Kirsteen who had said at first proudly, "What am I heeding?" had notwithstanding everything begun to wake up a little to the more usual sensations of a girl of twenty when any great event of this description is about to take place. It would be bonny to see—it would be fine just for once to be in grand company like the old Douglasses her forbears, and to see how the lords and ladies behaved themselves, if they were really so different from common folk. And then Kirsteen began to think of the music and the sound of the dancers' feet upon the floor, in spite of herself—and the imaginary strains went to her head. She was caught in the measure of her dreams, swaying a little involuntarily to keep time, and interjecting a real step, a dozen nimble twinklings of her feet in their strong country shoes as she went across the room to fetch a new clew for her mother's knitting.

"What's that you're doing, Kirsteen, to shake the whole place?" said Mrs. Douglas.

"Oh, it's just nothing, mother."

"She's practising her steps," said Mary, "for the grand ball."

"Dear me, dear me," Mrs. Douglas said. "How well I know by myself! Many's the time I've danced about the house so that nothing would keep me still—but ye see what it all comes to. It's just vanity and maybe worse than vanity—and fades away like the morning dew."

"But, mother," said Kirsteen, "it was not your dancing nor the pleasure you've had that made you ill; so we cannot say that's what it comes to."

"Pleasure!" said her mother. "It's very little pleasure I have had in my life since I married your father and came to this quiet place. Na, na, it's no pleasure—I was very light-hearted in my nature though you would not think it. But that's a thing that cannot last."

"But you had it, mother," said Mary, "even if it was short. There was that ball you went to when you were sixteen, and the spangled muslin you had on, and the officer that tore it with his spurs."

Mrs. Douglas's eyes lit up with a faint reflection of bygone fire. "Eh, that spangled muslin," she said, "I'll never forget it, and what they all said to me when I came home. It was not like the grand gowns that are the fashion now. It was one of the last of the old mode before those awfu' doings at the French Revolution that changed everything. My mother wore a hoop under her gown standing out round her like a cart-wheel. I was not old enough for that; but there was enough muslin in my petticoat to

have made three of these bit skimpit things."

"I just wish," said Mary with a sigh, "that we had it now."

"It would be clean out of the fashion if ye had it; and what would ye do with a spangled muslin here? Ye must have parties to go to, before ye have any need for fine claes."

Mary breathed again that profound sigh. "There's the ball at the Castle," she said.

"Lord keep us!" cried her mother. "Your father would take our heads off our shoulders if ye breathed a word of that."

"But they say the whole country's going," said Kirsteen; "it's like as if we were just nobody to be always held back."

"Your father thinks of nothing but the boys," said Mrs. Douglas, with a feeble wail; "it's aye for them he's planning. Ye'll bring nothing in, he says, and he'll have you take little out."

There was a pause after this—in indignation was strong in Kirsteen's heart, but there was also a natural piety which arrested her speech. The injustice, the humiliation and hard bondage of the iron rule under which she had been brought up, but which she had only now begun to look upon as anything more than the rule of nature, was what was uppermost in her thoughts. Mary's mind was not speculative. She did not consider humiliation or injustice. The practical affected her more, which no doubt was in every way a more potent argument. "I just wonder," she said, "that he has not more sense—for if we were away altogether we would take nothing out—and that cannot be if nobody knows that we are here."

"Your father's a strange man," said Mrs. Douglas. "You're old enough to see that for yourselves. When there are men coming about a house, there's more expense. Mary's the dinner he got off my father's table before he married me—and to have

your lads about the house would never please him. Many is the thought I take about it when ye think I have nothing in my head but my own trouble. He would never put up with your lads about the house."

"Mother!" cried Kirsteen, with indignation, "we are not servant lasses with men coming courting. Who would dare to speak like that of us?"

Mary laughed a little over her work. She was darning the stockings of the household, with a large basket before her, and her hand and arm buried in a large leg of grey-blue worsted. She did not blush as Kirsteen did, but with a little simper accepted her mother's suggestion. "If we are ever to get away from here, there will have to be lads about the house," she said, with practical wisdom; "if we're not to do it Anne's way."

"Lord bless us, what are you saying? If your father heard you, he would turn us all to the door," said Mrs. Douglas, in dismay. "I've promised him on my bended knees I will never name the name of that—poor thing, poor thing," the mother cried suddenly, with a change of voice, falling into trembling and tears.

"I've heard she was real well off," said Mary, "and a good man, and two servant maids keepit for her. And it's just an old fashion thinking so much of your family. The old Douglasses might be fine folk, but what did they ever do for us?"

"Mary! hold your peace," cried Kirsteen, flaming with scorn and wrath. "Would ye deny your good blood, and a grand race that were as good as kings in their day? And what have we to stand upon if it's not them? We would be no more than common folk."

The conviction of Kirsteen's indignant tones, the disdainful certainty of being, on the natural elevation of that grand race, something very different from common folk, overawed the less convinced and less visionary pair. Mrs. Douglas continued to weep, silently

rocking herself to and fro, while Mary made what explanations she could to her fiery assailant.

"I was meaning nothing," she said, "but just that they're all dead and gone, and their grandeur with them. And the fashion's aye changing, and folk that have plenty are more thought upon than them that have nothing, whatever may be their name."

"Do you think," said Kirsteen, "if we had my mother's old gown to cut down for you and me, or even new gowns fresh from the shop—do you think we would be asked to the Castle or any other place if it were not for the old Douglasses that ye jeer at? It's not a spangled muslin but an old name that will carry us there."

"There's something in that," said Mary, cowed a little. "But," she added with a sigh, "as we're not going it's no thanks to them nor any person. When the ladies and gentlemen are going to the ball we'll be sitting with our seams with one candle between us. And we may just spend our lives so, for anything I can see—and the old Douglasses will never fash their heads."

"Lord bless us! there's your father!" cried Mrs. Douglas with a start, hastily drying her eyes. Her ear was keener for that alarming sound than the girls', who were caught almost in the midst of their talk. The Laird came in, pushing open the door with a violent swing which was like a gale of wind, and the suspicious silence that succeeded his entrance, his wife having recourse to her knitting in sudden desperation, and the daughters bending over their various tasks with devotion, betrayed in a moment what they desired to hide from his jealous eye.

"What were ye colleaguin' and planning, laying your heads together—that you're all so still when I come in?"

"We were planning nothing, Neil, just nothing," said Mrs. Douglas, eagerly. "I was telling the bairns a bit of an auld story—just to pass the time."

"They'll pass the time better doing their work," said their father. He came first to the fireside round which they were sitting, and stared into the glowing peat with eyes almost as red: then he strode towards the only window, and stood there shutting out the light with his back towards them. There was not too much light at any time from that narrow and primitive opening, and his solid person filled it up almost entirely. Kirsteen laid down her work upon her lap. It was of a finer kind than Mary's, being no less than the hemming of the frills of Drumcarro's shirts, about which he was very particular. He had certain aristocratic habits, if not much luxury, and the fineness of his linen was one of these. Kirsteen's hemming was almost invisible, so small were the stitches and the thread so delicate. She was accomplished with her needle according to the formula of that day.

"Drumcarro," said his wife timidly after a few minutes of this eclipse, "I am not wanting to disturb ye—but Kirsteen cannot see to do her work—it's little matter for Mary and me."

"What ails Kirsteen that she cannot do her work?" he said roughly, turning round but keeping his position. "Kirsteen here and Kirsteen there, I'm sick of the name of her. She's making some cursed nonsense I'll be bound for her ain back."

"It's for your breast, father," said Kirsteen; "but I'll stop if you like, and put it by."

He eyed her for a moment with sullen opposition, then stepped away from the window without a word. He had an uneasy sensation that when Kirsteen was his opponent the case did not always go his way. "A great deal ye care, any of ye, for me and my wishes," he said. "Who was it sent that deevil of a woman to my own business-room, where, if any place, a man may expect to be left in peace? No to disturb me! Ye would disturb me if I was on my deathbed for any confounded nonsense of your ain."

"I am sure, Drumcarro," his wife replied beginning to cry.

"Sure—you're sure of nothing but what she tells ye. If it were not for one thing more than another I would turn her out of my house."

"Dinna do that—oh, dinna do that, if it's Marg'ret you're meaning," cried Mrs. Douglas, clasping her hands. "She's just a stand-by for everything about the place, and the best cook that ever was—and thinks of your interest, Drumcarro, though maybe ye will not believe it, far above her own. And if you take away Marg'ret I'll just lie down and die—for there will be no comfort more."

"You're very keen to die—in words; but I never see any signs in you of keeping to it," he said; then drawing forward a chair to the fire, pushing against Kirsteen, who drew back hurriedly, he threw himself down in it, in the midst of the women who moved their seats hastily on either side to give him room. "What's this," he said, "about some nonsense down at the Castle that is turning all your silly heads? and what does it mean?"

Mrs. Douglas was too frightened to speak, and as for Kirsteen she was very little disposed to take advantage of the milder frame of mind in which her father seemed to be to wheedle or persuade him into a consent.

It was Mary who profited by the unusual opportunity. "It's just the ball, father—that the Duke gives when he comes home."

"The Duke," said he. "The Duke is as auld a man as I am, and balls or any other foolishness, honest man, I reckon they're but little in his way."

"He does not do it for himself, father—there's the young lords and ladies that like a little diversion. And all the folk besides from far and near—that are good enough," Mary said adroitly. "There are some that say he's too particular and keeps many out."

"Nobody can be too particular, if he's a duke or if he's a commoner," said Mr. Douglas. "A good pedigree

is just your only safeguard—and not always that," he added after a moment, looking at her steadily. "You'll be one that likes a little diversion too?"

"And that I am, father," said Mary, suddenly grown into the boldest of the party, exhilarated and stimulated, she could scarcely tell how, by a sentiment of success that seemed to have got into the air. Mrs. Douglas here interposed, anxious apparently lest her daughter should go too far.

"No beyond measure, Drumcarro—just in reason, as once I liked it well myself."

"You," said Drumcarro hastily, "ye were never an example. Let them speak for themselves. I've heard all the story from beginning to end. They're weary of their life here, and they think if they went to this folly, they might maybe each get a man to deliver them."

"Father!" cried Kirsteen springing to her feet, with blazing eyes. To her who knew better, who had not only the pride of her young womanhood to make that suggestion terrible, but the secret in her heart which made it blasphemy—there was something intolerable in the words and laugh and jibe, which roused her mother to a wondering and tremulous confidence, and made Mary's heart bound with anticipated delight. But no notice was taken of Kirsteen's outcry. The Laird's harsh laugh drew forth a tremulous accompaniment, which was half nervous astonishment and half a desire to please him, from his more subservient womankind.

"Well, Drumcarro," said his wife timidly, "it would just be the course of nature; and I'm sure if it was men that would make them happy, it's no me that would ever say them nay."

"You!" said her husband again. "Ye would not say nay to a goose if ye saw him waddlin' ben. It's not to your judgment I'm meaning to trust. What's Kirsteen after there, with her red head and her e'en on fire? Sit down on your chair and keep silent if

ye have nothing pleasant to say. I'm not a man for weirdless nonsense and promiscuous dancing and good money thrown away on idle feasts and useless claes. But if there's a serious meaning at the bottom of it, that's just another matter. Eelen, I suppose that's in all the folly of the place, and well known to the Duke and his family, as she has a good right to be from her name, will understand all about it, and how to put them forth and set them out to the best advantage. It must be well done, if it's done at all."

"There's a great many things that they will want, Drumcarro; none of mine are fit to wear, and the fashions all changed since my time. They will want——"

"Oh, mother, not half what you think; I've my cairngorms that Aunt Mary left me. And Kirsteen, she has a very white skin that needs nothing. It's just a piece of muslin for our gowns——"

"Eh me," said Mrs. Douglas, "when I mind all my bonny dyes, and my pearlins and ribbons, and high-heeled shoes, and my fan as long as your arm; and washes for my skin and cushions for my hair!" She sat up in her chair forgetting her weakness, a colour rising in her pale cheeks, her spirit rising to the unaccustomed delightful anticipation which was half regret and recollection, so that for once in her life she forgot her husband and escaped from his power. "Ah!" she exclaimed again with a little outcry of pain, "if I had but thought upon the time I might have lasses of my ain and keepit them for my bairns——"

"Ye may make yourself easy on that point," said Drumcarro, pushing back the chair he had taken, "for ye never had a thing but was rubbish, nothing fit for a daughter of mine."

"It's not the case, it's not the case," said the poor lady touched in the tenderest point. "I had my mother's garnets, as bonny a set as ever was seen, and I had a brooch with a real

diamant inside it, and a pearl pin—and—oh, I'm no meaning to say a word to blame your father, but what do men ken of such things? And it's not the case! It's not the case! Ye're not to believe him," she said with a feverish flush upon her cheeks.

"Bits of red glass and bits of white, and a small paste head on the end of a brass preen," said Drumcarro with a mocking laugh.

"Father, let her be," cried Kirsteen. "I'll not have her crossed, my bonny Minnie, not for all the balls that ever were."

"You'll not have her crossed! You're a bonny one to lift your face to your father. If you say another word ye shall not go."

"I care not if I should never go—I will not have my mother vexed, not for the Duke nor the Castle nor a' Scotland," cried Kirsteen with fire gleaming in her hazel eyes.

"Oh, ye fool, ye fool! and him for once in a good key," cried Mary, in her sister's ear.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. DOUGLAS was the first to echo this prudent advice when after she had wept away the sting of that atrocious accusation and minutely described her "bonny dyes", (her pretty things) to her children who indeed had heard all about them often, and knew the pearl pin and the garnets by heart, and had been comforted with a cup of tea, she came to herself. And by that time Kirsteen's indignation too had cooled, and thoughts of the heaven of the Castle, with fine ladies and grand gentlemen pacing forth as in the ballads, and music playing and the sound of the dancers' feet, began to buzz in her young head and fill it with longings. If he had been at home he would have been there. It would never now be what it might have been had it happened before. But even with that great blank of absence Kirsteen was but twenty,

and her heart did not refuse to throb a little at this unthought of, unhopèd for prospect. Just to see it, and how great persons behaved, and what like the world was, when you were in it, that world which represents itself in so many different ways to the youthful imagination. Kirsteen felt that at the Castle she would see it in all its glory, nothing better in the king's own court—for was it not under the shadow of the Duke, and what could fancy desire more? She would need no further enlightenment or experience of the aspect of society, and what it was and how it looked, than she could get there. This was the Highland girl's devout belief; *Vedi Napoli e poi morire*; earth could not have anything to show more fair.

Marg'ret would have been more than a woman had she not been all-glorious over this event. "I just daured him to do it," she said, "to let the occasion pass by and nane of his daughters seen, and a' their chances lost." "Did ye speak of chances for me?" cried Kirsteen in youthful fury. "Me that would not look at one of them, if it was the prince out of the story book. Me that—" She turned away to dash a hot tear from her dazzling wet eyes—"me that am waiting for him!" Kirsteen said in her heart. Her faithful champion looked at her with anxious eyes. "If she would but say that's what she's meaning," was Marg'ret's commentary. "Eh, I wonder if that's what she's meaning? but when neither the ane nor the ither says a word how is a person to ken?" It slightly overclouded her triumph to think that perhaps for her favourite the chances were all forestalled, and even that trouble might come out of it if somebody should throw the handkerchief at Kirsteen whom her father approved. The cold chill of such an alarm not seldom comes across the designer of future events when all has been carefully arranged to quicken the action of Providence. But Marg'ret put that discouraging alarm hastily out of her mind. Right or wrong it

was always a good thing that her nurslings should see the world. When the roll of white muslin arrived that was to make the famous gowns, and when Miss Macnab (who was not without claims in some far-away manner to be connected with a family in as near as the tenth remove from the Laird of Macnab's own sovereign race) came over with her little valise, and her *nécessaire* full of pins and needles, and was put into the best room, and became for the time the centre of interest in the household—Marg'ret could scarcely contain herself for pleasure. "A' the hoose" with the exception of the boys, who at this stage of their development counted for little, snatched every available moment to look in upon Miss Macnab—who sat in state, with a large table covered with cuttings, and two handmaids at least always docile beside her, running up gores or laying hems. It might be thought indeed that the fashion of that time required no great amount of labour in the construction of two white dresses for a pair of girls. But Miss Macnab was of a different opinion. She did not know indeed the amount of draping and arranging, the skill of the artist in the fine hanging of folded stuffs, or even the multitudinous flouncings of an intermediate age into which the art of dress was to progress. The fashions of 1814 look like simplicity itself; the long, straight, narrow skirt, the short waist, the infantile sleeves, would seem to demand little material and less trouble for their simple arrangement. But no doubt this was more in appearance than in reality, and the mind of the artist is always the same whatever his materials may be. Miss Macnab kept the young ladies under hand for hours fitting every line—not folds, for folds there were none—so that the skirt might cling sufficiently without affording too distinct a revelation of the limbs beneath, an art perhaps as difficult as any of the more modern contrivances. Mary stood like a statue under the dressmaker's hands. She was never

weary ; so long as there was a pleat or seam that needed correction, a pinch too little here, a fulness too much there, she was always ready. The white gown was moulded upon her with something like a sculptor's art. Miss Macnab with her mouth full of pins, and her fingers seamed with work, pinned and pulled, and stretched out and drew in with endless perseverance. She was an artist in her way. It was terrible to her, as a mistake on the field of battle to a general, to send forth into the world a gown that did not fit, a pucker or a twist in any garment she made. There are no Miss Macnabs nowadays, domestic professors of the most primitive yet everlasting of arts. The trouble she took over her composition would tire out a whole generation of needlewomen, and few girls even for a first ball would stand like Mary to be manipulated. And there is no such muslin now as the fine and fairy web, like the most delicate lawn, which was the material of those wonderful gowns, and little workmanship so delicate as that which put together the long seams, and made invisible hems round the scanty but elaborate robe. Kirsteen, who was not so patient as her sister, looked on with a mixture of contempt and admiration. It did not, to her young mind and thoughts occupied with a hundred varying interests, seem possible at first to give up all that time to the perfection even of a ball-dress. But presently the old seamstress with her devotion to her art began to impress the open-minded girl. It was not a very rich living which Miss Macnab derived from all this labour and care. To see her kneeling upon her rheumatic knees, directing the easy fall of the soft muslin line to the foot which ought to peep from underneath without deranging the exactness of the delicate hem, was a wonder to behold. A rivulet of pins ran down the seam, and Miss Macnab's face was grave and careful as if the destinies of a kingdom were upon that muslin line.

"What trouble you are taking !" cried Kirsteen. "And it's not as if it were silk or velvet but just a muslin gown."

Miss Macnab looked up from where she knelt by Mary's knee. She had to take the pins out of her mouth before she could speak, which was inconvenient, for no pincushion is ever so handy. "Missie," she said, "my dear, ye just show your ignorance : for there's nothing so hard to take a good set as a fine muslin ; and the maist difficult is aye the maist particular, as ye would soon learn if ye gave yoursel' to ainy airt."

Kirsteen, who knew very little of any art, but thought it meant painting pictures, here gave vent, to her own shame afterwards, to a little laugh, and said hastily, "I would just set it straight and sew it up again if it was me."

"I have no objection that ye should try," said Miss Macnab, rising from her knees, "it's aye the best lesson. When I was in a lairger way of business, with young ones working under me, I aye let them try their ain way ; and maistly I found they were well content after to turn to mine—that is if they were worth the learning," she added composedly ; "there are many that are just a waste of time and pains."

"And these are the ones that take their own way ? But if I were to take mine I would never yield, I would make it answer," said Kirsteen. She added with a blush, "I just cannot think enough of all your trouble and the pains ye take."

Miss Macnab gave the blushing girl a friendly look. She had again her mouth full, so that speech was impossible, but she nodded kindly and with dignity in return for this little burst of approval which she knew to be her due ; and it was with all the confidence of conscious merit and a benign condescension that she expounded her methods afterwards. "If ye dinna get the skirt to fall straight from the waist, ye will never mend it

at the foot," she said. "I can see you're ane that can comprehend a principle, my bonny missie. Take a' the trouble ye can at the beginning, and the end will come right of itself. A careless start means a double vexation in the finish. And that ye'll find to apply," said this mild philosopher, "to life itself as well as to the dress-making, which is just like a' the airts I ever heard tell of, a kind of epitome of life."

Kirsteen could not but break out into a laugh again, notwithstanding her compunction, at the dressmaker's high yet mild pretension; but she listened with great interest while Mary stood and gave all her thoughts to the serious subject of the skirt and how it would hang. "I just pay no attention to what she's saying, but I would like my gown to hang as well as any there, and you must take trouble for that," was Mary's report afterwards when the gown was found to be perfect. And what with these differing motives and experiences the workroom was the opening of new interests in Drumcarro, as important as even the ball at the Castle. The excitement and continued interest made the greatest improvement in Mrs. Douglas's health, who came and sat in Miss Macnab's room and gave a hundred directions which the dressmaker received blandly but paid no attention to. Marg'ret herself was stirred by the presence of the artist. She not only excelled herself in the scones she made for Miss Macnab's tea, but she would come in the afternoon when she was not "throng" and stand with her hands upon each side of her ample waist and admire the work and add no insignificant part to the conversation, discoursing of her own sister, Miss Jean Brown, that was in a very large way of business in London, having gone there as a lady's maid twenty years before. The well born Miss Macnab allowed with a condescending wave of her hand that many began in that way. "But my opinin is that it wants good blood

in your veins and a leddy's breeding before you'll ever make a' gown that will set off a leddy," she said to the little circle, but only, not to hurt her feelings, after Marg'ret was gone.

While these proceedings were occupying all his family, Drumcarro himself proceeded with the practical energy which hitherto had only been exercised on behalf of his sons to arrange for his daughters' presentation to the world. More exciting to the county than a first drawing-room of the most splendid season was the ball at the Castle which was by far the finest thing that many of the Argyllshire ladies of those days ever saw. Even among those who like the family of Drumcarro owned no clan allegiance to the Duke, the only way of approaching the *beau monde*, the great world which included London and the court as well as the Highlands was by his means. The Duke in his own country was scarcely second to the far off and unknown King whose throne was shrouded in such clouds of dismay and trouble, and the duchess was in all but name a far more splendid reality than the old and peevish majesty, without beauty or prestige, who sat in sullen misery at Windsor. To go to London, or even to Edinburgh, to the Lord High Commissioner's receptions at Holyrood, was a daring enterprise that nobody dreamed of; but to go to the Castle was the seal of good blood and breeding. When he had got this notion into his head Drumcarro was as determined upon it as the fondest father could have been. The girls were of no consequence, but his daughters had their rights with the best, and he would not have the family let down even in their insignificant persons; not to speak of the powerful suggestion of relieving himself from further responsibility by putting them each in the way of finding "a man."

He made his appearance accordingly one afternoon in the little house inhabited by Miss Eelen, to the great surprise of that lady. It was a very small, gray house, standing at a cor-

ner of the village street, with a small garden round it, presenting a curious blank and one-eyed aspect, from the fact that every window that could be spared, and they were not abundant to start with, had been blocked up on account of the window-tax. Miss Eelen's parlour was dark in consequence, though it had originally been very bright, with a corner window towards the loch and the quay with all its fishing-boats. This, however, was completely built up, and the prospect thus confined to the street and the merchant's opposite—a little huckster's shop in which everything was sold from needles to ploughshares. Miss Eelen was fond of this window, it was so cheerful; and it was true that nobody could escape her who went to Robert Duncan's—the children who had more pennies to spend than was good for them, or the servant girls who went surreptitiously with bottles underneath their aprons. Miss Eelen kept a very sharp eye upon all the movements of the town, but even she acknowledged the drowsiness that comes after dinner, and sat in her big chair near the fire with her back turned to the window, "her stocking" in her lap, and her eyes, as she would have described it, "gathering straes", when Mr. Douglas paid her that visit. Her cat sat on a footstool on the other side, majestically curling her tail around her person, and winking at the fire like her mistress. The peats were burning with their fervent flameless glow, and comfort was diffused over the scene. When Drumcarro came in Miss Eelen started and instinctively put up her hands to her cap, which in these circumstances had a way of getting awry.

"Bless me, Drumcarro! is this you?"

"It's just me," he said.

"I hope they're all well?"

"Very well, I'm obliged to you. I just came in to say a word about—the Castle—"

"What about the Castle?" with astonished eyes.

"I was meaning this nonsense that's coming on—the ball," said Mr. Douglas, with an effort. A certain shamefacedness appeared on his hard countenance—something like a blush, if that were a thing possible to conceive.

"The ball? Bless us all! have ye taken leave of your senses, Neil?"

"Why should I take leave of my senses? I'm informed that the hail country—everybody that's worth calling gentry will be going. You're hand and glove with all the clanjamfry. Is that true?"

"Who ye may mean by 'clanjamfry' I cannot say. If ye mean that his Grace and her Grace are just bye ordinary pleasant, and the young lords and ladies aye running out and in—no for what I have to give them, as is easy to be seen—"

"I'm not surprised," said Drumcarro; "one of the old Douglas family before the attainder, was as good as any one of their new-fangled dukes."

"He's no' a new-fangled duke, as you know well; and as for the Douglas family, it is neither here nor there. Ye were saying ye had received information?" Miss Eelen divined her kinsman's errand, though it surprised her, but she would not help him out.

"Just that," said Drumcarro; "I hear there's none left out that are of a good stock. Now I'm not a man for entertainment, or any of your nonsense of music and dancing, nor ever was. I have had too much to do in my life. But I'm told it will be a slight to the name if there's none goes from Drumcarro. Ye know what my wife is—a complaining creature with no spirit to say what's to be done, or what's not—"

"Spirit!" cried Miss Eelen, "Na, she never had the spirit to stand up to the like of you; but, my word, you would soon have broken it if she had."

"I'm not here," said Mr. Douglas, "to get any enlightenment on her character or mine. I've always thought ye a sensible woman, Eelen, even though we do not always agree. They

tell me it'll be like a scorn put upon Drumcarro if the lasses are not at this ploy. Confound them a' and their meddling, and the fools that make feasts, and the idiots that yammer and talk! I've come to you to see what you think. There shall come no scorn on Drumcarro while I'm to the fore."

"Well, Neil, if you ask me," said Miss Eelen, "I would have taken the first word, and given ye my opinion if I had thought it would be of any use; but it's just heaven's truth; and farewell to the credit of Drumcarro when it's kent there are two young women, marriageable and at an age to come forward, and not there. It is just the truth. It will be said—for that matter it is said already—that ye're so poor or so mean that ye grudge the poor things a decent gown, and keep them out of every chance. I would not have said a word if you had not asked me, but that's just what folk say."

Drumcarro got up hastily from his chair and paced about the room, and he swore an oath or two below his breath that relieved his feelings. There was a great deal more in Miss Eelen's eyes. The "auld slave-driver" knew that his name did not stand high among his peers, and his imagination was keen enough to supply the details of the gossip of which his cousin gave so pleasant a summary. "Ye may tell them then," he said, "with many thanks to you for your candid opinion, that Drumcarro's lasses, when he pleases, can just show with the best, and that I'll thole no slight to my name, any more than I would were I chief of this whole country as my forbears were. And that's what ye can tell your gossips, Eelen, the next time ye ask them to a dish of tea—no' to say you're a Douglas yourself and should have more regard for your own flesh and blood."

"Bless me!" cried Miss Eelen, "the man's just like a tempest, up in a moment. Na, Drumcarro, I always gave ye credit if but your pride was touched. And it's just what I would have wished, for I was keen for a

sight of the ploy mysel' but too old to go for my own pleasure. You will just send them and their finery over to me in the gig, and I'll see to all the rest. Bless me, to think of the feeling that comes out when ye least expect it. I was aye convinced that if once your pride was touched. And who knows what may come of it? There's plenty of grand visitors at the Castle—a sight of them's as good as a king's court."

"I hope a man will come of it, to one or the other of them," Drumcarro said.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. DOUGLAS himself went to the ball at the Castle. He was of opinion that when a thing is to be done, it is never so well done as when you do it in your own person, and like most other people of similar sentiments, he trusted nobody. Miss Eelen as one of the race, was no doubt on the whole in the interests of the family, but Drumcarro felt that even she was not to be trusted with so delicate a matter as the securing of "a man" for Mary or Kirsteen. It was better that he should be on the spot himself to strike when the iron was hot, and let no opportunity slip. It is true that his costume was far from being in the latest fashion; but to this he was supremely indifferent, scarcely taking it into the most cursory consideration. If he went in sackcloth he would no less be a Douglas, the representative of the old line upon whose pedigree there was neither shadow nor break. He was very confident that he could not appear anywhere without an instant recognition of his claims. Those of the Duke himself were in no way superior: that potentate was richer, he had the luck to have always been on the winning side, and had secured titles and honours when the Douglasses had attainder and confiscation—but Douglas was Douglas when the Duke's first forbear was but a paidling lairdie with not a dozen men to his name.

Such at least was the conviction of Drumcarro; and he marched to the Castle in his one pair of black silk stockings—with his narrow country notions strangely crossed by the traditions of the slave-driving period, with all his intense narrow personal ambitions and grudges, and not an idea beyond the aggrandisement of his family—in the full consciousness of equality (if not superiority) to the best there, the statesman Duke, the great landowners and personages who had come from far and near. Such a conviction sometimes gives great nobleness and dignity to the simple mind, but Drumcarro's pride was not of this elevating kind. It made him shoulder his way to the front with rising rage against all the insignificant crowd that got before him, jostle as he might; it did not give him the consolatory assurance that where he was, there must be the most dignified place. It must be allowed, however, in defence of his attitude that to feel yourself thrust aside into a crowd of nobodies when you know your place to be with the best, is trying. Some people succeed in bearing it with a smile, but the smile is seldom warm or of a genial character. And Drumcarro, at the bottom of the room, struggling to get forward, seeing the fine company at the other end, and invariably, persistently, he scarcely knew how, put back among the crowd, was not capable of that superlative amiability. The surprise of it partially subdued him for a time, and Miss Eelen's exertions, who got him by the arm, and endeavoured to make him hear reason.

"Drumcarro! bless the man—can ye not be content where ye are? Yon's just the visitors, chiefly from England and foreign parts—earls and dukes, and such like."

"Confound the earls and the dukes! what's their titles and their visitors to me? The Douglasses have held their own and more for as many hundred years——"

"Whisht, whisht, for mercy's sake! Lord, ye'll have all the folk staring

as if we were some ferly. Everybody knows who the Douglasses were; but man, mind the way of the world that ye are just as much affected by as any person. Riches and titles take the crown of the causeway. We have to put up with it whether we like it or no. You're fond of money and moneyed folk yourself——"

"Haud your fuilish tongue, ye know nothing about it," said Drumcarro. But then he felt that he had gone too far. "I'm so used to my wife I forget who I'm speaking to. You'll excuse me, Eelen?"

"The Lord be praised I'm not your wife," said Miss Eelen devoutly. She added, perceiving a vacant chair a little higher up near the edge of the privileged line, "I see my harbour, Drumcarro, and there I'll go, but no further;" and with an able dive through the throng and long experience of the best methods, managed adroitly to settle herself there. She caught by the elbow as she made her dart a gentleman who stood by, a man with grey hair still dressed in a black silk bag in the old-fashioned way which was no longer the mode. "Glendochart," she said, "one word. I'm wanting your help; you were always on the Douglass' side."

"Miss Eelen?" he cried with a little surprise, turning round. He was a man between fifty and sixty, with a fresh colour and gentle, friendly air, much better dressed and set up than Drumcarro, but yet with something of the look of a man more accustomed to the hill-side and the moor than to the world.

"For gudesake look to my cousin Neil, of Drumcarro; he's just like a mad bull raging to be in the front of everything. Auld Earl Douglas, our great forbear, was naething to him for pride. He will just shame us all before the Duke and Duchess and their grand visitors, if some one will not interfere."

The gentleman thus appealed to turned round quickly with a glance at the two girls, who with difficulty, and a little breathless and blushing with

excitement, had emerged out of the crowd behind Miss Eelen, less skilled in making their way than she. "These young ladies," he said, "are with you? they'll be—"

"Just Drumcarro's daughters, and the first time they've ever been seen out of their own house. But yonder's their father making everybody stand about. For ainy sake, Glendochart."

"I'll do your bidding, Miss Eelen."

The girls both thought, as his look dwelt upon them, that he was a most kind and pleasant old gentleman, and sighed with a thought that life would be far easier and everything more practicable if their father was but such another. But alas, that was past praying for. They had a little more space now that they had gained this comparative haven at the side of Miss Eelen's chair to take breath and look about them, and shake themselves free of the crowd.

The muslin gowns had been very successful; the skirts fell in a straight line from the waistband high under their arms to their feet, one with a little edge of fine white embroidery, the other with a frill scarcely to be called a flounce round the foot. The bodices were no longer than a baby's, cut in a modest round with a little tucker of lace against the warm whiteness of the bosom: the sleeves were formed of little puffs of muslin also like a baby's. Mary wore her neck-lace of cairngorms with much pride. Kirsteen had nothing upon her milk-white throat to ornament or conceal it. Nothing could have been whiter than her throat, with the soft warmth of life just tinging its purity; her red hair which goes so well with that warm whiteness, was done up in what was called a classic knot at the back of her head, but there were some little curls which would not be gainsaid about her forehead and behind her ear. Her arms were covered with long silk gloves drawn up to meet the short sleeves. She was in a great tremor of excited imagination and expected pleasure. She was not thinking of

partners indeed, nor of performing at all in her own person. She had come to see the world—to see the fine ladies and gentlemen, to hear some of their beautiful talk perhaps, and watch the exquisite way in which they would behave themselves. This was the chief pre-occupation of her mind. She looked round her as if it had been "the play". Kirsteen knew nothing at all of the play, and had been brought up to believe that it was a most depraved and depraving entertainment, but still there had never been any doubt expressed of its enthralling character. The ball she had decided from the first day it had been mentioned, would be as good as going to the play.

Miss Eelen very soon found an old lady sitting near with whom she could talk, but Mary and Kirsteen stood together looking out upon the faces and the moving figures and speaking to no one. They scarcely cared to talk to each other, which they could do, they both reflected, very well at home. They stood pressing close to each other, and watched all the coming and going. In the position which they had gained they could see all the sets, the great people at the head of the room, the humbler ones below. Kirsteen had an advantage over her sister. She had met Lady Chatty several times at Miss Eelen's and had admired her, half for herself, half for her position, which had a romantic side very delightful to her simple imagination. "That's Lady Chatty," she whispered to Mary, proud of her superior knowledge. "I don't think much of her," said Mary, whispering back again. This gave Kirsteen a shock in the perfect pleasure with which she watched the graceful movements and animated looks of the future beauty. She had felt a disinterested delight in following the other girl through her dance, admiring how happy she looked and how bright; but Mary's criticism had a chilling effect.

A long time passed thus, and Kir-

steen began to feel tired in spite of herself; the pleasure of watching a room full of animated dancers very soon palls at twenty. Her expectation of pleasure gradually died away. It was very bonny, but not the delight she had thought. Mary stood with a smile which had never varied since they entered the room, determined to look pleased whatever happened—but Kirsteen was not able to keep up to that level. If *he* had but been here! then indeed all things would have been different. It gave her a singular consolation to think of this, to feel that it was in some sort a pledge of her belonging to him that she was only a spectator in the place where he was not; but she was too sensible not to be aware that her consolation was a fantastic one, and that she would in fact have been pleased to dance and enjoy herself. She and her sister were pushed a little higher up by the pressure of the crowd which formed a fringe round the room, and which consisted of a great many young men too timid to break into the central space where the fine people were performing, and of tired and impatient girls who could not dance till they were asked. Somehow it began to look all very foolish to Kirsteen, not beautiful as she had hoped.

And then by ill luck she overheard the chatter of a little party belonging to the house. It was the kind of chatter which no doubt existed and was freely used at the balls given by the Pharaohs (if they gave balls), or by Pericles, or at least by Charlemagne. "Where do all these funny people come from?" "Out of the ark, I should think," the young lords and ladies said. "Antediluvian certainly—look, here is a pair of very strange beasts." The pair in question seemed to Kirsteen a very pretty couple. The young man a little flushed and blushing at his own daring, the girl, yes! there could be no doubt, Agnes Drummond, Ronald's sister, of as good family as any in the room. But the young ladies and gentlemen from London

laughed "consumedly". "Her gown must have been made in the year one." "And no doubt that's the coat his grandfather was married in." But all their impertinences were brought to a climax by Lord John, one of the family, who ought to have known better. "Don't you know," he said, "it's my mother's menagerie? We have the natives once a year and make 'em dance. Wait a little till they warm to it, and then you shall see what you shall see." Kirsteen turned and flashed a passionate glance at the young speaker, which made him step backwards and blush all over his foolish young face; for to be sure he had only been beguiled into saying what the poor young man thought was clever, and did not mean it. Kirsteen's bosom swelled with pride and scorn and injured feeling. And she had thought everybody would be kind! and she had thought it would all be so bonny! And to think of a menagerie and the natives making a show for these strangers to see!

"Miss Kirsteen, there is a new set making up, and your sister would be glad of you for a *vees-à-vis* if ye will not refuse an old man for a partner." Kirsteen looked round and met the pleasant eyes, still bright enough, of Glendochart, whom Miss Eelen had bidden to look after the indignant Drumcarro. Kirsteen looked every inch Drumcarro's daughter as she turned round, an angry flush on her face, and her eyes shining with angry tears.

"I will not dance. I am obliged to you, sir," she said.

"Not dance," said Mary, in an indignant whisper, "when we're both asked! And what would ye have? We cannot all have young men."

"I will not dance—to make sport for the fine folk," said Kirsteen in the same tone.

"You are just like my father," said Mary, "spoiling other folks' pleasure. Will ye come or will ye not, and the gentleman waiting—and me that cannot if you will not."

"Come, my dear," said old Glendochart. He patted her hand as he drew it through his arm. "I have known your father and all your friends this fifty years, and ye must not refuse an old man."

Neither of the girls were very much at their ease in the quadrille, but they watched the first dancers with anxious attention, and followed their example with the correctness of a lesson just received. Kirsteen, though she began very reluctantly, was soothed in spite of herself by the music and the measure, and the satisfaction of having a share in what was going on. She forgot for a moment the gibes she had listened to with such indignation. A quadrille is a very humdrum performance nowadays to those who know nothing so delightful as the wild monotony of the round dance. But in Kirsteen's time the quadrille was still comparatively new, and very "genteel". It was an almost solemn satisfaction to have got successfully through it, and her old partner was very kind and took her out to the tea-room afterwards with the greatest attention, pointing out to her the long vista of the corridor and some of the pictures on the walls, and everything that was worth seeing. They were met as they came back by a very fine gentleman with a riband and a star, who stopped to speak to her companion, and at whom Kirsteen looked with awe. "And who may this bonny lass be?" the great man said. "A daughter of yours, Glendochart?"

"No daughter of mine," said the old gentleman in a testy tone. "I thought your Grace was aware I was the one of your clan that had not married. The young lady is Miss Kirsteen Douglas, a daughter of Drumcarro."

"I beg your—her pardon and yours; I ought to have known better," said the Duke. "But you must remember, Glendochart, when you are in such fair company, that it is never too late to mend."

"He should indeed have known better," said Glendochart, when they

had passed on. "These great folk, Miss Kirsteen, they cannot even take the trouble to mind—which kings do, they say, who have more to think of. And yet one would think my story is not a thing to forget. Did you ever hear how it was that John Campbell of Glendochart was a lone auld bachelor? It's not a tale for a ball-room, but there's something in your pretty eyes that makes me fain to tell."

"Oh, it is little I care for the ball-room," cried Kirsteen, remembering her grievance, which she told with something of the fire and indignation of her original feeling. He laughed softly, and shook his head.

"Never you fash your head about such folly. When my Lord John goes to St. James's the men of fashion and their ladies will say much the same of him, and you will be well avenged."

"It's very childish to think of it at all," said Kirsteen, with a blush. "And now will you tell me?" She looked up into his face with a sweet and serious attention which bewitched the old gentleman, who was not old at all.

"I was away with my regiment on the continent of Europe and in the Colonies and other places for many years, when I was a young man," Glendochart said.

"Yes?" said Kirsteen, with profoundest interest—for was not that the only prospect before *him* too?

"But all the time I was confident there was one waiting for me at home."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Kirsteen, as if it had been her own tale.

"The news from the army was slow in those days, and there was many a mistake. Word was sent home that I was killed when I was but badly wounded. I had neither father nor mother to inquire closely, and everybody believed it, and she too. I believe her friends were glad on the whole, for I was a poor match for her. Her heart was nearly broke, but she was very young and she got over it,

and, whether with her own will or without it I cannot tell, but when I came home at last it was her wedding-day."

"Oh!" Kirsteen cried almost with a shriek, "was that the end of her waiting? Me, I would have waited and waited on——"

"Wait now and ye will hear. The marriage was just over when I came to her father's house thinking no evil. And we met; and when she saw me, and that I was a living man, and remembered the ring that was on her finger and that she was another man's wife—she went into her own maiden chamber that she had never left and shut to the door. And there she just died, and never spoke another word."

"Oh, Glendochart!" cried Kirsteen with an anguish of sympathy, thinking of Ronald, and of the poor dead bride, and of the sorrow which seemed to her throbbing heart impossible, as

if anything so cruel could not have been. She clasped his arm with both her hands, looking up at him with all her heart in her face.

"My bonny dear!" he said with surprised emotion, touching her clasped hands with his. And then he began to talk of other things: for they were in the ball-room, where, though every one was absorbed in his or her own pleasure, or else bitterly resenting the absence of the pleasure they expected, yet there were a hundred eyes on the watch for any incident. Kirsteen, in the warmth of her roused feelings, thought nothing of that. She was thinking of the other who was away with his regiment, for who could tell how many years—and for whom one was waiting at home—one that would never put another in his place, no, not for a moment, not whatever news might come!

(To be continued.)

CANADA AND THE JESUITS.

THE Legislature of Quebec the other day passed an Act authorizing the payment of four hundred thousand dollars (about 80,000*l.* sterling) out of the public funds to the Society of Jesus. The payment was alleged to be paid by way of composition for the lands which, after the suppression of the Order in the last century, had remained in the hands of the Crown, but to which it was assumed that the Order still had a claim. The sum of sixty thousand dollars for Protestant education was tendered as a sop to the Protestants of the Province. The Act formally submitted the settlement for sanction to the Pope, whose authority was thus recognized in Canadian legislation.

This Act affected to be framed with a view to quieting doubts about the title to the estates and the right of the Province to dispose of them. This pretence was baseless, if it was not ironical. The estates had passed to the Province from the Crown impressed with a direction in favour of public education. Into the hands of the Crown they had passed really upon the cession of Canada by France, when only the endowments of the secular clergy were guaranteed by the Treaty, and when the Crown was specially advised by the Solicitor-General, Wedderburne, on a reference to him by the Privy Council, not to allow the Jesuits to retain their estates; but at all events on the suppression of the Order by the Pope in 1773. In stating that they had been confiscated by the Crown the Act stated what was untrue. To suppose that the refoundation of the Order could revive its title to its old estates is preposterous, and the claim would be scouted by any Roman Catholic Government in Europe. The sop tendered to the Protestants would have been superfluous had the claim of the Jesuits been real.

There are now left in the Province of Quebec only two or at most three constituencies Protestant in such a sense that their members are not afraid of the Catholic vote. Two members of the Legislature protested. To divide would have been futile, and the Act consequently passed without a division.

But by the time that the Provincial Act reached the Dominion Government public feeling in the British Province of Ontario had been aroused. All Acts of the Provincial Legislatures are subject to the veto of the Dominion Government, to be exercised within a year. It was demanded that the veto should be put upon a Provincial Act which endowed Jesuitism and recognized the authority of the Pope, besides contravening the principle of religious equality by the endowment out of public funds of a particular religion, and not only of a particular religion but of an offensively propagandist Order. The leading Liberal and Independent journals opened fire, and a menacing movement commenced in the Orange Order, which for a long time past had been successfully controlled by Government influence and patronage, its Grand Master having been made a member of the Cabinet for that purpose, and had been turned into an ancillary engine of the Tory party.

The Government, to which the support of the French Catholics is indispensable, and which in fact has its basis in Quebec, tried to quell the storm by advising the Governor-General at once to signify his allowance of the Act. This was unconstitutional, since the British North America Act provides that the Acts of the Provincial Legislatures shall lie before the Dominion Government subject to veto for a year, while those of the Dominion Legislature are to lie before the Home

Government subject to a veto for two years; the time being presumably allowed in each case for petitions and objections to come in, and the longer time being allowed in the case of the Dominion Acts than in that of the Provincial Acts, because the Home Government is less able speedily to inform itself and less easy of access to petitioners. The Governor-General, as it was contended with apparent justice, could have no right to cut short the term of probation, or, in the event of his going out of office before the end of the year, to bar the exercise of the veto by his successor.

This expedient failed, as did the strenuous efforts which were made by the Government to burke opposition in caucus. A resolution demanding disallowance was moved by Colonel O'Brien, member for Muskoka, a strong Conservative and supporter of Sir John Macdonald's Government. A long debate ensued, in which the principal speech in favour of the disallowance resolution was made by Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., a leading Conservative, while the principal defender of the Act was Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice and a Roman Catholic. The arguments of the speakers in favour of disallowance were based on the anti-national and illegal recognition of the Pope's authority in the Act, and the character of an Order which had been many times expelled as an enemy to civil government by European communities, Catholic as well as Protestant, and was still under the ban of the British Empire, clauses being pointed against it in the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. It was also contended that the Act was a breach of the religious equality which is a fundamental principle of our polity. In this respect it would appear that the Legislature of Quebec has actually exceeded its jurisdiction, since the list of subjects on which it has power to legislate is set out in the British North America Act, by which these Legislatures are created, and does not include religion.

By the Minister of Justice, and

others on that side, it was contended that the Act was purely local and purely fiscal, and consequently within the constitutional jurisdiction of the Quebec Legislature, so that to veto it would be to violate the principle of Provincial self-government. Both contentions were manifestly untenable. It was absurd to say that the measure was purely local if it impugned the rights of the Crown and acknowledged the authority of a foreign Power in the country, besides endowing a propagandist Order which, though its headquarters were to be in Quebec, would operate against Protestantism and the supremacy of the civil Government over the whole Dominion. It was equally absurd to call a measure purely fiscal merely because it took the form of money payment when it raised issues which had set the whole Dominion in a blaze. Sir John Thompson was obliged to acknowledge that the preamble to the Act, reciting the settlement with the Jesuits, and reserving it for the pleasure of the Pope, contained matter "not in the best taste"—in other words, matter offensive to the Empire and the nation; but he maintained that the language of the preamble was immaterial, and that to take exception to it would be as foolish as to take exception to the title or a headline; to which the answer was that the preamble was the Act, the Act being nothing but a set of operative words giving effect to the settlement embodied in the preamble. The Prime Minister, who perhaps finds it difficult to understand that anybody can really care about a principle, tried to laugh the matter off by telling the old story of the Jew eating his pork-chop in a thunderstorm, but his wit was ineffective. In contending that the exercise of the veto ought to be confined to cases of legislative *extra vires*, he and his colleagues lay under the disadvantage of having recently vetoed an Act of the Manitoba Legislature chartering a local railway, which was as clearly *intra vires* as anything could possibly be, on alleged grounds of Dominion policy, because it infringed on the

monopoly of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

In the division thirteen members only—eight Conservatives and five Liberals—voted for Colonel O'Brien's motion. One hundred and eighty-eight, comprising the leaders and the main body of the Liberal Opposition as well as the main body of the supporters of the Government, voted on the other side. The Catholics, French and Irish, were voting, as in duty bound, for the Jesuits and the Pope. The Liberal Opposition took the ground of Provincial self-government. But it is always bidding against the Government for the Catholic vote, and on this occasion it was specially entangled in two ways. In the first place, the Dominion Government being in the hands of the Conservatives, the Liberals had been embracing the most extreme view of Provincial right. In the second place, they had been holding out a hand for party purposes to French sympathy with the rebellion of the French and Catholic Half-breeds under Riel in the North-West. They had not shrunk from protesting against the execution of Riel on the two grounds that he was insane and that his offence was political; the first of which was believed by no human being, while the recognition of the second would put the lives and property of the community at the mercy of any brigand who chose to pretend that his object was not plunder but anarchy or usurpation.

The vote on the Jesuits' Question was controlled by the Catholic influence, much as the votes on the Home Rule resolutions passed by the Dominion and local Legislatures of Canada had been controlled by the Irish vote, and as similar votes on similar resolutions have been controlled by the Irish vote in the United States.

The managers of the party machines on both sides embraced each other, and fondly hoped that the largeness of the majority had stifled in the birth an agitation about a question of principle disturbing to the regular game, and unwelcome to all who look

for support to the Catholic vote. They have found themselves mistaken. The people have for once broken away, for the time at least, from the party machines. They understand that the objections to the Jesuits' Estates Bill are based, not, as the Minister of Justice says, upon the preamble of the Act or upon anything merely technical, but upon the broad right of the nation, if it be a nation, to forbid the use of public money for the purpose of subverting its civilization and infusing moral poison into its veins. The intention of the framers of the Act, they know, is to have the Pope recognized as lord of the temporalities of a Church which in Quebec is virtually established, levying tithes and other legal imposts; and the determination of the people is that in things temporal the Pope's power shall not be recognized at all. The people know also that the Jesuits' Estates Act is not an isolated measure, but a bold and defiant step in the onward march of ecclesiastical aggression. The agitation, instead of dying out, has given birth to the Equal Rights Association, under the auspices of which a widespread and apparently enthusiastic movement against the endowment of the Jesuits, and against ecclesiastical aggression generally, is now going on. Party in Canada has been strong, as it usually is, in inverse proportion to its reasonableness, and to break its lines at once is very difficult, while the influence of corruption, especially in the form of Government grants for local works, unhappily is very great; yet the machine politicians are having a very bad quarter of an hour.

The Equal Rights Association directs its attention not only to the Jesuits' Estates Act but to the system of separate Catholic schools in Ontario; to the intrusion of the French language and of French ecclesiasticism with it into the public schools of the eastern part of the Province; to the unfair privileges enjoyed by the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, and to the progress of ecclesiastical aggrandisement and of priestly en-

croachment on the civil power, which, ever since the Ultramontane and the Jesuit supplanted the Gallican, have been advancing on all sides.

In its opposition to the encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church the Equal Rights Association may be regarded as an organ of a continental movement; for in the United States the people are rousing themselves to action against the same power which, with legions recruited from the ignorant and half-civilized populations of the Old World, is assailing the fundamental principles of Protestant and Anglo-Saxon civilization. At Boston, where the Irish Catholics are now almost a match in numbers for the children of the Puritan, a great fight about the teaching in the public schools, in which the Catholics were defeated, has been followed by the proposal of an amendment in the Constitution of Massachusetts, prohibiting any grants of public money to sectarian institutions. A grant to Catholic charities, though balanced according to the usual policy of the priest-party by a small grant to Protestant charities, has been thrown out by the Legislature of the State of New York, and it seems as if the channel through which the priests have long drawn public money to a large extent would be closed up for the future. In Illinois a similar reaction against the raids of the Catholic vote on the public treasury begins to appear. Another "irrepressible conflict" apparently is at hand, though this time, it may be hoped, the arbiter will be the ballot and not the sword. Nor is the conflict confined to this continent. Mr. Wise's article in this magazine (July, 1889), shows that it is coming in Australia also. It is coming wherever the Church of the past commands a sufficient force of the children of the past to make war upon modern civilization.

The Canadian Equal Rights Association, however, has to fight two foes in one. It is contending against ecclesiastical aggression and against French nationalism at the same time. The Jesuits' Estates Act is an auda-

cious blow struck not only for Ultramontanism against Protestantism and the civil power, but for French nationality under priestly leadership against British ascendancy. "*La Vérité*" is the Ultramontane and Jesuit organ of French Canada. In a recent article that journal says.

For us [the French Canadians], confederation was and is a means, not an end. It is a means of enabling us to dwell in peace with our English neighbours, whilst safeguarding our rights, developing our resources, strengthening us, and making us ready for our national future. Let us say it boldly—the ideal of the French Canadian people is not the ideal of the other races which to-day inhabit the land our fathers subdued for Christian civilization. Our ideal is the formation here, in this corner of earth watered by the blood of our heroes, of a nation which shall perform on this continent the part France has played so long in Europe, and which she might continue to play if she would but resume the Christian traditions violently ruptured at the Revolution of 1789. To do that, it is not theoretically necessary that she should become a monarchy again; but it is necessary that she should return to Christ. Our aspiration is to found a nation which socially shall profess the Catholic faith and speak the French language. That is not and cannot be the aspiration of the other races. To say then that all the groups which constitute confederation are animated by one and the same aspiration, is to utter a sounding phrase without political or historical meaning. For us, the present form of government is not and cannot be the last word of our national existence. It is merely a road towards the goal which we have in view—that is all. Let us accept the present state of things loyally; let us not be aggressive towards our neighbours; let us give them full liberty to pursue their particular ideal. But let us never lose sight of our own national destiny. Rather let us constantly prepare ourselves to fulfil it worthily at the hour decreed by Providence which circumstances shall reveal to us. Our whole history proves that it is not to be a vain dream, a mere Utopia, but the end which the God of nations has marked out for us. We have not been snatched from death a score of times; we have not multiplied with a rapidity truly prodigious; we have not wrought marvels of resistance and of peaceful conquest in the eastern townships and in the border

counties of Ontario ; we have not absorbed many of the English and Scotch settlements planted among us in order to break up our homogeneity—we have not put forth all these efforts and seen them crowned with success to go and perish miserably in any all-Canadian arrangement.

This is the frank expression of a sentiment which has been gathering strength and taking shape in the French Province during the last quarter of a century.

In 1880 the Abbé Gingras published an address, in which, after the most rampant assertion of the right of the Church to override the civil power, and of the clergy to interfere in elections, together with a thorough-going proclamation of Mediævalism, and an unqualified defence of the Inquisition, there comes (p. 43) a notable passage in relation to the political situation of the French Province. The clergy, says the writer, understand the delicate position in which French statesmen have been placed since the conquest, and that practically it is necessary that they should "resign themselves to a policy of conciliation, more or less elastic." But with union and a common understanding the machine of the Provincial Government, though it has inevitably one of its wheels in contact with the Federal Government, may be worked for Catholic purposes. This is the device which every Canadian statesman, "though he may not inscribe it on his banner, lest he should provoke unjust reprisals, ought to engrave on the inmost fold of his heart." The autonomy of French Canada is all, the Federation is nothing. With the autonomy of French Canada it is necessary for the present to be content, but a grander vista is opened when the proper hour shall strike. The leaders, and the soul of the national enterprise, are the clergy.

After the victory of the Jesuits at Ottawa, a grand national festival was held at Quebec on the day of St. John the Baptist, the national saint of French Canada, in the joint honour of Jacques Cartier, the founder of

French Canada, and Brebeuf, the great Jesuit missionary, a monument to whom was unveiled. At the banquet, Mr. Mercier, who is the Nationalist Premier of Quebec, and as the framer of the Jesuits' Estates Act has received a decoration from the Pope, made a speech in which he preached in impressive terms nationalism and national unity. "To-day," he said, "the Red and the Blue [colours of the two old parties in Quebec] should give place to the Tricolour." It is useless to imagine that we will ever cease to be French and Catholic. This monument declares that after a century of separation from our mother country we are still French. More than that, we will remain French and Catholic." Such was the strain of all the speaking and writing on the occasion. A gallant colonel of militia even hinted at a resort to arms. The Papal Zouaves who took part in the ceremony carried side by side with their own flag a flag which in the days of French dominion had been borne in battle against the British. The greetings of the "French Canadian nation" were cabled to the Pope, and the Vatican in return greeted the French Canadian nation.

Mr. Samuel Adams and his Boston confederates were in too great a hurry with their revolution. Canada had been wrested from the French ; they should have waited till it had been made English, as with its poor, simple, and illiterate population of sixty thousand it might easily have been. After the revolt of the Colonies, England was compelled practically to foster French nationality, and at the same time to countenance clerical ascendancy, because it was on the influence of the clergy, who were hostile to the Puritans and afterwards to the French Revolution, that she mainly relied for keeping the people faithful to her standard. She gave the French votes, which they of course used to shake off British ascendancy. Thus Wolfe's victory was cancelled. Not only so, but, where France had only a weakly colony, grew up under the

nominal dominion of Great Britain a French nation in a theocratic form. The French multiplied apace, like all races whose standard of living is low, and the digestive forces of British Canada were far too weak to do with the French element what the digestive forces of the United States had done with the French element in Louisiana. Lord Durham saw the danger. He even let fall the warning words, that the day might come when the English in Canada, that they might remain English, would have to cease to be British; in other words, would have to join the main body of the English-speaking race on the continent to save themselves from French domination. He tried to bring about assimilation by means of a legislative union of the two Canadas. The union totally failed; politics became a bitter conflict between the British and French Provinces, which at last brought government to a deadlock.

From that deadlock an escape was sought by Federation, which was thus, in its main motive and essential character, not a measure of union, but a legislative divorce of British from French Canada. The other British Colonies were brought in. But no real union such as constitutes a nation can be said up to this time to have taken place among them. No Nova Scotian or New Brunswicker calls himself a Canadian. A British Columbian scorns the name. The people of these Provinces are citizens in heart only of their own Province. At Ottawa they act as separate interests. Their support is obtained, to form a basis for the party Government, largely by a system of corruption operating mainly through Government grants to local works. As to Quebec, she is a member of Federation in the same sense in which Ireland would be a member of the United Kingdom if it had a Parliament of its own, and at the same time sent delegates to Westminster. She acts in her own separate interests, and by her compact vote levies tribute on the Dominion treasury, her own being in so bad a condition that she has

already betrayed an incipient tendency to repudiation. She has extorted grants for railways and public works to a very large amount. On one occasion her members stayed outside the House haggling with the Government till the bell had rung for a division, when the Government gave way. The Tory party has in the main retained her support, though much less by party sympathy than by the means already described.

In the meantime in Quebec itself clerical domination has been making way. The substitution of Ultramontanism for Gallicanism has exalted the pretensions of the priesthood, and at the same time given an impetus to the movement.¹ Ten years ago it excited the alarm of Sir Alexander Galt, who saw that danger impended not only over the rights and liberties of the Protestants, but over the civil rights and liberties of the Catholic laity, and sounded the note of alarm in his pamphlet on Church and State. Now comes the Jesuit, with what Abbé Gingras calls "the flambeau of the Syllabus" in his hand. Employing the Papal policy of the day, master of the counsels of the Vatican, he prevails over the Gallicans and Moderates, over the Sulpicians who vainly struggle against him for the spiritual possession of Montreal, and becomes master of the Church of Quebec. A cosmopolitan intriguer, fettered by no ties of citizenship or political party, acting solely in the interests of the Church and of his Order, he drives on with an almost reckless speed, and is not content without signalizing his ascendancy by reclaiming his old estates, trampling the rights of the Crown under foot, and at the same time extorting a legislative recognition of the Pope. The Jesuit has always been more cunning than wise. He hurried James the Second along at a pace which

¹ The best source of information on the subject is Mr. Charles Lindsey's "Rome in Canada: the Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Power." Second edition; Toronto, 1889.

proved fatal, and it is not unlikely that his precipitation may make shipwreck of his enterprise in Quebec.

The Church in Quebec is immensely rich, while the people are poor and the treasury is empty. Besides the tithe, which by a strange anomaly on this continent of religious equality she legally levies, and imposts for *fabrique*, she owns not a little of the most valuable land in the Province, and her wealth is constantly growing by investment, for she is active in the financial as well as in the spiritual field. The devotion of the people is guarded by their illiteracy. Ecclesiastical statistics, compiled under ecclesiastical influence, throw not much light on the subject. The journal of Arthur Buies, "*La Lanterne*", throws more. It gives a letter from a correspondent who, it says, has held high political employment and has lived in a rural district for forty years. This correspondent says that among men of from twenty to forty years of age you will not find one in twenty who can read, or one in fifty who can write. They will tell you that they went to school from seven to fourteen, but that they have forgotten all they learned. This "all"—what was it? We may judge, says the correspondent of "*La Lanterne*", from the fact that the teachers are for the most part young girls taken from the convents because they are too poor to pay their pupils' fees, and with a salary of from ten to twenty louis a year. Those who have passed any time among the *habitants* confirm this statement, and say that the mayor of a town is not always able to write. The school-books, of which a set is before us, appear to be highly ecclesiastical in spirit and in the economy of the knowledge which they are calculated to convey. No wonder that miracles in abundance are performed at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, while they are performed nowhere else upon this northern continent. The antagonism between this civilization and that of British Canada is complete.

The French peasantry of Quebec, if they have little to live on, can live on

little; their Church sedulously preaches early marriage, their women are good mothers, and they multiply apace. Before their increasing number and pressure the British are rapidly disappearing from the Province. In the city of Quebec there are now only about six thousand left. In the eastern townships, once their almost exclusive domain, their numbers are rapidly dwindling, and the Protestant churches are left without worshippers. The Church advances money to the Frenchman to buy the Englishman's farm, which in French hands will become subject to tithe and *fabrique*. The commerce of Montreal is still in Protestant hands, but a Legislature of French Catholics has found its way, by taxing banks and other financial corporations, to the strong-box, just as a Legislature of Celtic Catholics in Ireland would find its way to the strong-box of the Scotch Protestants of Belfast. As matters are now going, the future of the commercial community of Montreal is not free from clouds. If that community has hitherto thought of little but its trade, it will find that without paying attention to questions of public principle trade itself cannot be safe.

The weak point in the case of the opponents of the Jesuits' Estates Act is that two years ago an Act incorporating the Jesuits was allowed to slip through without protest. The explanation is that the Protestant minority in Quebec is so weak and so thoroughly overborne, that it has been sinking into a state of torpid resignation, while the British Province usually takes little notice of anything that is going on in Quebec. The Jesuits' Estates Act seems, however, at last to have aroused the Protestants of Quebec as well as the people of Ontario. Not that it would make any difference with regard to the question of principle if all the Protestants of Quebec, deserting the cause of their own rights and interests, had acquiesced in the Jesuits' Estates Act. The right and duty of the people of the Dominion generally to put a *veto* on the endowment of

Jesuitism and the recognition of the Pope in legislation would be the same; and it would be equally necessary to uphold the principle that no religious majority in a Province shall have the power to make war on the religion of the minority by endowing propagandism out of the public purse.

The French Revolution for the time estranged Quebec with its clergy from Old France. But the estrangement is now at an end, and France is recognized as the mother country. France on her part welcomes the returning affection of her daughter, and the old relations, saving the political connection, are renewed.

The history of Canada used in the French schools is a history of French Canada alone. Scarcely does it notice the existence of the British Provinces. In a perfectly national spirit it magnifies the victories of the French in Canada over the British, belittles those of the British, and presents the British in an odious light. It accuses the English of wishing to treat French Canada as they treated Ireland, and ascribes the deliverance of the French to their own patriotic efforts, animated by their religious faith, and seconded by fear of the United States which drove England to concession. It is evidently intended to implant in the heart of the young French Canadian allegiance to French Canada as a separate nation, love of France, and antagonism to the British conqueror.

But the aspirations of the French are not confined to the Province of Quebec. "*La Vérité*," as we have seen, boasts that they have conquered the eastern townships of Ontario. Politicians of Ontario styling themselves Liberals, but under the influence of the Catholic vote, have helped to open the gate; the French have not only introduced their language into the schools but their ecclesiastical system into the localities, and resistance to them now comes late. Their advance is probably helped by a Protectionist policy, which, applied to a country like Canada, produces commercial atrophy,

and sends many of the best of our British farmers out of the country, thus making room for the Frenchman, who is content with pea-soup while the Englishman requires beef. But into the North-Eastern States of the Union also the French have passed by hundreds of thousands. There are said to be one hundred and fifty thousand in Massachusetts alone. The French priesthood of Quebec scent a danger to faith from this connection, and "repatriation" has been attempted, it is needless to say, in vain. Apparently the lingual and intellectual unity of the continent, on which the unity of its civilization depends, is in jeopardy from the intrusive growth of a French nation. It will not be saved by the statesmanship of American politicians, whose treatment of the Canadian question vies in feebleness, inconsistency, and vacillation with the treatment of the Irish question by their British counterparts. Thus strangely the struggle between the rival races for ascendancy in the New World, which seemed to have been settled for ever on the Plains of Abraham, is now renewed in a different form.

The ambition of French nationalism is extended to the Canadian North-West, where there is a population of French Half-breeds under clerical rule, the political power of which during the infancy of the settlement has been sufficient to force bilingualism on the Legislature of Manitoba. But in that quarter there is little hope for the Nationalists. The half-bred population does not increase, and if immigration takes place on a large scale it will soon be overwhelmed.

Till now there have been political parties in Quebec, the *Bleus* or Tories and the *Rouges* or Liberals, connected with the Tory and Liberal parties of Ontario, though in a loose way, and, especially in the case of the *Bleus*, with more of interest than of principle in the connection. But now, in the person of Mr. Mercier, a Nationalist and Ultramontane leader, independent of any Dominion party, has arisen. He calls all good Frenchmen to union on

the ground of nationality. "Cessons nos luttes fratricides, unissons-nous." He says it is time that the Blue and the Red should be blended in the Tricolour. Apparently the people answer to his appeal. He has at all events got power into his hands, and seems likely to hold it.

No one can blame the French for their aspirations, which are natural, or for their attachment to their own mother country, which is natural also. An English colony placed in their circumstances would do as they do except that it would not put itself under priestly leadership and rule. But this does not alter the situation. Imperialism in the case of Canada has two things to accomplish. It has to separate this line of Provinces permanently from the English-speaking continent of which they are the northern fringe, and it has to fuse British Canada and New France into a nation. What chance is there of thus fusing a French Ultramontane theocracy with a community of British Protestants? If, as "*La Vérité*" says, the ideal of the French Canadian people is not the ideal of the British Canadian, and he is making towards a totally different goal, how is it possible that the two elements should really become partners in the foundation and development of a nation? Where, it may further be asked, is the use of constraining them to make the attempt? What is gained for Canada, for the mother country, or for humanity, by thus forcing or bribing two antagonistic civilizations to remain in quarrelsome wedlock within the same political pale?

The conflict was sure to come, and it has come. On what field battle will be joined it is not easy to say. The Government, while its organs challenge the people to try the question in the courts of law, itself bars access to the Supreme Court, and has even had recourse in Parliament to most questionable strategy for that purpose. The Equal Rights Association is to have an interview in a few days with the Governor-General, but the Governor-General is a Constitutional puppet

in the hands of his Ministers, with whom, moreover, his own sympathies as an extreme Tory are known to be, and nobody expects the interview to have any practical result. Its chief fruit will probably be exhortations to peace, which, is an excellent thing, but cannot be permanently established without justice. The only lists apparently open for the combatants are the courts of Quebec, in which the Jesuits have brought a libel suit against "*The Toronto Mail*" for admitting to its columns a document called the Jesuits' Oath. Out of this suit appeals may arise which will bring the question of principle with regard to the incorporation of the Jesuits before superior and impartial courts. The verdict of a Quebec jury in such a case could obviously settle nothing. It would be the verdict of the Jesuits themselves.

In the meantime reflections suggest themselves.

1. Imperial Federationists must surely be sanguine if they think that the difficulty of this French nationality will disappear in Federation. To the French Canadians Imperial Federation or anything that would tighten the tie to Great Britain is an object of abhorrence. They were at first disposed to give the present Governor-General a cool reception because they had been told that he was an Imperial Federationist. In a war with France the hearts of the French Canadians, if not their arms, would be on the enemy's side. Distance is not the greatest of obstacles with which the Federationists have to contend. Australia is inhabited by a single race, and lies in an ocean by herself. How can the same treatment be applied to her and to Canada, divided as she is between two rival races, and at the same time joined to a great continent inhabited by the kinsmen of one of them?

2. Reformers who propose to cut the United Kingdom in pieces and pass it through the wonder-working caldron of Federation will perhaps hesitate for the future to appeal to the triumphant success of Federation in Canada as a proof of the safeness of their

experiment: not that there would be the slightest analogy in any respect between a union of the North American Colonies under Imperial tutelage and a dissolution of the legislative unity of the British Islands.

3. Those who think that nothing is easier than the creation and operation of a federal union, no matter what the materials may be, or what may be the prevailing tendencies at the time of federation, have also a lesson here set before them. British and French Canada were divided from each other by race and religion; but there was not on the part of the French Canadians towards British Canada anything like the active hatred which has been stirred up among the Irish towards Great Britain. The circumstances in which a political arrangement is made, and the tendencies prevailing at the time of its introduction, require consideration at the hands of statesmen as well as the arrangement itself.

4. We have an inkling in the case of Quebec of the treatment which a Protestant minority would receive at the hands of a Roman Catholic and Celtic Legislature in Ireland. The Jesuits' Estates Act endows out of the public funds, to which Protestants as taxpayers contribute, not only a religious body opposed to Protestantism, but a Society the special and avowed object of which is to destroy Protestantism and to subvert Protestant institutions, as well as to put civil rights and liberties under the feet of the Pope.

5. The fourth reflection is one to which the attention of British Home Rulers is specially called. Their instrument for keeping an Irish Parliament in the traces, and preventing divisions of Legislatures from being followed by dissolution of national unity, is an Imperial veto on Irish legislation. Now this very expedient was tried by the framers of Canadian Confederation. The veto given to the Dominion Government upon Provincial legislation is perfectly general, no limitation of any kind being suggested by

the British North America Act; nor can there be any doubt that it was intended to keep the action of the local Legislature in harmony with the general policy of the country, and at the same time to protect minorities of race and religion in the several Provinces. That such was understood to be its object plainly appears from the debates on Confederation in the Canadian Legislature. Mr. Mackenzie, afterwards Premier of the Dominion, advertising to the possibility of injustice being done by a Provincial majority of race, said, "I admit that it is reasonable and just to insert a provision in the scheme that will put it out of the power of any party to act unjustly. If the power that the central authority is to have of vetoing the doings of the local Legislature is used, it will be ample, I think, to prevent anything of that kind." "The want of such a power", Mr. Mackenzie observed, "was a great source of weakness in the United States, and it was a want that would be remedied in the Constitution before very long." The disruption of the American Union by Southern secession was vividly present to the minds of the architects of Canadian Federation, and led them to fear and avoid above all things weakness in the central power. Mr., afterwards Sir John, Rose said, "Now, Sir, I believe this power of negative, this power of veto, this controlling power on the part of the Central Government, is the best protection and safeguard of the system; and if it had not been provided, I would have felt it very difficult to reconcile it to my sense of duty to vote for the resolutions." Opponents of the measure, such as Mr. Dorion and Mr. Joly, in criticizing it took the same view of the power of veto.

One of the ablest and most eminent among the fathers of Confederation was Sir Alexander Galt. Everything relating to the framing of the Constitution was fresh in memory when, in 1876, Sir Alexander published the pamphlet on Church and State, already mentioned, as a warning blast

against the danger with which the civil rights of Protestants and of the laity generally were threatened by ecclesiastical encroachment in Quebec. With regard to the veto he says :

The veto by the Federal Government is the real palladium of our Protestant liberties in Lower Canada. I have already shown that our educational rights are only safe under its shelter, and that our representation guarantee will, some day, "dissolve into thin air" without its exercise. Let me now point out that in the firm but moderate use of this vast power safety may yet be found from the undue encroachments to which both Protestants and Catholics are exposed. But it is negative only, and if the opportunity for its exercise be lost, it is impotent to remedy the evil.

Now mark the result. The Jesuits' Estates Act, by which Protestantism and Civil Right are compelled by an Ultramontane majority to pay for their own subversion, is about as clear and as strong a case as could have been devised for exercising this "vast power" and invoking the protection of this palladium. What follows? The grand safeguard totally fails. Both the political parties alike, in dread of the Catholic vote, shrink from the application of the veto. Not only so, but they in effect give up the political veto altogether. They proclaim that the veto cannot without violating the principle of self-government be exercised except in cases where the Provincial Legislature has exceeded the legal jurisdiction, and when the veto in fact would be superfluous, since the Act would be declared void by a court of law. "Quebec must be allowed to do what she likes with her own." She is at liberty to tax her Protestants if she pleases for the destruction of their own religion. So much for the "vast power", the grand "guarantee", and the "real palladium"!

Would not the very same thing take place so soon as the Irish Parliament did anything calling for the exercise

of the Imperial veto, either in the way of oppression of the Protestant minority or of departure from the policy of the Empire? Would not British parties, dreading the Irish and each other, shrink, as Canadian parties have shrunk, from the use of the power, and under the name of respect for self-government allow timid counsels to prevail? There can be little doubt as to the answer to that question if the party system continues to exist, especially as the Irish vote in Great Britain is large and would of course be arrayed on the Home Rule side. The veto power would prove a nullity, and the separation of Ireland from Great Britain would be virtually complete. 4

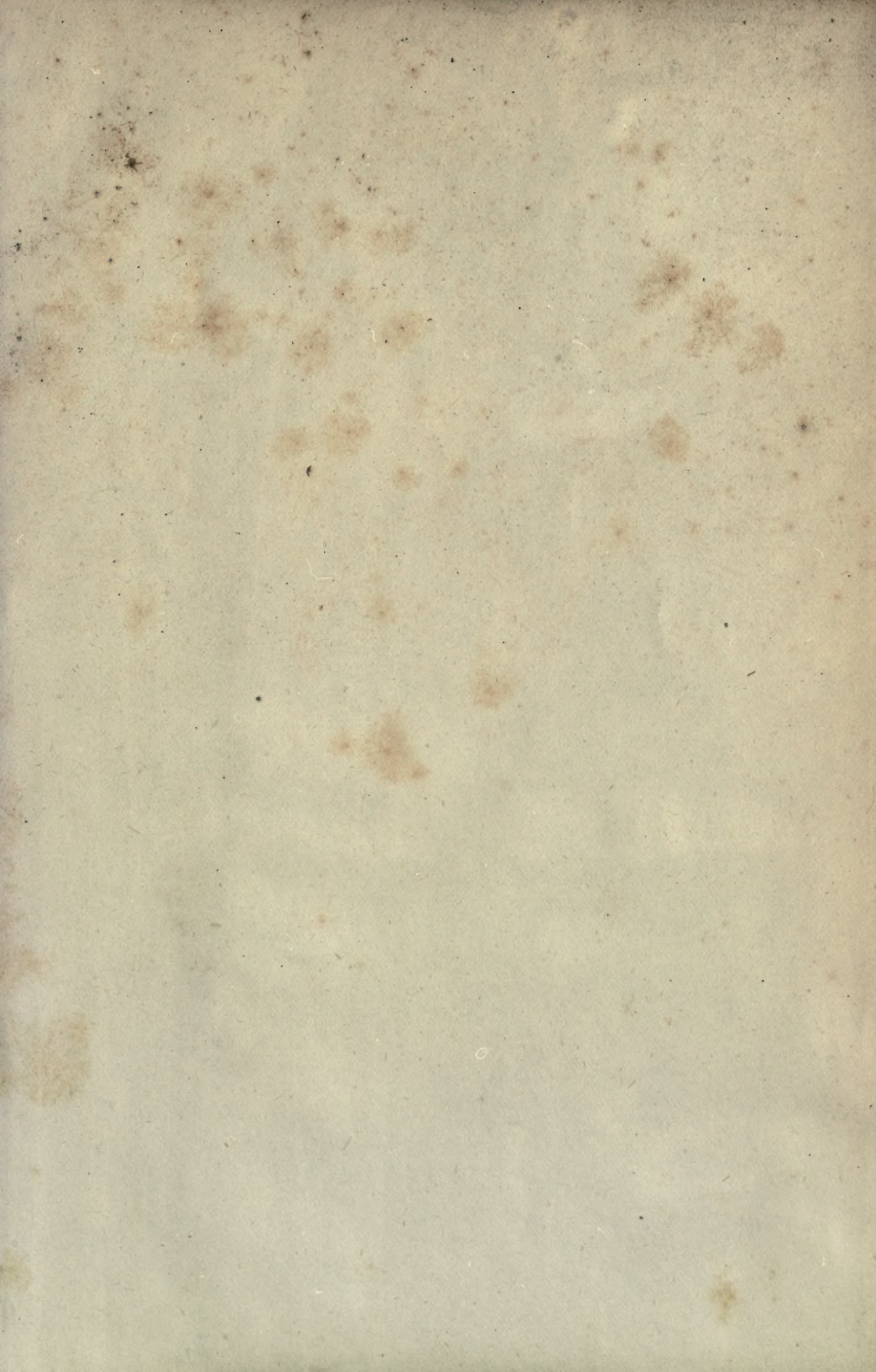
GOLDWIN SMITH.

P.S. August 2nd.—The reception of the petitions against the Jesuits' Estates Act by the Governor-General has now taken place at Quebec. The result was what it was sure to be. His Excellency repeated in substance the speech of the Roman Catholic Minister of Justice, Sir John Thompson, including the somewhat hazardous assertion that the Jesuits in the nineteenth century have always been loyal and quiet citizens. The people might as well have presented their petitions to Apis as to a Governor-General bound to act and speak as he is directed by his constitutional advisers. Apis indeed would have been neutral, whereas His Excellency's personal sympathies have not been concealed. This interview has settled nothing. It was confidently reported that the opinion of the British Law Officers had been taken. This would not have settled much either, even as to the purely legal question which is the least part of the matter. The people would hardly have been satisfied without the judgment of their own Supreme Court.

G. S.







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